VOLUME 151 SEPTEMBER 1925

Harpers Magazine

RELIGION AND LIFE

I. MORAL AUTONOMY OR DOWNFALL

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Vital religion is one of the three deepest needs of men. Men must have bread—that is the economic need; they must have friendship—that is the social need; they must have faith in the spiritual meaning of life—that is the religious need.

In this article and those to follow—they will appear every month throughout the coming year, constituting hereafter a regular department of the Magazine to be entitled "Religion and Life"—Doctor Fosdick proposes to talk about religion as an urgent, present power desperately wanted by men and women everywhere, being sought by men and women in all sorts of strange forms and unconventional settings, and just now trying, amid much confusion, to get itself expressed in ways of thinking and ways of action that modern folk can understand and use.

Wherever Doctor Fosdick sees religion springing hot out of life or reacting powerfully on life, or going wrong and perverting life, or gaining sanity and steadiness and purifying life, there he will feel free to say what he sees.—*The Editors.*

AN ALERT and spirited reviewer, himself a scientist, recently laid somewhat violent hands on J. Arthur Thomson's new book *Science and Religion*. What bothered him was not so much that the biologist of Aberdeen leaves the door wide open to the possibility of intelligent religious faith; he was vexed that Professor Thomson in particular, or anybody in general, should desire religious faith at all and waste time upon it. He had gone past discussing the credibility of religion and was skeptical of its desirability. Why, he asked, should anybody want to believe in God?

Typical as this is of certain limited areas of thought in the new generation, it illustrates the disastrous separation that has taken place between religion and life. Believers must expect, and should be prepared to meet, as their forefathers always have met, antagonists who doubt the truth of religion. But when men begin doubting the usefulness, the desirability, the practical

Copyright, 1925, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

need of religion, the church should engage in anxious self-examination. To cause that something calamitous must have happened in the current presentation of religion's meaning.

That something calamitous has happened seems plain. It is indicated not so much in learned reviews and university classrooms as in popular attitudes. The widespread neglect of institutional religion, the patent endeavor of multitudes of people, unconscious of serious loss, to get on without any religion at all, the wistful sense of spiritual vacancy wanting to be filled—but last of all thinking of a church as the place to fill it, the idealistic movements, among the noblest of our time, whose associations with religion are remote and tenuous if they exist at all—these and other elements in the present situation bear witness to a crucial fact: contemporary human life on the one side and contemporary religion on the other have been drifting apart.

In this fact lies the explanation of the present turmoil in the churches. The restlessness of maladaptation is making them very unhappy. Conscious of possessing spiritual goods necessary to man's fullest life, they are baffled by inherited forms of thought and institution which have lost touch with the vital interests and habitual thinking of the people. Feeling thus out of joint with their time, some accuse the new generation of being sons of Belial, some urge the reformation of the church, some blame education and cry out against the colleges, some bewail the disturbance of old doctrines which used to function as vehicles of the spirit and, presumably, should do so still, some invent new religions to slake a thirst which nothing but religion satisfies, and in general the painful symptoms of impending change afflict the house of God. And behind all symptoms is the basic fact that religion and life have been drifting apart.

In so far as these papers on "Religion and Life" have a creed, they are based upon the conviction that this situation is as unnecessary as it is perilous, and that it cannot last; that religion, grounded as it is in real and abiding experiences of the soul, was made for life and that life is fulfilled in religion; that he who said, "I came that they may have life and may have it abundantly" had the right of it; and that the ultimate test of any religion and of its power to survive is the contribution which it makes to rich and radiant living. Whatever in religion makes for that is worth while. Whatever in religion is alien from that, or negligible in its effect upon it, is of no account. All doctrines and all institutions of religion must ultimately meet this test, no matter how bitterly ecclesiastics bewail lost icons and taboos, abandoned shibboleths, and polities. Two questions today face every proposition and institution of religion: first, is it intelligently defensible; second, does it contribute to man's abundant life?

So long as these questions are honestly faced and answered religion will persist and grow through whatever periods of unrest it may pass. Life without religion is truncated and incomplete, and only one utter calamity need vital religion fear: that man, namely, should so sink in the scale, so lose his love of large horizons for life and abiding spiritual values in it, that he should think it possible at last to live well without religion.

To this thesis that life and religion require each other there are approaches from every side, and if we choose first the need of moral autonomy it is only because it is clamorous. We have gone about as far in modern civilization as we can go, trying to approach the human problem from outside in, and unless we can approach the human problem from the inside out, we are headed toward perilous days. The influence of the environmentalists has been tremendous. To them nothing has seemed so important as setting human life in a matrix of fortunate circumstance. Theoretical science has revealed the large effect of

environment on all developing organisms, and applied science has incalculably increased our power to alter environments to suit our human purposes. More and more on this basis we have been endeavoring to solve the human problem from without.

To-day critical and sometimes withering doubt falls, not on the necessity of this procedure, but on its adequacy. The eugenists know that the human problem is finally insoluble unless we start with it before environment has had a chance to play upon the individual at all. We are what we are, they say, more because of our heritage from within than because of our environment from without.

To this balancing of the scales against the too great weight of the environmentalists, the man of spiritual insight must also bring his contribution. The restoration of the inward approach to the control of life has to-day become in America a public question of the first magnitude. The legalists have made it such. They also, and often with wild exaggeration, have approached life from without. The merest tyro begins to understand that the endeavor to make people good by law is being carried to ridiculous extremes. For a generation and more our legislatures have been acting under the apparent assumption that the springs of righteousness in the community are not inward but governmental, not spiritual but externally regulative, and the assumption is bringing poor results.

This protest implies no doubt of the necessity and moral value of law. We pay a heavy price for our complex civilization in that the more complicated it becomes the more laws must be enforced. As with traffic on the streets, so with life—the more congested it is the more rules must be obeyed. But just because we must have laws, and unhappily must have more of them the more complicated civilization grows, the more we need to guard ourselves against leaning on law for the safety and progress of society.

Who can have lived during these last few years, with laws piled on laws, governing every aspect of man's life, while all the time lawlessness grows more rampant underneath, without perceiving that not law but moral autonomy—the desire and capacity of the individual citizen to govern himself from within—is the real underpinning of the state and, that lacking this, the whole superstructure of legalism may yet come clattering in ruin about our ears? If we cannot secure citizens willing and able to govern themselves from within, we shall not have citizens whom we can govern from without.

If America should ever fail, if after the splendor of her start and the unparalleled marvel of her opportunity, she should fall on ruin, the trouble would not be lack of external legal regulation. The trouble would be lack of moral autonomy—the failure in individual citizens of those motives, sanctions, convictions, faiths, and ideals which enable a man to govern himself from within. The profoundest needs of America are real education and real religion—the two forces that approach life not from without but from within.

This means no slurring of the importance of rectified environment and just laws, no neglect of the crucial significance of scientific eugenics applied to the problem of population. These things we ought to do and not to leave the other undone. For these things alone, however well performed, would leave the human problem not only unsolved but, it may be, more bedeviled than it was before, unless the moral autonomy of the individual is established with ever-increasing capacity to meet the increased strain of modern life. The pillar around which the blind Samson of our new science, applied to material aims, may yet get his arms is our power of inward spiritual self-direction, and when that goes everything else that we have built will go with it.

Our fathers used to phrase this inward approach to life in terms of the

soul, its sin, its salvation, and its destiny. Their hymns concerned—

> A never-dying soul to save
> And fit it for the sky.

For the most part modern congregations sing such eighteenth-century words without the vivid and picturesque meanings which the words conveyed to eighteenth-century minds. We are not otherworldly in our aspirations. We expect to die, but we spend little time thinking of it, and fitting a never-dying soul for the sky is certainly not the way in which a typical member of the younger generation would describe his major and dominant ambition.

Nevertheless, modern as we are, and plainly requiring other frameworks of thought and modes of expression to make genuinely articulate our spiritual experiences and aspirations, we need not suppose that by any modernity we have evaded the necessity of an inward approach to the problem of living. If we dislike eighteenth-century hymns we may have twentieth-century substitutes, as in Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Renascence":

> The world stands out on either side
> No wider than the heart is wide;
> Above the world is stretched the sky,
> No higher than the soul is high.
> The heart can push the sea and land
> Farther away on either hand;
> The soul can split the sky in two,
> And let the face of God shine through.
> But East and West will pinch the heart
> That cannot keep them pushed apart;
> And he whose soul is flat—the sky
> Will cave in on him by and by.

If it pleases us better, we may speak about the soul in such terms as these and leave behind us the eighteenth-century's other-worldliness. But we still are dealing with the same age-long, fundamental, human problem—the successful handling of a man's own life from within.

Here is the real line of discrimination between the realm of physical science on the one side and of religion on the other. The task of physical science is to master the latent resources of the external universe. Magnificent have been its achievements there. Still more splendid will they be. But we could get along for many years with no more accomplishments in that realm than we already have. We could muddle through with only so much steam and electricity under our control as we have now. What we cannot do is to muddle through much farther in western civilization with no more control than we now have over the inward lives of men. The wild, physical universe—we will tame that yet! We will harness its forces, saying to this one "Go" and it will go, and to that one "Come" and it will come. But the inner world of man's life, with its ignorance, prejudice, bitterness, pessimism, its instability, waywardness, passion, and sin—shall we ever bring that into captivity to the obedience of Christ? Shall we ever make that wholesome, intelligent, reverent, unselfish, and brotherly?

That is the deepest single question in civilization to-day.

To suppose that this central spiritual task of human life can be achieved on an irreligious basis seems to me a contradiction in terms. The task itself in its very nature is essentially religious. This is what religion means. To be sure, it is possible to define religion in terms of early stages in its evolution, to identify it with magic or superstitious reverence for taboos, or an historic stage of doctrinal development; and some indulge in that cheap and easy method of defamation. They might as well scoff at astronomy because it once was astrology, or outlaw chemistry because it came from alchemy. Religion, like every other interest in human life, dealing with reality and growing in the apprehension of it, has shown endless capacity for change, evolving as other human activities of mind and spirit evolve, never to be adequately described in terms of its chrysalis when at last it has gotten wings to fly.

Religion at its best has supplied—and it can now supply—the motives, faiths, insights, hopes, convictions by which men inwardly come to terms with themselves, gain spiritual ascendancy over their baser elements, achieve peace and power, and come off more than conquerors. Religion means the achievement of such a view of life, its source, its meaning, its destiny, such personal relationship, moreover, with the Spirit from whom our spirits come, and such fellowship with ourselves, with other people, and with God as will furnish inward spiritual dynamic for radiant and triumphant living.

To tell men that they are accidental collocations of physical atoms, that what they think is spirit in them is as much a chemico-mechanical product as phosphorescence on the sea and essentially as transient, that they are the passive results of heredity and environment, and by them are as mechanically determined as is a locomotive by its steam pressure and its rails, that they have no spiritual source, no abiding spiritual meaning, no spiritual destiny, and no control over their own character or development—that is sheer irreligion and, not only can it not solve the problem of which we have been speaking, but if it were logical (as fortunately it seldom is) it would not even try. It would leave the matter helplessly to be decided by the blind action of physical forces that are supposed automatically to control the universe and us within it.

By every step that a man moves away from this thorough-going irreligion toward interest in, and serious concern about, and practical endeavor to deal with the problem of moral autonomy, he comes that much nearer to religion. If he undertake the problem earnestly he is thereby in the thick of religion. He already is discovering in human life spiritual values which he wishes to conserve, for the beautifying and purifying of which he is seriously concerned, without whose development and effective dominance he sees no hope for society. He already is thinking of the central meaning of life in terms not of the external world, but of the internal world, with its possibilities of goodness, truth, and beauty. That in itself is in so far religious. And if, as some of us feel sure, we not only intelligently may, but intelligently must go farther to find in this internal world of spirit the revelation of the Reality, whose we are, and whom we may find liberty in serving, we cannot long travel this road of inward approach to life before we find ourselves "not far from the Kingdom of God."

Coming at life by way of a merely inherited religion is a played-out procedure for most thoughtful people. But coming at religion by way of life, and a deep desire inwardly to live it well, is a procedure full of endless promise. As soon as one strikes that road he finds himself in the highway where the seers and prophets of the spirit always have walked, and above all he can distinguish clearly there the footsteps of the Son of Man.

This desire for inward peace and power, overflowing in useful and radiant living, is humanity's profoundest characteristic. It is everywhere to-day alive and urgent. And the churches at the center of their Gospel have the means of its satisfaction. Why will they so generally insist on specializing in irrelevancies? Why so often, like football players who continue a scrimmage after the ball has been carried far down the field, do they keep up a melee at a point from which the vital needs of their generation long since have departed?

THUNDER ON THE LEFT

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The unusual nature of this story, full of "the actual stuff of human life and passion, soaked in the brightness of a dream," and taking as its theme the conflict between the true spirit of living and life as it must be lived, seems to call for a word of editorial comment.

A great advantage accrues to it in serial publication. It will have to be read slowly, and it deserves to be, for there is nothing in it that was set down at random. In a day when the habit of gobbling fiction is widespread it is only reasonable, when you have something out of the ordinary to offer, to warn your readers in advance. It does not seem fair, in introducing this first installment, to say anything specific about the story; with the subsequent issues we shall comment on some features of it. Let us say only that in our deliberate opinion no more beautiful or distinguished contribution to American fiction has been made for many years.—*The Editors.*

"Among the notionable dictes of antique Rome was the fancy that when men heard thunder on the left the gods had somewhat of speciall advertisement to impart. Then did the prudent pause and lay down their affaire, to studye what omen Jove intended."

—Sir Eustace Peachtree,
"The Dangers of This Mortall Life."

NOW that the children were getting big it wasn't to be called the Nursery any longer. In fact it was being repapered that very day: the old scribbled Mother Goose pattern had already been covered with new strips, damp and bitter smelling. But Martin thought he would be able to remember the gay fairytale figures, even under the bright fresh paper. There were three bobtailed mice, dancing. They were repeated several times in the procession of pictures that ran round the wall. How often he had studied them as he lay in bed waiting for it to be time to get up! It must be excellent to be Grown Up and able to dress as early as you please. What a golden light lies across the garden those summer mornings!

At any rate it would be comforting to know that the bobtailed mice were still there, underneath. To-day the smell of the paste and new paper was all through the house. The men were to have come last week. To-day it was awkward: it was Martin's birthday (he was ten) and he and Bunny had been told to invite some friends for a small party. It was raining, too: one of those steady drumming rains that make a house so cosy. The Grown Ups were having tea on the verandah, so the party was in the dining room. When Mrs. Richmond looked through the glass porch doors to see how they were getting on she was surprised to find no one visible.

"Where on earth have those children gone?" she exclaimed. "How delightfully quiet they are."

There was a seven-voiced halloo of triumph and a great scuffle and movement under the big mahogany table. Several steamer rugs had been pinned together and draped across the board so that they hung down, forming a kind of pavilion. From this concealment the children came scrambling and surrounded her in a lively group.

"We had all disappeared!" said Bunny. She was really called Eileen, but she was soft and plump and brown-eyed and twitch-nosed; three years younger than her brother.

"You came just in time to save us," said Martin gaily.

"Just in time to save my table," amended Mrs. Richmond. "Bunny, you know how you cried when you scratched your legs going blackberrying. Do you suppose the table likes having its legs scratched any better than you do? And those grimy old rugs all over my lace cloth. Martin, take them off at once."

"We were playing Stern Parents," explained Alec, a cousin, and less awed by reproof than the other guests, who were merely friends.

Mrs. Richmond was taken aback. "What a queer name for a game!"

"It's a lovely game," said Ruth, her face pink with excitement. "You pretend to be Parents and you all get together and talk about the terrible time you have with your children . . ."

Martin broke in. "And you tell one another all the things you've had to scold them for . . ."

"And you have to forbid their doing all kinds of things," said Ben.

"And speak to them Very Seriously," chirped Bunny. Mrs. Richmond felt a twinge of merriment at the echo of this familiar phrase.

"And every time you've punished them for something that doesn't really matter . . ." (this was Phyllis)

"You're a *Stern Parent*, and have to disappear!" cried Martin.

"You get under the table and can't come out until someone says something nice about you."

"It's a very instructing game 'cause you have to know just how far children can be allowed to go . . ."

"But we were *all* Stern Parents and had all disappeared."

"Yes, and then Mother said we were delightfully quiet, and that saved us."

"What an extraordinary game," said Mrs. Richmond.

"All Martin's games are extraordinary," said Phyllis. "He just made up one called Quarrelsome Children."

"Will you play it with us?" asked Bunny.

"I don't believe that's a new game," said her mother. "I'm sure I've seen it played, too often. But it's time for the cake. Straighten up the chairs and I'll go and get it."

Seated round the table and left alone with the cake, the lighted candles, and the ice cream, the children found much to discuss.

"Ten candles," said Alec, counting them carefully.

"I had thirteen on mine, last birthday," said Phyllis, the oldest of the girls.

"That's nothing, so did I," said Ben.

"Your cook's clever," said Ruth. "She's marked the places to cut with icing, so you can make all the pieces even."

"I think it was foolish of her," said Martin, "because Bunny is quite a small child still—if she has too much chocolate she comes out in spots."

Bunny and Joyce, at the other end of the table, looked at each other fleetingly, in a tacit alliance of juniority. Joyce was also seven, a dark little elf, rather silent.

"Why don't you blow out the candles?" shrilled Bunny.

This effectively altered the topic. After the sudden hurricane had ceased Martin began to cut, obediently following the white spokes of sugar.

"I wonder what it feels like to be Grown Up," said Alec.

"I guess we'll know if we wait long enough," said Phyllis.

"How old do you have to be, to be grown up?" asked Ruth.

"A man's grown up when he's twenty-one," Ben stated firmly.

"Is Daddy twenty-one?" said Bunny.

Cries of scorn answered this. "Of course he is," said Martin. "Daddy's middle-age, he's over thirty. He's what they call *primeoflife*, I heard him say so."

"That's just before your hair begins to come out in the comb," said Alec.

"Girls grow up quicker," said Phyllis. "My sister's eighteen; she's so grown up she'll hardly speak to me. It happened all at once. She went for a week-end party; when she came back she was grown up."

"That's not grown up," said Ben. "That's just stuck up. Girls get like that. It's a form of nervousness."

They were not aware that Ben had picked up this phrase by overhearing it applied to some eccentricities of his own. They were impressed, and for a moment the ice cream and cake engaged all attentions. Then a round of laughter from the verandah reopened the topic.

"Why do men laugh more than ladies?" asked Bunny.

"It must be wonderful," said Martin.

"You bet!" said Ben. "Think of having long trousers, and smoking a pipe, blowing rings, going to town every day, going to the bank and getting money—"

"And all the drug stores where you can stop and have sodas," said Ruth.

"Sailing a boat!"

"Going shopping!"

"The circus!" shouted Bunny.

"I don't mean just *doing* things," said Martin. "I mean thinking things." His eager face, clearly lighted by two candles in tall silver sticks, was suddenly and charmingly grave. "Able to think what you want to; not to have to . . . to do things you know are wrong." For an instant the boy seemed to tremble on the edge of uttering the whole secret infamy of childhood: the most pitiable of earth's slaveries; perhaps the only one that can never be dissolved. But the others hardly understood; nor did he, himself. He covered his embarrassment by grabbing at a cracker of gilt paper in which Alec was rummaging for the pull.

Joyce had slipped from her chair and was peeping through one of the windows. Something in the talk had struck home to her in a queer troublesome way. Suddenly, she didn't know why, she wanted to look at the Grown Ups, to see exactly what they were like. The rest of the party followed her in a common impulse. Joyce's attitude caused them to tiptoe across the room and peer covertly from behind the long curtains. Without a word of explanation all were aware of their odd feeling of spying on the enemy—an implacable enemy, yet one who is so kin to ourselves. With the apprehensive alertness of those whose lives may depend on their nimble observation, they watched the unconscious group at the tea table.

"Daddy's taking three lumps," said Bunny. She spoke louder than is prudent in an outpost and was sshed.

"Your mother's got her elbow on the table," Ruth whispered.

"Daddy's smacking his lips and chomping," insisted Bunny.

"That's worse than talking with your mouth full."

"How queer they look when they laugh."

"Your mother lifts her head like a hen swallowing."

"Yours has her legs crossed."

"It's a form of nervousness."

"They do all the things they tell us not to," said Joyce.

"Look, he's reaching right across the table for another cake."

Martin watched his parents and their friends. What was there in the familiar scene that became strangely perplexing? There was something in those voices and faces that made him feel frightened, a little lonely. Was that really Mother by the silver urn with the blue flame flattened under it? He could tell by her expression that she was talking about things that belonged to that Other World, the thrillingly exciting world of Parents, whose secrets are so cunningly guarded. That world changes the subject, alters the very tone of its voice when you approach. He had a wish to run out on the verandah, to reassure himself by the touch of her soft cool arm in the muslin dress. He wanted to

touch the teapot, to see if it was hot. If it was, he would know that all this was real. They had gone so far away. . . . Or were they also only playing a game?

"They look as though they were hiding something," he said.

"They're having fun," Phyllis said. "They always do; Grown Ups have a wonderful time."

"Come on" (Martin remembered that he was the host), "the ice cream will get cold." This was what Daddy always said.

Bunny felt a renewed pride as she climbed into her place at the end of the table. Martin looked solemnly handsome in his Eton collar across the shining spread of candlelight and cloth and pink peppermints. The tinted-glass panes above the sideboard were cheerful squares of color against the wet gray afternoon. She wriggled a little, to reestablish herself on the slippery chair.

"Our family is getting very grown up," she said happily. "We're not going to have a Nursery any more. It's going to be the guest room."

"I don't think I want to be grown up," said Alec suddenly. "It's silly. I don't believe they have a good time at all."

This was a disconcerting opinion. Alec, as an older cousin, held a position of some prestige. A faint dismay was apparent in the gazes that crossed rapidly in the sparkling wax-light.

"I think we ought to make up our minds about it," Martin said gravely. "Pretty soon, the way things are going, we *shall* be, then it'll be too late."

"Silly, what can you do?" said Phyllis. "Of course we've got to grow up, everyone does unless they die." Her tone was clear and positive, but also there was a just discernible accent of inquiry. She had not yet quite lost her childhood birthright of wonder, of belief that almost anything is possible.

"We'd have to Take Steps," cried Alec, unconsciously quoting the enemy. "We could just decide among ourselves that we simply wouldn't, and if we all lived together we could go on just like we are."

"It would be like a game," said Martin, glowing.

"With toys?" ejaculated Bunny entranced.

Ben was firmly opposed. "I won't do it. I want to have long trousers and grow a mustache."

Martin's face was serious with the vision of huge alternatives.

"That's it," he said. "We've got to know before we can decide. It's terribly important. If they *don't* have a good time we'd better—"

"We could *ask* them if they're happy," exclaimed Ruth, thrilled by the thought of running out to propose this stunning question.

"They wouldn't tell you," said Alec. "They're too polite."

Phyllis was trying to remember instructive examples of adult infelicity. "They don't tell the truth," she agreed. "Mother once said that if Daddy went on like that she'd go mad, and I waited and waited, and he did and she didn't."

"You mustn't believe what they say," Martin continued. "They never tell the truth if they think children are around. They don't *want* us to know what it's like."

"Perhaps they're ashamed of being grown up," Ben suggested.

"We must find out," Martin said, suddenly feeling in his mind the expanding brightness of an idea. "It'll be a new game. We'll all be spies in the enemy's country, we'll watch them and see exactly how they behave, and bring in a report."

"Get hold of their secret codes and find where their forces are hidden," cried Ben, who liked the military flavor of this thought.

"I think it's a silly game," said Phyllis. "You can't really find out anything, and if you did you'd be punished. Spies always get caught."

"Penalty of death!" shouted the boys elated.

"It's harder than being a real spy,"

said Martin. "You can't wear the enemy's uniform and talk their language. But I'm going to do it anyhow."

"Me too!" Joyce exclaimed from the other end of the table, where she and Bunny had followed the conversation with half-frightened excitement.

"I want to be a spy!" added Bunny.

"Mustn't have too many spies," said Alec. "The enemy would suspect something was up. Send one first; he'll see what he can find, and report to us."

It was not clear to Bunny exactly who the enemy were or how the spying was to be carried out; but if Martin was to do it, it would be well done, she was certain. Spying, that suggested secrecy, and secrecy . . .

"Martin has a little rolltop desk with a key!" she shouted. "Daddy gave it to him for his birthday."

"Oh, I forgot," said Phyllis. She ran out into the living room and returned with a large parcel. "Many happy returns," she said, laying it in front of Martin. If you listen intently, behind the innocent little phrase you can overhear, like a whispering chorus, the voices of innumerable parents: "And don't forget, when you give it to him, to say *Many happy returns*."

The others also hurried to get the packages that had been left in the vestibule. There was a great rattling of paper and untying of string; an embarrassed reiteration of thankyous by Martin.

Hearing the movement in the dining room, the Grown Ups had now come in.

"Such a pretty sight."

"I love children's parties, their faces are always a picture."

"Martin, did you say thankyou to Alec for that lovely croquet set?"

"This is what *I* gave him," said Ben, pushing forward the parcheesi board.

"The girls are so dainty, like little flowers."

"Who is the little dark one over by the window?"

"That's Joyce—Why, Joyce dear, what are you crying about?"

The strong maternal voice rang through the room with a terrible publicity of compassion. The children stared. Bunny ran and threw her arms round her friend, who had hidden her face in the curtain. Bunny thought she knew what was wrong. Joyce had forgotten to bring a present, and was ashamed because all the others had done so. The miserable little figure tried to efface itself in the curtain; even the tiny pearl buttons at the back of her pink frock had come undone. Things that are close to us, how loyal they are, how they follow the moods of their owners.

"There, there, honey, what's the trouble? After such a lovely party?" This was authoritative pity, threateningly musical.

Bunny pressed her warm lips against a wet petal of nostril.

"Martin doesn't mind," she whispered. "He *hates* presents."

Joyce could feel powerful fingers buttoning the cool gap between her shoulders. When that was done she would be turned round and asked what was the matter.

"Perhaps she has a pain," boomed a masculine vibration. "These parties always upset them. Worst thing for children."

Joyce could smell a whiff of cigar and see large feet in white canvas shoes approaching. Best to face it now before worse happens. She turned desperately, hampered by Bunny's embrace, almost throttling her in an excess of affection. Breaking away, she ran across the room, where Martin and the boys were averting their eyes from the humiliation of the would-be spy. She thrust into his hand a tiny package, damp now.

"It was so small," she said.

A moment of appalling silence hung over the trembling pair. Martin could feel it coming; the words "What do you say, Martin?" seemed forming and rolling up over his head like opal banks of summer storm. Yet he could not have said a word. He seized her hand and shook it with a grotesque bob of his head.

"Such a little gentleman, how *do* you train them? I can't do anything with Ben, he's so rough."

Joyce was blotted out by a merciful hooded raincoat. As she struggled through its dark rubber-smelling folds she could hear voices coming down from above.

"Alec, say good-by to your little cousins—No, we must say your *big* cousins, mustn't we?"

"Thank Mrs. Richmond for such a nice party."

"Thank you, Mrs. Richmond, for such a nice party."

"Martin, you haven't opened Joyce's present."

"I don't want to open it," murmured Martin sullenly. Then he knew he had said the wrong thing.

"Don't want to open it? Why of course you want to open it. We don't measure presents by their size, do we, Joyce?"

Joyce, almost escaped, was drawn again into the arena.

"Come, Alec, we'll see what Joyce has given Martin and then you must go."

"I can't untie it, the string's wet," muttered Martin.

The watching circle drew closer.

"Wet? Nonsense. Here, give it to me."

Unfolding of sodden paper. A mouse of soft gray plush with little glassy eyes and a long silky tail. And two wheels under his stomach, a key to wind him by.

"Why, it's the mouse we saw in the window at the cigar store; Joyce was crazy about it."

"You see, Martin, she's given you a mouse because she wanted it so much for herself."

"It isn't very much, my dear, but there's so little to choose from here in the country."

"It's like the mice we had on the nursery wallpaper," said Bunny, praising valiantly.

"Wind it up and see it run."

There are some situations that, once entered, must be carried through to the end. Martin wound. He could tell by the feel of the key that something was wrong.

"I'll play with it later," he said.

"Don't be so stubborn, Martin. We're all waiting to see it."

Joyce's gaze was riveted on the mouse. She remembered the ominous click in its vitals when she had been giving it an ecstatic trial. But perhaps Martin, with the magic boys have in these matters, could make it go again, as it went—so thrillingly, in mouselike darts and curves—on the cigar-store floor.

Martin put it down, giving it a deft push. It ran a few inches and stopped.

"It runs fine," he said hastily. "But it won't go here on the rug."

"Let's see it," said Ben, whose mechanical sense was not satisfied by so brief an exhibition.

"It's mine," snapped Martin fiercely and put it in his pocket.

"We really must go," said someone.

"Would you each like a piece of Martin's cake to take home?"

"Oh no, thank you, I think they've had plenty."

"Did you make a wish?"

"No, we forgot," said Martin.

"Oh, what a pity. When you blow out the candles on a birthday cake you should always make a wish."

"Will it come true?"

"If it's a nice wish."

"Light them again and do it now," said one of the parents. The drill must be finished.

"Yes, do, before the children go."

"Will it work if you light them again?" asked Martin doubtfully.

"Every bit as well."

The ten candles were reassembled on the remaining sector of cake and Martin, feeling very self-conscious, stood by while they were relighted. His guests were pushed forward.

"All ready? Blow!"

There was a loud puffing. Bunny's blast, a little too late, blew a fragrant waver of smoke into his face.

"Did you wish?"

"Yes," said Martin, "I . . ."

"You mustn't tell it! If you tell, it won't come true."

But he hadn't wished, yet. He wanted to wait a moment, to get it just right. As the children turned away, trooping toward the door, Martin made one hasty movement that no one saw. With a quick slice of the sharp cake-knife he cut off the tail of the plush mouse. Now it would always serve to remind him of the tailless mice in the room that was no longer a Nursery. Then, with the snuff of smoking candles still in his nose, he wished.

II

"Dear Miss Clyde," wrote Mrs. Granville, "it will be so nice to meet you again after all these years. You can imagine my surprise when I found that the house Mr. Granville has taken for the summer is the old Richmond place, which I remember so well from long ago. Twenty-one years, isn't it? It hasn't changed a bit, but everything seems so much smaller, even the ocean somehow. The house has been shut up a long time, since the summer the Richmonds went away. We want you to join our Family Picnic, which is always an amusing affair. Mr. Granville admires your work so much, I did not realize until recently that you must be the same person I knew as a child. There are other artists here too, the Island has become quite a summer camp for painters, the woods are full of them, painting away merrily. I am sorry this is so late, but just send us a wire saying you can come. . . ."

She paused to reread the letter, and changed "so nice," in the first line, to "nice." She changed "twenty-one" to "nearly twenty." She crossed out "painting away merrily." How do I know whether they're merry? she asked herself. Then she noticed that the word "summer" was used three times. She changed one of them to "year." No, that made three "years." Put "for the vacation" instead of "for the summer." Now the letter must be copied again.

Why on earth George wanted her to invite the Clyde creature when things were complicated enough already—she had never cared much for her even as a child—to have outsiders here for the Picnic when they had only just got the old house in running order and Lizzie was overworked in the kitchen . . . George thought Miss Clyde might be the right person to do the pictures for the booklet he was writing for the railroad company. Always thinking of his business first and her convenience afterward. Business was something to be attended to in offices, not to be mixed up with your home life. Never try to make social friends of your business acquaintances, how many times had she told George that?

Damn the Picnic, damn the Picnic, damn the Picnic!

Of course she had brought down only one sheet of paper; now she must go up again for more. The dining table was the single place in the house where she could write a letter. If she halted in the bedroom, in a moment Nounou was at the door with endless this that and the other about the children. If she sat down on the porch, Lizzie could see her from the pantry window and would come at once with stentorian palaver. In the little sitting room George had spread out his business papers; anyhow she couldn't bear him near her when she wanted to write. And in the garden it was too hot. A bumblebee was bumping and grumbling against the pane. If you took a cloth and held him, to put him outdoors, his deep warm hum would rise to a piercing scream of anger. She felt like that. If anyone touched her . . .

The bee was fussing up and down the window, the one with red and blue and orange panes. She remembered that window from childhood visits to the Richmonds. When you looked through the orange glass the purest sky turned a leaden green, dull with menace; the clear northern sunlight became a poisoned tropic glare. And the blue panes

made everything a crazy cold moonscape, with strange grape-juice colors underneath the leaves. It reminded her of George's favorite remark, in moments of stress, that women's conduct is entirely physiological. Ponderous pedantry! Vulgar too. Physiology, a hateful word. Suddenly she felt an immense pity for all women . . . even Miss Clyde. She went up to the bedroom to get another sheet of paper.

George had actually moved the bureau at last, so that the light fell justly on the mirror. Yes, the pale green dress was pretty. Like lettuce and mayonnaise, George had said, admiring the frail yellow collar. It brought out the clear blue of the eyes, like sluiced pebbles. She was almost amazed (looking closely) to see how clear they were, after so many angers, so much—physiology. One can be candid in solitude. Thirty-four. What was that story she had read which said that a woman is at her most irresistible at thirty-five? Mother had sent it to her in a magazine and had written in the margin *True of my Phyllis.* She laughed. What a merciless comedy life is. Ten years before Mother would have marked in the same way any story that said *twenty*-five. Was there no such thing as truth? Blessed Mother, who knew that woman must be flattered. Truth is about other people, not about me. A woman doesn't bear and rear three children . . . bring them into the world, a comelier phrase . . . and cohabit with a queer fish like George without knowing what life amounts to. And how enviable she was, young, pretty, slender, with three such adorable kiddies.

"I don't care, there won't be anyone at the Picnic prettier. I was made to be happy and I'm going to be."

She hummed a little tune. "Jesus lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly." George was vulgar, but he was amusing. When the beetle buzzed down inside her blouse at the beach supper, tickling and crawling so far that she had to go into the bushes to take him out, George said "That must have been the bosom-fly you're always singing about." Sometimes it seemed as though the world was made for the vulgar people—there are always so many ridiculous embarrassments lying in wait for the sensitive. When the wind blew, her skirts always went higher than anyone else's. She would wear the new pink camisole at the Picnic, that fitted very snugly . . . still, a thing like that bosom-fly would hardly happen twice. George always wanted to take jam and sardines on a picnic: sticky stuff that attracts the bees and ants. Fortunately we're all wearing knickers nowadays. . . . Poor old blundering, affectionate, and maddening George. Still it was something to have married a man with brains. There were so many, so much more attractive, she could have had, as Mother (dear loyal Mother) often reminded her. It's a good thing people don't know what mothers and married daughters talk about. Away off in the future, when her own daughters were married, she would have *them* to confide in. You must have *someone* to whom you can say what you think. Three little girls, three darling little girls, like dolls. Thank goodness, there wasn't a boy to grow up like George: obstinate, greedy, always wanting to do the wrong thing . . . it was enough to break any woman's spirit, trying to teach a man to want to do things the way nice people do them. If George wanted to lead an unconventional life, he ought to have been an artist, not gone in for business. . . . And such a crazy kind of business—Publicity, now working for one company, now for another, here there and everywhere, neither flesh nor fowl nor good red income. A man ought to have a settled job, with an office in some fixed place, so you always know where he is. A country club is a good thing for a husband, too, where he can meet the right sort of men (how handsome they are in those baggy breeches and golf stockings), lawyers and a banker or two, influential men with nice manners. You can always 'phone to the clubhouse and leave word;

or drive up in the coupé (it ought to be a coupé) and bring him home to dinner. She could hear voices, voices of young pretty wives (not too young, not quite as pretty), "Who is that in the green dress, with the three little girls all dressed alike, aren't they *cunning*? . . . Oh, that's Mrs. Granville, Mrs. George Granville; her husband's in the advertising business, he adores her."

Where was the box of notepaper? The children must have been at it, the top has been jammed on carelessly, split at one corner. Of all annoying things the worst is to have people pawing in your bureau; there isn't any key, of course. How can a woman be happy if she can't even have any privacy in her own bureau drawer? If George ever wants anything he always comes rummaging here first of all. The other day it was the little prayer book. . . . "Why, George, what do you want with a prayer book? I thought you were an atheist." . . . "So I am, but I want to strengthen my disbelief. I was beginning to weaken." . . . What a way to talk. George *is* an atheist, but he believes in religion for other people: because it makes them more unselfish, I dare say. Yet, in a queer way, George has a pious streak. Perhaps he's really more religious than I am. The only thing I have against God is that He's a man . . . not a man, but . . . well, Masculine. How can He understand about the special troubles of women? That must be the advantage of being a Catholic, to pray to the Virgin, She can understand. But can She? After all, a Virgin . . . I *mustn't* let my mind run on like this, it's revolting the things you find yourself thinking.

From the bay window at the head of the stairs, over the garden and the sweep of grassy hill, she could see the water. Along the curve of shore, a thin crisp of foam edging the tawny sand. If she didn't get off that letter to Miss Clyde it would be too late for her to come to the Picnic. The Brooks were coming this afternoon. It was Nounou's evening off, too. What perfect weather. This lovely world, this lovely world.

As she went down George was in the hall, lighting his pipe. He looked very tall and ruddy and cheerful: almost handsome in his blue-linen shirt and flannel trousers. An eddy of smoke rose about his head. She halted on the stairs.

"George! Don't puff so much smoke. I want to see the top of your head. . . . I do believe it's getting thin."

"How pretty you look," he said. "I like the green shift."

He enjoyed calling things by wrong names, and the word *shift* always amused him. But this time she did not stop to correct him.

"You ought to wear a rubber cap when you go bathing. The salt water gets your hair all sticky, and then the comb tears it out. I don't mind your being an atheist, but I'd hate you to be bald."

He blew a spout of tobacco smoke up at her. It was extraordinarily fragrant. Oh, well, she thought, he's not a bad old thing. He's endurable.

"George." She intended to say, "I love you." But of their own accord the words changed themselves before they escaped into voice.

"George, do you love me?"

He made his usual unsatisfactory reply. "Well, what do you think?" Of course the proper answer is "I *adore* you." She knew, by now, that he never would make it; probably because he was aware she craved it.

"I'm writing Miss Clyde, to come to the Picnic."

He looked a little awkward.

"Needn't do that, I wrote to her yesterday. I said you were busy and wanted me to ask her."

"Well of all things . . ."

She curbed herself savagely. She *wouldn't* lose her temper. Damn, damn, damn . . . his damned impudence.

"When is she coming?"

"I don't know yet. To-morrow morning, I dare say."

"Well then, we'll have the Picnic tomorrow, get it over with."

He began to say something, put out his hand, but she brushed fiercely past him and ran into the dining room. She tore her letter into shreds, together with the clean sheet she had brought down. The room was full of a warm irritating buzz.

"George!" she cried angrily, with undeniable command. "Come here and put out this damned bee!"

III

The kitchen was hot, flies were zigzagging just under the ceiling, swerving silly triangles of ecstasy in the rising savor of roast and sizzling gravy.

"Lizzie, you *must* keep the screen door latched. There was a big bee in the dining room. That's how they get in. . . . Where are the children?"

"It's that man, he always leaves it open."

"The ice-man? Well, speak to him about it."

"No, ma'am, the one in the garden. The one Nounou took 'em down to the beach to get away from. She didn't think he was quite right."

What on earth was Lizzie talking about.

"A man in the garden? What's he doing here?"

"I gave him a piece of cake. He saw it in the pantry window and asked for some. Then he was in again for a glass of water."

Another problem. Life is just one perplexity after another. But there must be some explanation.

"He asked for a piece of cake? Who is he, the gardener?"

Lizzie was flushed with heat and impatience. Her voice rose shrilly.

"He didn't exactly ask for it, but he was lookin' in the window at it and he says, 'They always give me a piece of cake when I want it.' No, he ain't the gardener. I don't know who he is. I thought maybe a friend of yours, one o' the artists. He was playin' with the kids."

Phyllis stepped outside, resolutely attempting not to think. Automatically she adjusted the lid of the garbage can. But the mind insists on thinking. Was it better for the can to stand there in the sun or to go in the cellar entry where it would be cooler? She stooped to lift it, then paused, abandoned the problem, left it where it was. Just like George to have rented an old-fashioned barracks like this, not even gas for cooking. No wonder the place had stood empty for years and years. The idea of cooking with coal in July! If the oil-range didn't come soon Lizzie would quit, she could see it in her face.

The garden seemed to sway and tremble in brilliant light. A warm sweetness of flowers floated lightly, the air was not really hot after all. Why did Nounou let the children leave their croquet mallets lying all anyhow about the lawn? Beyond the hedge of rose bushes, a blue glimpse of water. It *was* a heavenly place. There must be some consolation in a garden like this. If one could breathe it in deeply and not think, not think, just slack off the everlasting tension for a few moments. Of course it's quite useless, but I'm going to pray. God, please help me not to think. . . . No wonder the artists come here in summer, the Island is so lovely. Loafers, that's what they are, idling about enjoying themselves making pictures while other people plan the details of meals and housekeeping . . . and Picnics. She could imagine Miss Clyde sitting in the garden sketching, relishing it all, romping with the children, while *she* was doing the marketing. Are there enough blankets for the guest-room bed? And with only one bathroom . . . Miss Clyde is probably the kind of person who takes a terribly long time over her bath.

The strip of beach gravel that led toward the rose plot was warm and crackly underfoot. Among the gray pebbles were small bleached shells. Once upon

a time, she had told the children, those shells belonged to snails who lived in the sea. When the tide went out, their little rocky pool got warm and torpid in the glare. Then the sea came back again, crumbling over the ledges with a fresh hoarse noise: great gushes of cold salty water pouring in, waving the seaweeds, waking up the crabs. She could imagine the reviving snails wriggling happily in their spiral cottages, feeling that coolness prickle along their skins. She would like to lie down on the gravel and think about this. There was a bench in the rose garden, if she could get so far. When things are a bit too much for one (fine true old phrase: they *are* just a little too much for us, adorable torturing *things*) it's so strangely comforting to lie flat on sun-warmed earth . . . not here, Lizzie could see her from that synoptic pantry window. But just round this corner, behind the shrubbery . . .

Someone was doing it already. Oh, this must be the man Lizzie spoke of. How very odd: sprawled on the gravel, playing with pebbles. Lizzie must have been right, one of the artists. Unconventional, to come into a private garden like that . . . asking for a piece of cake. Never be surprised, though, at artists. Perhaps he's doing a still-life painting: something very modern, a slice of cocoanut cake on a lettuce leaf. Artists enjoy making pictures of food. But he'd been playing with the children, Lizzie said. What sort of person would play with children before being introduced to their parents? Perhaps he wanted to do a portrait of them. Portraits of children were better done with the mother, who could keep them quiet. . . . I always think there's no influence like a mother's, don't you? . . . On the bench in the rose garden, that would be the place. She could see the picture, reproduced in *Vanity Fair:* Green Muslin: Study of Mrs. George Granville and Her Daughters. But strange the man didn't get up, he must hear her coming. He looked like a gentleman.

"How do you do?" she said, a little coldly.

He was studying the pebbles; at the sound of her voice he twisted and looked up over his shoulder. He seemed faintly shy, yet also entirely composed.

"Hullo!" he said. "I mean, how do you do." His voice was very gentle. (How different from George.) Something extraordinary about his way of looking at her, what clear hazel eyes! Instead of offering any explanation, he seemed waiting for her to say something. She had confidently expected a quick scramble to his feet, a courteous apology for intruding. She felt a little angry at herself for not being able to speak as reprovingly as he deserved. But there was a crumb on his chin, somehow this weakened her. A man who would come into people's gardens and ask for cake and not even wipe the crumbs off his chin. He must be someone rather special.

"You're doing just what I wanted to," she said.

He looked at her, still with that placid inquiry.

"I mean lying on the ground in the sun."

"It's nice," he said.

Really, of all embarrassing situations. If he didn't get up, she felt that in another minute she *would* be sprawling there herself. A very ungraceful pose for the portrait: Mrs. George Granville and Her Daughters, prone on the gravel. Women ought not to lie like that anyway, it humps up the sitting-part so obviously. Yet they always do in bathing suits, most candid of all costumes. Perhaps for that very reason. . . . This was too absurd. Thank goodness, he was getting to this feet. The crumb shone in the sunlight, it adhered to his chin with some of Lizzie's sticky white icing.

"Was the cake good?" She meant this to be rather cutting, and was pleased to see him look a little frightened.

"Awfully good." Now he looked hopeful, rather like a dog. She could not

altogether understand the queer way he had of studying her: steadily, yet without any of the annoying or alarming intimations that long gazes usually suggest. But he made no movement to leave.

"I suppose you're waiting for another piece."

"Yes," he said, smiling.

Now, she felt, she had him trapped. This would destroy him.

"You haven't finished the first."

He understood at once, and ran his tongue toward his chin until it found the crumb. She watched it disappear with the feeling of having lost an ally. She had counted on that crumb to humiliate him with.

"All gone," he announced gaily. What could one do with a man like that?

"I suppose you're an artist." Not knowing what else to do, she had turned toward the house, and he was walking with her. He was tall and pleasantly dressed and had rather a nice way of walking: politely tentative, yet with plenty of assurance.

"I'm Martin."

Her mind made little rushes one way and another, trying to think if she had heard of him. He must be very famous, to give his name with such easy simplicity. Why do I know so little about art? she asked herself. Well, how can I keep up with things?—there's always so much to do. It's George's fault, expecting me to run a big house. If we'd gone to the Inn . . . what are the names of the famous painters? She could see George at the pantry window. In a moment she would have to introduce them, what should she say? What was George doing in the pantry?

"George, let that cake alone!" she called. It sounded a pleasant humorous cry, but George's well-tuned ear caught the undertone of fury. That was just like George. Whenever he was angry or upset he went to the pantry and got himself something to eat.

"I was saving the cake for the Picnic," she explained.

"A Picnic!" said the stranger. His brown face was bright with interest. "When?"

If George could invite people to the Picnic, why shouldn't she? By the way, I mustn't forget to order some sardines.

"Where are you staying?" she asked.

Apparently he didn't understand this, for he replied, "I don't mind." He was looking at the pantry window, where George's guilty face peered out from behind the wire screen.

"How funny he looks, like a guinea pig in a cage," he said.

That was exactly what George did look like, squinting out into the sunshine. The end of his nose, pressed against the mesh, was white and red, like a half-ripe strawberry.

"George, this is Mr. Martin, the famous artist. He's coming to our Picnic."

IV

George was in a fidget, in the little sitting room that opened off the hall. It was just under the stairs, and when anyone went up or down he could hear the feet and couldn't help pausing to identify them by the sound. It was astonishing how many footsteps passed along those stairs; and if they ceased for a while it was no better, for he found himself subconsciously waiting for the next and wondering whose they would be. He had laid out his maps and papers and the portable typewriter, all ready to begin work: the draft of his booklet on Summer Tranquillity (for the Eastern Railroad) would soon be due.

His mind was too agitated to compose but he began clattering a little on the machine, at random, just to give the impression that he was working. What a senseless idea, to imagine that he could really get anything done here, buried in the country! He could not concentrate because there was nothing to concentrate *from*. There was only the huge vacancy of golden summer, droning pine trees, yawning beaches, the barren pagan earth under a crypt of air. The world

shimmered like a pale jewel with a flame of uneasiness as its core. The place to write about Summer Tranquillity would have been that hot secret little office of his in town, where the one window opened like a furnace door into a white blaze of sunshine, where perspiration dripped from his nose on the typewriter keys, but where he had the supreme sensation of intangible solitude.

What on earth were they walking about for upstairs? Was she showing the man the whole house? He looked distractedly across the garden. The listless beaming of the summer noon lay drowsy upon the lawn, filling him with an appalling sense of his absurd futility. As Phyllis had so often said, he was neither business man nor artist. What the devil was he working for, what goal was there, what fine flamboyant achievement was possible? He had a feeling of being alone against the world, a poor human clown wrestling with grotesque obsessions. He leaned toward the glass-paned bookcase, tilting his head anxiously to see the reflection of the top . . . certainly it was receding in a V above each temple—but that made the forehead seem higher. He turned again to the window, a little ashamed of his agitations. Beyond the glass verandah he caught the stolid gaze of the cook at the pantry window. He averted his head quickly: ridiculous that you can't do anything without catching someone's eye. All this was just insanity, he took up the page he was working on and rolled it into the typewriter. Page 38 . . . like himself, thirty-eight, and forty only two pages away. I suppose that at forty a man feels just as young as ever, but . . . it's absurd to feel as young as I do, at thirty-eight. . . .

Phyllis's footsteps were coming downstairs. He was always worried when he heard them like that: slow and light, pausing every few treads. That meant she was thinking about something, and in a minute there would be a new problem for him to consider. When he heard them like that he usually rushed into the hall, demanding hotly, "Well, what is it *now*?"

"What is what?"

"You know I can't work when you come downstairs like that."

"Like *what*?"

"As though you were worrying."

"Well, why didn't you take a house where I could slide down the banisters?"

This time, the feet came down so slowly he felt sure she *wanted* him to rush out. The rushing out always put him in the wrong. Well he just wouldn't. He would stay where he was, that would show her he was indignant. He took out page 38, put in a blank sheet and rattled the keys vigorously. But he felt cheated of a sensation. He always enjoyed bursting out, through the door at the foot of the stairs, and catching her transfixed on the landing, with the big windows behind her—half frightened, half angry. He would not have told her so, but it was partly because she was so pretty there: the outline of her comely defiant head against the light, her smooth arm emerging from the dainty sleeve that caught and held a pearly brightness. How lovely she is, he thought; it's gruesome for her to be so pretty and talk such nonsense. . . .

She was at the telephone. He could hear her talking to the grocer. "I'm sorry, Mr. Cotswold, is it too late to catch the driver? I've got some unexpected guests. . . ."

He hastened into the hall. "Don't forget the sardines" he shouted.

She looked at him calmly with the instrument at her mouth. She seemed surprisingly tranquil.

"Never mind then, thank you," she said to Mr. Cotswold with the particularly cordial and gracious voice which (George felt) was meant to emphasize the coolness with which she would now speak to him.

"If you want sardines you'll have to go and get them yourself. The driver's left."

She went into the sitting room and pulled the blind half-way down. He

followed her and raised it to the top of the window again. She sat on the couch, and he was surprised to see a dangerous merriment in her face.

"I suppose you think you can shut yourself in here and just let the house run itself," she said. "Like a sardine."

"I have to do my work, don't I?"

She looked at the sheet in the typewriter, on which was written wildly *Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of this absurd family.* But she did not comment on it, and George felt that this was one of her moments of genius. He wondered, in alarm, what she was going to do with him next. He felt helpless as only a husband can.

"Well, anyhow, they pack sardines in oil, not in vinegar," he said angrily. This sounded so silly it made him angrier still. He closed the door and cried in a fierce undertone, "What's the idea, this man Martin? Who is he? Is he staying for lunch?"

"He's an artist. I thought you liked artists."

"Yes, but we don't have to fill the house with 'em."

"I've put him in the spare room."

"In the spare room! What about Miss Clyde?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. He seemed to expect it somehow. He's a very irresistible person."

"I guess I can resist him. If we've got to have him in the house we can put him in here, on the couch."

"It's too late. He's in the spare room now, washing his hands—You needn't have been so rude when I brought him in."

"I didn't like his looks," George mumbled.

This wasn't true. George *had* liked his looks, but he had resented that gay and careless air. He looks as if he didn't have a thing on earth to worry about, George thought. And he comes floating in here, with casual ease, among the thousand interlocking tensions of George's difficulties, to gaze with untroubled eye on his host's restless perplexity.

"I'm going to put the two older children on the sleeping porch, so Ben and Ruth can have their room. Miss Clyde will have to go on this couch."

"How about me?"

"Well, we can sleep together I suppose. It won't kill us, for a few nights."

Not if I know it, George thought. That old walnut bedstead, with the deep valley in the middle, so that we both keep rolling against each other. Unless you clutch the post and lie on a slope all night. Besides, Phyl is so changeable in temperature. When she goes to bed she's chilly and wants to kindle her feet against you. Then by and by she gets warmed up and it's like sleeping with a hot bottle five feet long. On a night in July, too. Whenever I get comfortable she wants to turn over on the other side; that brings us face to face. Impossible! How unexpected life is. If anyone had told me twelve years ago that it would be so irritating to sleep in the same bed with a pretty woman, I shouldn't have believed it. I'll sleep on the window seat in the upstairs hall. No: that won't do; if Miss Clyde is in the den she'll have to be coming upstairs to the bathroom and Phyl won't like me spread out there in public. It's funny: sleeping is the most harmless thing people ever do, why are they so furtive about it?

But George rather liked the idea of Miss Clyde on his couch. To conceal this private notion, he argued against it.

"Miss Clyde will be a long way from the bathroom," he said.

"There's no other place to put her. You're always talking about artists, their fine easy ways, I guess she won't mind if someone sees her in a wrapper."

She'd look charming in a wrapper, George thought. The queer little boyish thing! I can just imagine her. It would be blue, a kind of filmy blue crêpe. Coming up the stairs, the morning sunlight would catch her through those big windows: her small curves delicately outlined in a haze of soft color, her hair tousled, a flash of white ankle as she reached the top step. He would sit up

on the window-seat, as though just drowsily awakened. Oh . . . good morning! Good morning. What a picture you would make. Silhouette Before Breakfast. Life is full of so many heavenly pictures. . . . Then (the bay-window above the garden would be calm and airy in the before-breakfast freshness of July; the house just beginning that dreamy stir which precedes the affairs of day) she would come across to him . . . he hardly dared admit, even to himself, how far they had gone in imagination. . . .

"I'm damned if I want strange women careering all over the house in their wrappers," he said with well-simulated peevishness.

"Bosh!" exclaimed Phyllis. "There's nothing you'd like better. Unless without their wrappers."

"What's the use of being vulgar?" he said. He thought: How gorgeous Phyllis is. You can't fool her.

Poor old George, thought Phyllis. I believe he imagines that he's attractive to women. But I won't say that to him, he's in such a stew already.

"Miss Clyde is one of the most truly refined people I ever met."

This didn't quite succeed. Phyllis was always annoyed when George attempted to bunco her. He was so transparent.

"I believe you imagine you're attractive to women," she said.

"Hell," he said, "I don't even take time to think about it."

"If that were true, you'd be much more so."

If I'd finished this cursed booklet, he thought, I'd take a little time off and *be* attractive to women, just to surprise her. Why, damnation, I could even make Phyl fall in love with me if it was worth taking the trouble. The way to please women is to show them that you know they're not happy, and that their special kind of unhappiness is a particularly subtle and lonely one, but curable by sympathy. It's queer to think of all the people in the world, and how troubled they are when they look one another straight in the eyes. If I knew why that is I'd know everything. The devil of it is, women have begun to think. That's why everything is so uneasy. Why even Phyllis has begun to think. I mustn't let her, because she's too fond of being comfortable. It'll only upset her. She *must* be kept amused. That's the beauty of money, it's a substitute for thinking. It can surround you with delightful distractions. It's like women, too: it comes to the fellows who know how to entertain it. I must learn how to be attractive to money.

"Certainly, Phyl, no one can say that *you're* attractive to women. You're too pretty." He leaned over and kissed the end of her nose. There, perhaps that would calm her; he might still be able to do half an hour's writing before the children came back from the beach. That was the only solution. Simplify, simplify life by burying yourself in some work of imagination . . . such as the Eastern Railway booklet. He smiled bitterly. Those were the only happy people, the artists—immersed in dreams like frogs in a pond, only their eyes bulging just above the surface. But how are you going to attain that blissful absorption? Dominate the ragings of biology by writing railroad folders? The whole universe turns contrary, he thought, to the one who wants to create. Time is against him, carnal distraction, the natural indolence of man. Yes, even God is against him: God Who invented everything and is jealous of other creators. If Phyllis hadn't been there he would have fallen on his knees by the couch and told God what he thought of Him.

They heard someone coming downstairs. Phyllis rose.

"Come in, Mr. Martin! See the nice little den where George does his work."

V

George is carving the meat. He always feels better at meal times. The trouble with me, he thinks, is that I take

things too seriously. I dare say I haven't any sense of humor. Let's see if we can't make a sort of fresh start from this moment.

The three little girls are brown and gay. Phyllis looks tired but busily exhibits that staccato sprightliness that comes over her when there are guests. This Mr. Martin seems a silent fellow. The children stare at him, and seem to have some joke among themselves; Sylvia and Rose nudge each other and giggle. I always think it's a mistake to let the two younger ones sit side by side. But Mr. Martin seems unaware of them: his eyes are fixed on Phyllis with a cheerful watchfulness. He's a solemn bird, thinks George, but he has the good taste to admire Phyl. I hope he won't overdo it, for her sake. She can't stand much admiring: it goes to her head right away.

"Well," Phyllis says, "this is really delightful. A distinguished guest is just what we needed to make the Picnic a success. Children, don't kick the legs of the table. . . . Mr. Granville is so fond of artists, he employs such a lot of them in his business. Of course I dare say your kind of work is quite different, but there must be a lot of painters who wouldn't know what to do if it weren't for the little advertising jobs that come along. We're so happy to be in the country again. Of course we live very simply, but Mr. Granville can always work so well when he gets away from the office. I feel so sorry for the men who have to be in town all summer."

George feels a violent impulse to contradict her, but masters it. "Phyl," he says, "ask Lizzie to bring a spoon for the gravy. She always forgets it . . . Mr. Martin, I'll tell you the kind of people we are, we never have a carving knife sharp enough to cut with."

"Well, George, it's not our own carving knife. You see, Mr. Martin, we took this house furnished, it's not like having our own things."

"Our own isn't any better," George's voice shouts angrily inside his head, but he manages to keep it from coming out.

"Are we going to the Haunted House for the Picnic?" the children ask.

"Not unless you take your elbows off the table," Phyllis says sharply. Mr. Martin, who looks puzzled, takes his elbows off too.

"Yes, if it doesn't rain," George says. He is too experienced a parent ever to make positive promises.

This would have been a good day for cold meat and salad, he thinks, sawing away at the joggling slippery roast. Phyllis sees him thinking it. "I'm sorry to have hot meat on such a warm day, but we'll need it to-morrow for the sandwiches. There's some iced tea coming."

"Hot meat to make your inside hot, iced tea to make it cold," the children exclaim. "Do we have to eat the fat?"

They always ask this question. Then Mr. Martin asks it too, which causes amusement. How delightful Mr. Martin is, Phyllis thinks. He has a sort of eagerness to be happy, to enjoy things, to move blithely from one minute to the next. Even George feels it, he looks less cross. But George, as he takes down a tall glass of iced tea in one draught, is making calmly desperate resolves. I haven't the faintest idea what anything means, he is telling himself, but I'm just going to go on placidly. I'll go cracked if I keep worrying. One of the little girls wriggles happily on her chair, her pink frock has slipped sideways on her smooth brown shoulder, showing the frilled strap of her shirt. With a gentle twitch George pulls her dress straight and pats the child's golden nape. She looks at him with innocent affection. That little bare shoulder makes him think of women and their loveliness and all the torments of unease to which these poor youngsters must grow up. He concentrates his mind on the blue-and-white platter, the brown gravy dimpled with clear circles of fat and turning ruddy as the juice of the roast trickles down, the amber tea with slices of lemon. Thank heaven, Time still lies before them all like an ocean. Even he and Phyllis are young;

they don't need to do anything definite about life, not yet. Keep your mind on the small beautiful details, the crackling yield of bread-crust under the knife, the wide hills over the sea, sunset on open spaces that evaporates all passion, all discontent. He picks up his napkin from the rug, helps himself to vegetables, and begins to eat.

"The Picnic is our great annual adventure," Phyllis was saying. "I hope you won't think us too silly, but we *do* look forward to it enormously. It's such fun to forget about things once in a while and just have a good time."

"Yes," said George, "we worry about it for weeks beforehand. And we always invite more people than the house can properly hold."

Phyllis flashed a little angry brightness across the table.

"You mustn't think us too informal if things are a bit crowded. That's part of the fun."

"What is informal?" asked Mr. Martin quite gravely.

George smiled. Why the man was kidding her.

"Informal's what women always say they're going to be, and never are."

"George loves to lay down the law about women, Mr. Martin. As a matter of fact, he knows nothing about them. I expect you know more than he does, even if you're a bachelor."

"Is there a lot to know?" said Mr. Martin.

The man's delightful, thought George.

I never felt as queer as this before, thought Phyllis. I feel as though something astonishing were going to happen. Or worse still, as though nothing would *ever* happen. How many sandwiches shall we need? Three children, two of us, Mr. Martin, Ben and Ruth, Miss Clyde—that makes nine. When this gruesome Picnic is over perhaps I shall have a chance to ease up. I feel as though I should like to fall in love with someone. I wonder if Mr. Martin would do.

"Mr. and Mrs. Brook are coming this evening," she said gaily. "You'll like them, they're charming."

"As a matter of fact," said George (she always knew, when he began with that phrase, that he was going to contradict her) "they're the dullest people on earth; so completely dull that you can't help envying them. They're the perfect mates, too stupid even to disagree with each other. If every other couple in the world went smash, marriage would still be justified by Ben and Ruth."

"How do couples go smash?" asked Janet.

"You finish your beans and don't talk," said Phyllis.

She was pleasantly fluttered by the way Mr. Martin looked at her. His eyes kept returning from his plate: lingering on her face with a gently inquiring studiousness that was not at all offensive. I believe he really does want to do a portrait of me, she thought. He's fixing the features in his mind. She turned her head toward Sylvia and Rose so that he would see the half-profile with an appealing madonna softness upon it. The colored glass panes behind her, what a vivid background that would make. . . . But she felt he was about to ask a question, and allowed her eyes to come round to meet him, to make it easier for him.

"Do I have to finish my beans?" he said.

What a difficult question to answer. There must be some joke that she did not see.

"Beans make bones," asserted Rose fatuously.

"Why of course not," she said hastily. "I was afraid that cocoanut cake would take away your appetite." No, that was the wrong thing to say; she saw George's face sharpen at the mention of the cake: he was getting ready to blurt out something and she felt sure it would be awkward. With the speed of a hunted animal her mind dodged in search of some remark that would give her time to think.

"I like the English way of serving beans, slicing them lengthwise, you

know; it makes them so tender, without any strings." There; surely that would dispose of the absurd topic. "George, what are you going to do this afternoon? Go for a swim?"

"But these *are* string beans," said George. "They're supposed to have strings. Perhaps Mr. Martin misses them."

"If he doesn't finish his beans, Virginia can have them," Sylvia suggested. "She eats vegetables sometimes."

Virginia was the cat, just now obviously misnamed. Phyllis knew very well what was coming next, but she could not speak fast enough to avert it.

"Beans will be good for her," said Janet with enthusiasm. "She's going to have a family very soon, she needs nourishing food."

"Mother says she mustn't have a shock, it might be bad for the kittens."

"That'll do, never mind about Virginia."

Lizzie was making grimaces from the kitchen door, holding up a cup custard and contorting a red face of inquiry. Phyllis nodded. But perhaps Lizzie means there aren't enough custards to go round. "Oh, Lizzie, put on the fruit too."

George, with his damnable persistence, had not forgotten.

"How about the cake?" he asked.

"George, you know we've got to save the cake for the Picnic. I can't ask Lizzie to make another one."

"It's been cut already," he said.

I'm *not* going to be humiliated like this in front of a stranger. George is just doing it because he sees Mr. Martin admires me. Will this meal never end? I'm past battling over trifles. Have the cake if you want it. I don't care. If Lizzie puts it on, all right. Leave it to her. I'm not going to order it on. Cooks always take the man's side anyhow. I'm afraid Mr. Martin will think we're lunatics.

"What do you think of a husband that always knows exactly what's in the pantry?" she asked him.

A moment later she couldn't remember what he had said to this. Perhaps it's because I'm so absorbed in my own thoughts. It's odd, how much he conveys without saying anything, just by a look.

Lizzie had put on the cake. Phyllis saw at once that there were only six custards. She could tell, by the way Lizzie planked them down, there were no more in the kitchen. If they all took one there wouldn't be any for Lizzie herself. She refused the custard. She wanted a peach, but felt that the effort of peeling it was too much. Soft fuzzy skin and wet fingers. Then George, with that occasional insight that always surprised her, passed her one peeled and sliced.

"Yes," he said, "we ought to have a bathe, unless there's a storm. Relieve the pressure on the bathroom."

"Then we'll all be nice and clean for the Picnic," exclaimed the children.

"Miss Clyde is coming," George continued. "She's an artist too, perhaps Mr. Martin knows her."

"Bring the jug of iced tea in the garden, let's finish it out there," said Phyllis. "It's stifling here. . . . Children, you go and get your naps."

The little table was under the pine trees, the other side of the croquet oval. The grove smelled warm and slippery. Now there are the long hours of the afternoon to be lived through, somehow. George sprawled himself on the brown needles, the smoke of his pipe drifted past her in a blue whiff. Mr. Martin put a chair for her.

"I love these pine trees," she said. "They're always whispering."

"It isn't polite to whisper."

She smiled at him. He does say the quaintest things.

"Nature never is polite. On an afternoon like this the whole world seems to yawn in your face."

"These trees smell like cough drops." This was George.

An artist's mind is always on the beautiful, Phyllis thought. She pulled her skirt down a little, and tried to de-

cide what was the most beautiful thing visible, so she could call his attention to it. She wished she hadn't said that about yawning, she felt one coming on. The hot lunch had made her frightfully drowsy. Across the bay thunderheads were massing and rolling up, deep golden purple. "I wish I could paint," she said, "see those wonderful—" But she began the sentence too late; the yawn overtook her in the middle of it.

"Wonderful what?" asked George, looking up. She was struggling with the desire to gape: she trembled with the violence of her effort. George stared.

"Are you ill?"

"Wonderful clouds," she finished savagely.

"If you poured heavy cream into a glass of grape juice," George said, "it would look just like that—coiling round and clotting."

Sickening idea.

"I know exactly what's going to happen—just about the time I have to drive over . . ."

He was going to say it, she felt it coming. He was going to say *depot* instead of *station*. George always said *depot* when they were in the country, and she couldn't bear it. It was coming, it was coming; everything was predestined; all her life she had known this scene was on the way, sitting under the hot croup-kettle smell of the pine trees, blue thunder piling up on the skyline, poor adorable George mumbling away, and Mr. Martin watching them with his air of faint surprise. It was like the beginning of some terrible poem. Everything in life was a symbol of everything else. The slices of lemon lying at the bottom of the iced-tea jug, on a soft cloud of undissolved sugar, even they were a symbol of something. . . .

"George!" she interrupted desperately. "I had the most terrible premonition. I felt that you were going to say *depot*."

"Why, yes, I was going to say, just about the time I'm ready to drive over . . ."

For his own sake, for her sake, for Mr. Martin's sake, George must be prevented. If he used that word she would know that all this was foreordained, beyond help and hope. With a quick movement she pushed her glass of tea off the table, it cascaded onto George's ankle. He paused in surprise.

"I'm *so* sorry. How careless of me, your nice white socks. Look out, that little piece of ice is going down inside your shoe."

She felt that the guest's eyes were upon her. He must have seen her do it. "Is that why they call it a tumbler?" he said.

"Never mind," said George cheerfully. "It feels fine. I wish it was down my neck."

For a moment transparent Time swung in a warm, dull, uncertain equilibrium. Phyllis could see Lizzie jolt heavily down the kitchen steps and bend over the garbage can. The grinding clang of the lid came like a threatening clap of cymbals. How glorious if she and Lizzie, each with a garbage can and lid, could suddenly break into a ritual dance on the lawn, posturing under the maddening sunlight, clashing away their fury in a supreme dervish protest. How surprised George and Mr. Martin would be. She and Lizzie making frantic and mocking gestures, sweating the comedy out of their veins, breaking through the dull mask of polite behavior into the great rhythms and furies of life. No longer to be tired out by little things, but to be exhausted and used by some great ecstasy. And how weary she was of keeping to herself her heavy burden of secret desires and pangs. Why couldn't she tell George? But if you tried to tell George things he went far far away . . . because, probably, he too had so much that he yearned to tell. You can't really be intimate with people who know you so well. Yet she had never been so fond of him. Here, in this garden, they seemed for an instant secure from the terror of the world. Behind these walls, these burning roses, disorderly forces could not reach them.

Mr. Martin was a comforting sort of guest, he did not talk but just looked happy, spooning up the sugar from the bottom of his glass. Drink life to the bottom of the vessel, you always find some sugar there, all the more palatable for the lemony taste.

A clear compulsory ringing trilled keenly across the lawn. They listened, unwilling to move.

Then there was the squeak of the screen being lifted in the pantry window. Lizzie put out her head and called. Phyllis found it impossible to stir.

"George, you go. Then you can put on some dry socks."

"Nonsense," he said, getting up. "I'll be lots wetter than that if the storm breaks while I'm driving to the depot."

VI

Phyllis could feel the whole flat of visible world gently tilting. Equilibrium, if there had been any, was gone: they had begun to slide. George, receding across the level grass, seemed to descend a downward slope. Martin was lying at ease on the ground beside her, with one knee bent and the other leg cocked across it. Perhaps that's why he's so fond of lying on the ground. It's easier to keep from sliding. He seemed to have forgotten she was there and was humming to himself. She felt he had the advantage that silent people always have over the talkative. But if she could get him into conversation she could make him realize that she was more thoughtful than she seemed.

"I'm glad you didn't finish your beans," she began.

He did not seem surprised. "I'm glad you're glad," he said presently.

"I don't like finishing things either."

To this he said nothing at all, and she realized that her carefully drilled waggishness, which she kept for callers, would descend upon her in a minute. She struggled against it, but of its own accord an archly playful remark popped out.

"Now you mustn't let us bore you, you must feel free to do whatever you want, I think it's dreadful to force guests to be amused."

"I feel awfully free. Don't you?"

This was so unexpected that her mind went quite blank. There seemed no possible reply that was worth making.

"I should like to lie in bed and laugh," he said calmly.

Phyllis tried to think of something to laugh about. It suddenly struck her that there are days when one does not laugh at all. Evidently this was one of them. The world had swinked and looped its wild orbit for uncountable ages, all to produce this latest moment of lucid afternoon; and yet what cause was there for mirth? But if she could produce a clear chime of amusement it would be a mannerly and attractive thing to do. She opened her mouth for it, but only managed a sort of satiric cackle.

"You mustn't *try* to laugh," he said. "It's bad for you."

She wondered whether she ought to pretend offense. Of course I'm not really offended: there's something so gently impersonal about his rudenesses. In this dreadful vortex of life that seems to spin us round and round, how amazing to find someone so completely nonchalant, so . . . so untouched by anxiety . . . as though his mind had never been *bruised*. (When she found the right word she always liked to think of it as underlined.)

She had often wondered, hopefully, if she would ever be tempted beyond her strength. Absurd: this was the sort of thing that simply didn't happen to . . . to nice people. But there was a warm currency in her blood, radiant and quivering. She ought to go indoors and lie down . . . lie on her bed and laugh; but feeling her knees tremble, she remembered that the underskirt was very sheer, and in that violent sunlight, walking across the lawn, he would see an ungraceful bifid silhouette. . . . You can't really shock women, but you have to be

so careful not to startle men . . . without seeming to pay special attention, he was evidently terribly observant. . . . What was it George had said once?—that she was so beautiful his eye always enjoyed imagining the lines of her . . . her . . . No, *body* is a horrid word . . . her figure . . . under her thin dress. George was so carnal.

"All the things I like are bad for me."

She said this almost unconsciously, for her mind had gone a long way ahead. She was thinking that if George drove recklessly through a thunderstorm, and the car skidded, and he . . . died . . . passed away . . . on the way to the hospital at Dark Harbor (because the most appalling things do happen sometimes: why, once a flake of burning tobacco blew from George's pipe into his eye, as he was turning a corner, and the car almost went into the ditch) . . . what on earth would she do? Wire to New York for mourning, and would it be proper to keep Mr. Martin in the house after the funeral? The little churchyard on the dunes would be such a picturesque place to bury a husband: sandy soil, too (it seems so much cleaner, somehow) and harebells among the stones. What was that kind of lettering George was always talking about? Yes, Caslon: he would like that—GEORGE GRANVILLE, IN THE 39TH YEAR OF HIS AGE. . . . Certainly it would never do to have him there after the interment. (Mr. Martin, that is.) It would have to be at two o'clock so he could get the 3:18 train. Two o'clock makes it rather early, it would interrupt George's nap after lunch. . . .

But Mr. Martin was sitting up, looking at her with interest.

"Really?" he was asking. "You feel that way too?"

She had forgotten what she said; and she couldn't very well say "*What* way?" She must have said something rather good, because he was gazing at her with lively expectancy. His inquisitive eyes, eager brown face, were utterly charming. How fascinating human beings are, she thought: their nice fabricky clothes, their queerly carved faces. She wanted to stretch beside him on the shiny needles, let the sun bake and cook away this horrible curdling sickness that shook inside her; purify all her idiocy in the warm clear pleasure of exchanging ideas.

"Yes," she said, with her perfected smile. She wanted to put her hand on his shoulder, to know if he was actual. When the whole fire and anger of a woman's life reaches out for some imagined fulfillment she finds no luxury of phrase to say her pang. She is a movement of nature, a wind that stirs the grass, a moth blundering in the rain. I shall tell him in a minute, I shall tell him, God help me not to tell him. Is this being tempted beyond my strength? But this isn't temptation, this is just Truth. This was God Himself. Weren't we told to love God? Perhaps George would say that biology was just making fun of her. You're not supposed to love more than one person at a time—not in the same way, at least. . . .

"Even Picnics?"

"Don't speak of the Picnic," she said. "I hate to think of it. Damn the Picnic."

He looked startled.

"George made up a limerick once," she said. "It began like this: *I never believed in monogamy, My husband has just made a dog o' me.* But he couldn't find another rhyme."

"What's monogamy?"

"Something terrible," she said, laughing. This was the real laughter she had hoped for. She seemed lifted, purged, held in a twinkling skein of mirth. Laughter, like flame, purifies. Certainly he was adorable, but she couldn't quite make him out. Plainly he was making fun of her; but she could see he was the kind of person who would not try, clumsily, to say the things that ought never to be said. Every woman knows them all anyway.

A clatter on the verandah, three serial slams of the screen door, quick crunching of gravel, the children. How she

loved them—the gay flutter of their short dresses, the brown slender legs gradually paling toward their soft fat little hams. They came running across the lawn, knees lifting and shining in the brilliant light. They surrounded her in a hot laughing group, breathlessly explaining some plan. Daddy was going to take them swimming, if there was a storm they could go into the bathhouse, it wouldn't matter anyway if they had their bathing suits on, Daddy would play Moby Dick the White Whale. The words came tumbling out of them—they seemed packed with words, bursting with a vision of green warm water scalloped with foam, Daddy the White Whale snorting in the surf, the prickling terror of storm darkening the sky. What vitality, what career of the spirit of life!

"Children, children, don't forget your manners. Make a nice curtsy to Mr. Martin."

At once they became well-regulated little dolls. What a picture, she thought: The Curtsy . . . the three children bobbing, their Mother in the background, supervising as it were: seeing that Life kept within bounds, did no violence to the harmony of the composition. Because (heavens!) it was bad enough for *her* to feel as she did; she couldn't endure the thought of Janet and Sylvia and Rose growing up to such—such disorders. If they were painted like that, curtsying, of course the pose would be difficult to hold. But all poses are difficult to hold.

"I don't know that I like the idea of your bathing with a storm coming on," she said. That was George, putting wild schemes in their heads.

"It's what we're all doing all the time," said George. He had come quietly across the grass while she was showing the children off to Martin.

This was so surprisingly subtle, for George, she scanned him in amazement. He looked like An Anchor to Windward, A Stitch in Time, Something Put By for a Rainy Day. No one ever looked less like a Leap in the Dark. In short, he looked like a Husband: large, strong, reliable, long-suffering, and uninteresting. The best way to look, probably, for the interesting people have such a painful time.

"It was a telegram, from Miss Clyde," he said. "She's coming this afternoon. Same train as the Brooks."

"This afternoon! I thought it was to-morrow."

There was something guilty about George's shrug. He must have told her to come to-day.

"Well, then, George. You'll have to clean up your den right away. And the Brooks are going into the children's room, that bed has got to be fixed. It's all right for Janet, but that spring'll have to be fixed before Ben and Ruth sleep there."

The children's faces were troubled.

"It's all right, little toads," said George. "You go and get your swim anyhow. Mr. Martin can go with you and be the White Whale. I'll come down as soon as I've fixed the beds."

"I haven't any suit," said Martin.

"All the more like the White Whale," said George. "But you can take mine; it's in the bathhouse."

The children, gaily chattering, led Martin off. Phyllis watched them along the hot pebbly path. Beyond the sundial it curved through shrubbery to the green picket gate. Here, up a grassy gully, came the sharp breath of the sea. In a sort of daze her eyes went with them. That little valley, between the tall dunes, was like a channel through which, if the level garden tilted ever so little, all life would sluice out. When the gate opened it would be like pulling the plug in a bathtub. Everything would begin to flow. With a horrid gurgling sound, probably.

George was beneficently silent. Dreamily she found herself following Martin and the children. If she got as far as that tuft of grass without George speaking, she would not need to answer. She was almost there. She *was* there. She put her foot squarely on it. Then to her

surprise she turned and waited. George was filling his pipe. His silence could only mean one thing: he was frightened about something. She felt her advantage come swimming back into her, a thrilling flutter of strength.

"Well, why don't you say something?"

He blazed with delighted peevishness.

"At least tell me which bed is which?" he shouted.

"Both of them," she said.

Now the others were hidden behind the shrubbery. In a minute they'd be through the gate. She drifted swiftly after. There was the place on the gravel where she had found him lying. The pebbles were still scuffed about. But even if the gardener raked the path a thousand times she would never forget that exact spot. They were at the gate. The children were showing him how fine it is for swinging on. All was clear in her mind. She would tell the girls to run ahead, and as they twinkled down the slope she would turn to Martin. Her eyes would tell him everything. . . . No, not everything; but enough to begin with.

Then, *I love you*, she would say. Softly. She whispered it to herself to be sure she had the right intonation. How long was it since she had said that as it should be said, with amazement and terror? Ten years? Why a woman ought to be able to say it like that . . . well, every other year anyhow.

"Don't swing on that gate more than one at a time," she called. "You'll break the hinges," and added, to justify herself in Martin's ears, "Remember, chickens, it's not *our* gate."

They turned, surprised to see her following.

"Children," she began, "you run ahead, I want . . ."

The alert attentive faces of the little girls were too much for her. They gaped over the palings. They knew something queer was happening. They always know, as calmly detached as nurses in a hospital who smile faintly at what the patients say under ether.

She hesitated, looking down at her ankles. How trim and orderly they were; when she put on those white silk stockings this morning she had had no idea of all this happening.

She heard the gate clash to but still paused, her face averted. She wanted her eyes to reach his slowly. For after that it would be too late to plan things. There was a lonely marching in her blood. Then, trembling, she looked.

He wasn't there. He too had run on with the children—all four, far down the hill, romping to the beach together.

TO BE CONTINUED

SOCIALISM AND EDUCATION

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

SOCIALISM is primarily an economic system, and allows of immense diversity in cultural matters such as education. Whether education under socialism would be better or worse than it is at present would depend upon public opinion: there is nothing inherent in socialism to make it either better or worse. I propose to consider how socialism can be used to make it better.

Hitherto, education has been a class privilege, though in a diminishing degree. In early Victorian days education was still the mark of a gentleman, and lack of education was the mark of a lady. The scholarship system has changed this to a considerable extent; a boy or girl with the kind of ability that is tested by examinations can secure a university education even if he or she is fairly poor. But several causes diminish the effect of this system in lowering the social prestige of education. To begin with, stupid young people (*i.e.*, those whom examiners classify as stupid) can still secure higher education only if their parents have money. Then there is the difficulty of maintenance: parents who are really poor cannot afford to put off the time when their children will begin to earn money. A young man can hardly become a doctor or a lawyer unless his parents can support him till he is twenty-seven or thereabouts. For these reasons the professions are still mainly recruited from non-wage-earning classes. The few who have working-class parents acquire the tone and prejudices of the majority of their colleagues. The difficulty of entering a profession of course increases its emoluments. These considerations account for the fact that most professional men are opposed to socialism. They enjoy social prestige and they earn more than they would earn if education were cheaper and competition consequently more severe. These advantages they would lose under socialism. It is, therefore, not surprising that at present education tends to make men opponents of socialism. Educated men enjoy a partial monopoly of which they do not wish to be deprived. It is the monopoly, not the education, which makes them reactionary. So long as social injustice works to the advantage of the educated, most educated men will support it.

If we had a free hand to organize a Utopia how should we deal with this question of higher education? I do not think we should decide to send everyone to a university. Higher education is not suited to everyone, but only to people with a certain kind of intelligence; others find it boring and unprofitable. True, the stupid rich, many of whom now go to Oxford and Cambridge, usually enjoy their time in those seats of learning, but that is because they are not obliged to get any education there. If they were compelled to do a reasonable amount of work they would quickly get bored and take refuge in the army or politics. In a Utopia we should not allow young people to spend the years from eighteen to twenty-two in luxurious idleness but should insist upon a certain standard of industry.

Industry alone, however, is not enough to make higher education profitable; a

certain degree of bookish intelligence is also necessary. This is only one kind of intelligence, but the other kinds find scope in practical life. The obvious course, therefore, would seem to be to allow a university education only to those who reach a certain level of academic intelligence.

There are, however, certain difficulties in such a plan. If the intellectual level exacted is rather low, there will be a great number of qualified persons and therefore a colossal expense—an expense which would be prohibitive for a long time to come. If, on the other hand, the level exacted is high enough to make the expense practicable, there will be an increase of overwork in adolescence. I believe this to be already a very serious matter. The scholarship system leads to a forcing of the cleverest boys and girls, who consequently come to the university tired and stale, and are frequently damaged for life. This is especially the case with the poorer boys and girls, who have had the nervous strain of feeling that their whole future depended upon their ability to do themselves credit in examination.

This difficulty would not arise if there were some method of testing native intelligence as opposed to information acquired by cramming. But so far no such method exists. Some American authorities, both psychologists and college presidents, believe that the intelligence tests devised for the United States army during the War can be substituted for examinations of the traditional kind. I believe this to be a delusion. What is tested is the kind of quickness which enables a London boy, when asked the way, to answer at once, "Fifth to the left, fourth to the right." I doubt whether one per cent of the men distinguished for intellectual eminence possess this kind of quickness.

There are two further objections to the substitution of intelligence tests for the present kind of examination. The first is that much of the knowledge required is useful, and it is desirable to give schools a motive for teaching it. To this it may be objected that much of what is learned for examinations is forgotten within a week. But here our second objection comes in: the outcry against "cramming" is largely a mistake; the capacity to learn a number of facts for a short time is an extremely valuable one, particularly for lawyers and civil servants. A barrister who has to deal with a complicated patent case does not want to remember the details forever; he wants just the kind of ability which is tested by an examination for which the candidates prepare by "cramming."

How then are we to deal with the problem of overwork in adolescence? The best solution seems to be to have a moderately low entrance examination which the abler boys and girls could pass without much difficulty, but to weed out afterwards those whom their teachers find to be idle or unable to profit by instruction. If much work were exacted, those who had not intellectual tastes would find a university education more disagreeable than ordinary paid work. It must not be assumed, however, that attendance at lectures is the test of industry. Lectures are a survival from the Middle Ages, due to the fact that universities have not yet adapted themselves to the invention of printing. For the best students lectures are a mere nuisance. Teachers should have discretion in this matter and be able to exempt certain of their pupils, if satisfied that they are not wasting their time.

In a socialistic community parents would not merely be relieved of the expense of educating their children but also of the whole cost of maintenance. Every boy and girl would be given as much education as the authorities judged desirable, quite regardless of parents' means. This would have the effect of destroying the social prestige of education and increasing the average intelligence of those who were educated. Take, for example, the medical profession. Of necessity, the training for this

profession is long and arduous: we do not wish our lives to be at the mercy of people ignorant of anatomy and physiology. At present the length of the training operates to raise the social level and diminish the number of those who can qualify. Under socialism this would not be the case. A certain number of medical men would be required and could be picked from the whole community, not only from that fraction who can afford to earn nothing for a long time. There would be no need to pay doctors more highly than laborers because, probably, a sufficient number of people would prefer a doctor's life to a laborer's. There would be more likelihood of medical ability in men who had chosen this profession because they liked the work than in men whose qualifications and ambitions are largely financial. Doctors would not be thought superior to laborers but merely men with different tastes. Both are necessary to the community and therefore both are deserving of respect, but not one more than the other.

We may be told that the respect paid to learning is a desirable stimulus. I totally disbelieve this. What is wanted is not rewards but opportunity. Take as an illustration the respect paid to artists. In no civilized community have they been so rare, or so much respected, as in the United States. In no civilized community have they been so common, or so little respected, as in ancient Athens. If I remember rightly Plato says somewhere that of course one would not have Phidias to dinner because he is a vulgar fellow who works with his hands. And science began to flourish just when the Inquisition took to burning the scientists. There is no social advantage in paying respect to the men who are supposed to be eminent. The important thing is opportunity. Respect is paid to what is rare; make merit common and it will win no special respect. Under socialism I should hope to see learning so common that it would be unregarded.

I have dwelt upon this matter at some length because the present privileges of the educated are an obstacle to socialist propaganda, and must be abolished if a socialist community is ever to be brought about. Moreover, one of the most important spiritual gains to be hoped from socialism is the cessation of that isolation from the majority of the community which at present characterizes the intellectuals and which has its root in their economic circumstances.

I come now to a different set of considerations. One of the most serious objections to socialism is that it might discourage experiment. At present educational experiments can be conducted by minorities, provided they believe in them sufficiently to be willing to pay a certain amount for having them tried. Under socialism it will be almost impossible for private individuals, or even groups of individuals, to finance experiments—the money will have to be provided by the State, and there is danger that it may insist upon all education being such as it thinks good. In Soviet Russia this danger has been glaringly exemplified. I met in Russia an eminent poet (now dead) who was employed by the government to teach rhythmics. He complained that he was expected to teach this subject from a Marxian point of view. No man could retain a teaching post in Russia if he were to express the opinion that climate influences character, because Marx is held to have taught that character is entirely a product of economic causes. No man would be allowed to teach philosophy unless he professed materialism. I met recently a professor of philosophy in the University of Moscow and asked him if there was academic freedom. "Oh, no," he said, "for instance, a man could not become a professor if he believed in God." In such an atmosphere all intellectual activity is stifled.

Such troubles are not confined to Soviet Russia. In American State universities of the South and Middle West teachers have to be extraordinarily care-

ful not to offend the prejudices of ignorant agrarians whose theological outlook is that of the Seventeenth Century. If it were not for private endowments every man of science in America would be faced with the alternative of silence or dismissal.

Even a minority of bigots can make innovations by the State very difficult. The present Government of England, like its predecessors, forbids the officially constituted medical authorities, in certain cases, to give medical information which they consider essential for saving life. Its reason for this attitude is that, in the opinion of certain persons, the poor can be kept from sin only by ignorance. I allude to the question of birth control. To the ordinary mortal it would seem that if a woman is almost sure to die of another confinement, and if her husband is indifferent whether she lives or dies, she has a right to know how to escape the consequences of his brutality. The British Government, however, has decided that she has no such right unless she is rich enough to pay the fees of a private practitioner. The same thing applies to a woman who has been infected by her husband with venereal disease and has had a number of children similarly afflicted. The political power of certain dogmatists is sufficient to make their view prevail against all the arguments of reason and humanity. Every year, to please them, many thousands of children are born to a life of disease or insanity or imbecility, in conditions of poverty and misery. Under socialism, as things are, these evils would extend to the whole community and not only to its poorest sections.

It may seem that I have wandered from the question of education but in fact that is only apparent. The question I have been considering is concerned with the withholding of knowledge. Socialism can improve education only if the State holds strictly to the view that no knowledge must be kept from those who desire it. No dogmatist—whether Catholic, Protestant, or Bolshevik—can tolerate the impartial spread of knowledge. Every dogmatist knows, subconsciously, that there are facts which prove the falsehood of his dogma; these facts he desires, at all costs, to conceal. If he can capture the State machine he will use it to suppress all knowledge adverse to his creed. Every creed, being fixed, is necessarily inimical to progress. Therefore a socialist State which has a creed will make progress impossible.

Of course I do not wish to erect this opinion itself into a dogma. The State, like the individual, must have beliefs and purposes. But they must not be rigid and inflexible; they must be held provisionally and changed when new evidence is forthcoming. Rigidity means death; everything that is living is in constant change.

Applying these general considerations to education, it is clear that, though a socialist State would have to finance education, it ought not to control it too strictly. To preserve educational experiment under socialism, the State ought to permit any group which so desires to organize schools under teachers chosen by themselves—provided the teachers had the necessary scholastic qualifications and school inspectors reported that the teaching was adequate from the point of view of instruction. Subject to these conditions, the State should give the same financial support to private schools as to its own. Instruction is not, of course, the whole of education—perhaps not even its most important part. But it is the part which is easy to judge impartially, the part about which there is least disagreement. It is, therefore, the only part about which the State ought to concern itself. Whether a school is training up good citizens will always be a matter of opinion.

Of course circumstances might be imagined where even insistence on instruction would constitute a form of persecution. Some sect might maintain

that it is wicked to teach reading and writing. If such a view were genuinely and strongly held it would be foolish to make martyrs of those who believed it.

At present the elementary schools not conducted by the State are practically all conducted by the churches, but this may change. It almost certainly would change under socialism, because at present the parents who believe in educational experiments mostly do not send their children to elementary schools. Educational experiment at present is financed by comparatively well-to-do parents, but of course this method would be impossible in a socialist state. Madame Montessori, Sanderson of Oundle, Mr. Baddeley of Bedales are instances of valuable experimenters who found a field under private enterprise. They could not have found quite the same field under socialism but it would have been a great misfortune if their experiments had been impossible. Experiment must remain possible, and this will require private enterprise financed by public money.

It is, of course, essential that the State should not confine its support to experiments which it considers likely to succeed. Every school in which the instruction is adequate must be supported, even if the state thinks its principles detestable. If a group of Mormons wished to found a school in which polygamy was praised they should be allowed to do so. If any experiments are forbidden it is all but certain that the most valuable will be among those that are banned. Of course I should except such as involve obvious injury to the children's health, or any form of indisputable cruelty; though even here long-established custom and religious fanaticism might make concessions sometimes necessary.

It must of course be assumed that State officials, under socialism, would do everything in their power to increase the sphere of their authority, and would endeavor to reduce all education to a rigid uniformity so as to be convenient for classification and pigeon-holing. There is no political or economic system which will work beneficially when one set of interests is organized and another is not. Both parents and teachers will have to be organized to assert their point of view as against that of the officials. Desirable forms of liberty can be preserved only when average public opinion considers them worth preserving: the ultimate appeal must always be to the man in the street. It is a mistake to suppose, as some socialists do, that the removal of private capitalism will of itself secure every kind of freedom. Nothing will do that, in an industrial society, except organization and vigilance. There is no reason to regret this since life without contests would be unbearably dull. But under socialism the contests would be fair and equal; we should not have, as now, the brute power of a minority pitted against the well-being of the mass of mankind.

We may conclude, then, that socialism would make education no longer a privilege attached to wealth but would give higher education to those best able to profit by it. It would prevent the present isolation of the intellectuals, who are divorced from the poor by their unjust privileges and from the rich by their intelligence. In these respects a very great gain is to be expected. But there is less certainty that education would be more progressive or more unbiased under socialism than it is at present. Bias and lack of progress are more due to original stupidity than to any economic system. Original stupidity will always belong to the majority; therefore, progress in intellectual matters is only possible in so far as the intelligent minority are free to attempt innovations. This freedom under socialism is possible but by no means certain, since it will require a tolerant public opinion and energetic organization. Socialism will not make tolerance and energy unnecessary, but we may hope that it will make them less uncommon.

THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS

WHAT'S WRONG LATELY WITH MOTHER?

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

"THE House of Commons," says the best-known *Guide Book to London of To-day*, "not inaptly called the Mother of Parliaments, is undoubtedly the most august, as it is the most venerable, of the great representative assemblies of the world. It is with something like awe that we penetrate into the stillness of Westminster Palace and find ourselves presently looking down from our privileged place in the gallery upon the earnest group of men whose measured tones and dignified formalities are deciding the fate of an empire."

That is what the Guide Book has been saying about the House of Commons for about two hundred years. But in reading over the recent press reports of the debates of the House as they come across the Atlantic one is inclined to wonder whether the cold dignity of the dear old place is not getting a little thawed out in the warm times in which we live. The proceedings in the later days sound a little too suggestive of the Cow Boys Convention of Montana or the meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Dawson City, Yukon.

Take as illustration the following report of the proceedings of one day last week, taken verbatim from the London *Times* of Tuesday and the *London Morning Post* or the *Labor Herald*—I forget which—but at any rate those who read the debates of the House will recognize it at once as genuine:

"The House of Commons resumed its session yesterday at three o'clock. The Prime Minister in rising from the Treasury Benches to present his bill for the introduction of buckwheat into the Tanganyika district of Uganda, stated that he would like first to refer briefly to the fact that some member of the House had just thrown a banana at the Speaker. He would ask members to realize that throwing bananas at the Speaker impeded the business of the House. He would go so far as to say that it was bad manners.

"At the word '*manners*' the House broke into an uproar. Cries arose from the Labor benches, 'Manners! Yah! Manners!'

"Lady Luster at once leaped to her feet and said that there were members in the House whose manners were not fit for a stable.

"Joseph Dockside, M.P. for the Buckingham Palace district, asked if she meant him. Lady Luster called out that she did. The Speaker rose to a ruling against personal mention, quoting a precedent under Henry VIII. But another banana hit him and he sat down.

"Mr. Dockside began to cry. He asked the House if it was fair to let an idle woman like Lady Luster tell him that he had no manners. He was only a poor man and had no schooling, and how could he even get a chance to pick up manners, even fit for a stable? Here he broke into sobs again while the Labor benches resounded with the cries of 'shame' and the blowing of horns.

"Lady Luster then said that she had gone too far. She would take back the word stable. She meant 'Garage.'

"The Speaker, quoting a precedent from Edward the Confessor, said that the debate might go on—a pineapple hitting him in the stomach just before, and as he sat down.

"The Prime Minister then said that as quiet had been restored (loud cries of 'Rah! Rah! Rah! Quiet'), he would resume his speech on the proposal of the government to subsidize the growing of buckwheat—and he would add, buckoats—in the Tanganyika district.

"At this point he was interrupted by Colonel Macalpin MacFoozle, independent member for the East Riding of the West Hebrides. The Colonel wanted to know how the Prime Minister could speak of Tanganyika if he was fully aware of the condition of Scotland. Did he know of the present distress among the crofters? Was he aware of what was happening to the Scotch gillies, and the Laddies and Collies? Did he know that three more men had left the Hebrides? The Colonel, who spoke with violent passion, to the great delight of the House, said that he didn't give a curse for buckwheat or for Tanganyika and that personally he could lick the whole cabinet. At this loud shouts of 'Attaboy! You're the Hot Stuff,' were mingled with cries of 'Put him out!' Lady Luster called out that if the Scotch would quit drinking Scotch whiskey they would all save enough money to leave Scotland.

"For the moment the transaction of public business was seriously threatened when Lord Pintop Daffodil rose and asked the Speaker's leave to tell a funny story. Lord Pintop, who is rapidly gaining the reputation of being the third funniest member of the House, was greeted with encouraging laughter and applause. The Speaker having ruled that a funny story had been told under Queen Anne, Lord Pintop then related a story of how a Pullman car passenger in America was put off at Buffalo by the porter. The House, which is easily moved from anger to merriment and which enjoys nothing (except its lunch) so much as a good joke, was convulsed with laughter. The Speaker in thanking the honorable member for the story said that he believed that it was the same story that was told under Queen Anne.

"The Prime Minister then said he would resume his speech on buckwheat. He was about to do so when Mr. Ilyitch Halfoff, member for the Russian district of Westminster, said that he would like first to rise and present a resolution for the immediate introduction of communism into England. The House was in a turmoil in a minute. Mr. Baditch, Mr. Scroffski, and the whole phalanx of Russian members were on their feet at once, waving red flags while the Polish, Lettish, and Yiddish members were wildly excited. Cries of 'Russia for Ever!' were mixed with the singing of the 'Marsaillaise' and the counter-singing of 'Scots Whoo Hoo!' It was said afterwards that the singing was the best heard in the House this month.

"At this point in the debate the yeoman usher of the Black Stick rushed into the House and called, 'Hurrah out, Boys, there is a circus procession coming down Whitehall. You don't want to miss it!' The whole House rushed out in a body, only the Speaker remaining behind for one minute to say prayers."

SHOULD MARRIAGE BE MONOTONOUS?

BY ELTON MAYO

OF COURSE it should. The speedy achievement of a high level of monotony is absolutely necessary to successful marriage: it is the character which distinguishes it from furtive liaison. Husband and wife should be for each other something in the nature of a general qualification of the background against which the events of life are played. For it is this general background which, by reason of its all-pervading influence, gives every lesser event a value. In the irregular union the personality of the individual has to be incessantly before the footlights—the performer has to continue bowing and grimacing until the audience is surfeited and weary. The exaggerated wonder of adolescence at the mysterious revelation of the loved one represents a stage of development that cannot be perpetuated. The irregular union is committed to the hopeless attempt to perpetuate this atmosphere—an attempt which invariably fails. The few that apparently succeed do so by reason of the fact that they become marriages in fact if not in law; the woman, as a novelist has said, ceases to be herself an adventure and goes with the man upon a joint adventure. The necessary condition of a continued intimacy of living for a man and woman is the development of external and objective group interests. These interests tend gradually to minimize, if not to supplant, the mutual preoccupation with each other of two lovers on a honeymoon. To the young and ardent I have no doubt that middle-aged matrimony seems unduly monotonous. To those who are middle-aged and happy it seems to hold a serenity and a complexity of interest that compare well with the passing fevers of youth. If for no other reason, this apparent monotony might be justified by the single consideration of the disastrous effect which any alternative situation has upon the growing child.

A young man of twenty-six had achieved for himself an unusually satisfactory position for one of his years. He was a University graduate, he had to his credit a remarkable career in athletic games. After something of a struggle he had been very successful in business; he was fortunately and happily married. To the astonishment and dismay of his friends, he became mentally depressed and suicidal, and medical examinations gave no clue to the origin of his disorder. It remained for a psychiatrist to reveal something of the real situation, to discover the deeper impulses which had determined both the direction of his career and his dissatisfaction with it. His general attitude to the world had its origin in his infancy. Up to the age of seven he had lived mainly in hotels with his parents. The ordinary home life which every child needs, he had not had. In addition to this, the general atmosphere about him had been unhappy. His parents suffered an irksome incompatibility of education and interest; his early years were lived in scenes of marital discord. When he was seven this discord culminated in a divorce, after which the boy lived the greater part of his life, until later adolescence, in boarding schools. During this period he was accustomed to spend

a portion of his holidays alternately with either parent. His memories of such vacation time were largely preoccupied with recollections of parental criticism and adverse comment. Each parent would apparently watch the growing child for evidence of resemblance to the other; when any such manifestations appeared they were unsparingly condemned.

This being his general history, it was not surprising that in adolescence the boy should have developed a secret conviction of his own utter worthlessness, of which he spoke to none. But although he had never mentioned this conviction of his personal unworth and futility to anyone—not even later to his wife—it had apparently operated largely to determine the direction and character of his development. Such athletic success as he achieved was by no means incidental or the mere expression of physical vigor. On the contrary, it was deliberately designed as a "test" in order to prove to himself that he was at least as other men are. He remembered that on one occasion as he scored a winning touchdown for his school this thought was definite in his mind. So also with his success in business and with his choice of an unusually pretty and intelligent girl for wife—both these achievements were so far self-imposed "tests" of his capacity for being ordinary, that is, of his capacity for coming up to the ordinary level of humanity. With him, as with the majority of such cases, there was a passionate desire to be mediocre, and content. But the endeavor failed since no success sufficed to convince him of his happy mediocrity. At twenty-six an irrational but understandable conviction of his inferiority and futility took entire possession of his thinking, and the impulse to suicide followed as a matter of course.

In this case, as in many, the ability of the individual to recover something of normality was conditioned by his ability to understand the origin and nature of his curious attitude to the world about him, and to alter it fundamentally. When I last saw him his mental situation had improved beyond belief but at the cost of much time and trouble to him and his advisers. This is not a special instance; unhappy marriages begin in the repudiation of monotony by the parents and end, for the children, almost invariably in the psychopathological clinic. I have heard an eminent psychiatrist assert that he had never known an instance of nervous breakdown in the children of happily married parents.

But it is difficult for people to be happily married in these days. In the so-called literature of our time there is increasingly manifest a tendency to repudiate happiness in marriage. This is no doubt a consequence of many changes that have occurred in the last two generations. It is perhaps especially due to the modern aggregation of humanity in large cities. It is this aggregation which has reduced domestic duties from a high economic function to drudgery. It has deprived woman of her special sphere and has found her no feminine counterpart. It has largely destroyed group life and the feeling of group function in man and woman alike. It has increased the loneliness of the individual and has embittered it by making it a loneliness amid a multitude.

Love is in one respect like food: it matters most when one hasn't any. This is the situation of many unfortunates in this world of ours. There are more people starving for love and affection than for food, and their situation is intensified and embittered by the general attitude to marriage. Love and sex are by no means identical; yet the inner life of civilization is at present dominated by an unintentional conspiracy which has for its apparent object an exaggeration of the importance of sex. The means employed are so diabolically ingenious that, if one did not know that the situation had merely happened, one would of necessity suspect craft and intention. Our whole prose literature,

essays and fiction, is given over to discussion and depiction of "romance." The average novel describes the events which lead up to marriage; novels of married life describe the events which lead up to divorce and re-marriage. This is one outstanding influence brought to bear upon youth. It finds as complement an even more nefarious compulsion, the general suppression of competent sex discussion. For adequate sex discussion is substituted the pornographic novel or instruction in false psychologies. What wonder that sex writes itself into our newspapers and fills hospitals, asylums, and prisons! A continuous positive stimulation coupled with a direct and negative suppression does not recommend itself as a method of helping the young to see sex and marriage with clear eyes.

The situation is especially difficult for the man or woman who is alone, or virtually alone, as many are, in a big city. Everywhere such a person finds suggestion and suppression. If he, or she, goes to the "pictures" he is first assured that the picture has been "passed" by the censor of public morals. Having received this assurance, he is compelled to watch a wearisome series of anticlimaxes—husbands, wives, and lovers posing and posturing about the eternal triangle. Like a new Euclid, the moving pictures are an attempt to infer, by abstract reasoning, all the properties of triangles. There is much to be said for a love story which is simple and fine; it is an incentive and inspiration to youth. But overemphasis and exaggeration of the importance of sex is bad, even if it is not directly vicious. It does not make life easier for those who desire love without opportunity of realization.

In the primitive marriage sex is probably the dominant factor. Civilized marriage is quite otherwise; it includes sexual intimacy, of course, but only as a relatively small item in a highly complex situation. The sex factor may seem important at first but is soon merged in wider interests—intellectual and social copartnership, children, a house and garden, a joint career, children's careers, friends held in common. Sex, as developed by civilization, is very complex.

One sees this complexity of sex clearly demonstrated in civilization's failures. Experience in a psychopathological clinic makes one doubt the truth of the common assertion that man is naturally polygamous. Man can be polygamous, it is true; but it takes much effort and is not worth while. Judged from the standpoint of the clinic, promiscuity is a road to misery rather than happiness. It involves not victory but defeat for sex.

I was once asked to examine a young man of twenty-six who was said to have lost his memory. The description was not altogether correct: he could remember his name and personal history but had developed what he called "holes in his thinking." He was a representative of an important firm in a big city and one of his chief duties was to visit other business houses. One morning he walked, as usual, into one such business house and discovered, to his astonishment, that he had forgotten the particular errand which had taken him there. He consulted his pocket book and found the name of this house and two others. He could recall nothing of his business with any of the three. Taking thought, he realized that he could not remember whether he had called at his own office, or, if he had done so, the route by which he had traveled thence. A mental condition of great distress immediately followed. He thought he was "losing his mind" and anxieties multiplied themselves on his mental horizon. In other words, he became a case of "nervous breakdown," tortured by unnecessary fears and self-accusations.

Taking his history in detail, we discovered that he had been "strictly brought up" until the age of sixteen, when his father had died. Shortly after this he became unduly intimate with

a woman many years his senior. The liaison lasted for a year, at the end of which period he became afraid and abandoned the relation. In the early twenties he returned to promiscuous living and from then on such of his time as was not given to business was increasingly thus occupied. One day the thought occurred to him that his habit of relapsing into sex-reverie on all possible occasions did not make for a successful business career. He determined to break away from this form of meditation, to pay no heed to women who passed him in the street. The sequel showed that, although he could suppress thoughts of sex, he had lost the capacity for putting other thoughts in their places. The "holes in his thinking," his lapses of memory, disappeared directly we encouraged him to allow his sex reveries to return for purposes of critical discussion.

In this, as in many other cases, we found that promiscuity leads to utter dissatisfaction. Sex which remains merely sex becomes weary, and any species of rapid transfer of the impulse from one object to another achieves only increased weariness. To describe the situation as a conflict between a "natural" sex impulse and an external code of morals is superficial and mistaken. The conflict lies in the heart of sex itself; the situation is that the sex impulse has failed to reach its goal, has achieved only disappointment. Civilization is founded very largely on the empirical discovery that the complex goal of sex is marriage; no lesser condition is satisfactory. The very renunciations, or apparent renunciations, are part of the realization. Sex-energy is "funded," a small part for direct, a large part for indirect expression of a social and intellectual kind.

The complete ignorance imposed by a "strict" upbringing is no preparation for romance and marriage. The adolescent who lives in such surroundings realizes, better than his parents know, that there is a terrible fear of some kind associated with the forbidden facts of sex. This in itself is enough to arouse a species of terrified curiosity—especially when every book, magazine, or picture adds itself to the dissonant chorus in praise of "love." The problem in a case such as that above quoted is not a problem of normal development. The sex factor in such an individual is exaggerated, abnormal, deformed. Alternate over-emphasis and suppression have caused an over-development which fills the whole mental hinterland. There is no road other than that of re-education by which happiness can be achieved. This is sometimes true also of the child that has endeavored loyally to obey its parents' behest and to put away all thought of sex. Here also there may be exaggeration and over-development. The psychopathologist very often meets women who haven't married and who cannot marry. Such a woman "doesn't know" why she remains unmarried, though she usually has an explanation to offer. Sometimes she says that she has had no opportunity, an assertion which is very rarely confirmed by subsequent investigation. Sometimes she has been engaged, perhaps on several occasions, but has never got beyond that stage. Whatever the explanation she offers, one usually discovers that her marriage has been prevented not by "bad luck" or lack of funds or anything in the nature of external circumstances, but by the girl herself. And, as a general rule, she fails entirely to realize this; she is accustomed to dream of what might have been and to regret that the intervention of something beyond her control has marred her happiness in life.

On one occasion a woman of later middle age suffering from serious "nervous breakdown" had been passed on to me for psychological investigation. Try as I would, I could find no evidence at all of any "love-story" in her life. Finally one day, when no hint of romance had emerged after some weeks of in-

vestigation, I challenged directly. I said to her, "Surely somewhere in your life story affection for a man or his affection for you must have played a part?" She thought for a moment and then said, "I remember years ago that a man once walked home with me from a party." It was pathetic that this should be the only recollection that came to her, the only suggestion of romance in her tragically lonely life. It was still more pathetic that the cause of the emptiness which had been substituted for love, happiness, and children should have resided, unsuspected by her, in herself.

There are cases which show a clear-cut resistance to marriage with much greater definiteness. A college graduate who "broke down" in her later twenties was accustomed to bemoan the fact that she was "unattractive to men." This did not seem probable unless all the men of her acquaintance were themselves eccentric, for she was well educated, good looking and well off. Investigation speedily showed that for years she had been in the habit of "crossing the road" to avoid meeting men she knew. She did this only when she liked the approaching man and never when she disliked him. Here also the conflict and the cause of the trouble was in herself. Although she did not know it, she was trying to prevent the whole range of her desires for love and children from coming to expression. Her behavior suggested the prude, and yet behind the scenes in her mind her typically feminine desires and interests were, if anything, stronger than in the average woman. It was this very strength, combined with a belief that such feelings should be suppressed, which caused her trouble. Talking to a man she liked accentuated her difficulty of control, so she avoided the conflict by running away. She had never realized in spite of her education that control implies adequate expression, and not complete repression, of our racial and inherited capacities.

One of the most interesting cases of this type that I have ever known was that of a girl of thirty or so who admitted several "engagements" and who also admitted at once a strong desire for marriage. She was extremely pretty and well supplied with this world's goods. She had been brought up in a most sophisticated European society and had no social difficulties to contend with. All doors were open to her wherever she might travel. Yet as she progressed towards thirty she developed eccentricities of which she was quite clearly aware and which annoyed her the more because she could not account for them. For example, the sight of a church or the sound of a church bell always made her ill. There was no trace of agnostic influence in her personal history or her youthful surroundings, but her various hysterical symptoms were nevertheless much accentuated on Sundays. She was "intensely interested in the problem of free-will and determinism," so much so that if anything in an ordinary conversation suggested this problem she fell into an emotional condition and tended to lose control of her limbs. Finally she consulted a medical practitioner and was sent to hospital for further examination.

Now it is not the overt history of those who suffer from neurotic afflictions that is interesting, it is rather the curious inner mental history of doubt and conflict that throws light upon their troubles. This poor lady had a theory — no more than a theory — that in each instance her marriage had been prevented by the poverty of the beloved man. The shortest discussion sufficed to make plain that, if she had married, her income would have been far above that of the average family. It also revealed the fact that, if she was driven by a wild impulse towards marriage, she was actuated also by an equally strong reaction against it. None of her love affairs ran smoothly or were happy. Her attitude alternated between hope and despair, between enthusiasm and

a feeling of "utter impossibility." Nor was her choice of a man in any instance fortunate. She seemed to give her consent in a mood of enthusiasm and desire and immediately to repudiate the agreement in a mood of pessimistic reaction. This did not make matters easy for the man; she was always an "April's lady," uncertain and difficult to please. Taken further, the investigation showed that she had suffered attacks of pronounced depression in adolescence, long before romance in the concrete had risen, like a star, above her horizon. Though by nature gay and happy, occasionally in the midst of dancing and hilarity she would be overcome by an attack of weeping and would withdraw into a miserable solitude. To the initiated, this description may seem to be highly suggestive of what the psychiatrist calls the manic-depressive psychosis, a form of insanity in which excitement and depression, mania and melancholia, alternate. Yet there proved to be no trace of real insanity: her trouble was breakdown, the inevitable result of a continuously mistaken upbringing. It is worthy of notice that none of her friends ever suspected her abnormality; she was occasionally "difficult" but never "queer."

Here then an extraordinary picture reveals itself. A girl, presumed by all her acquaintances to be normal, yet suffers private agonies by reason of an intolerable conviction that she is a hopeless sinner. She cannot make decisions, she sometimes walks the streets for miles before she can make up her mind to enter a shop to buy some ordinary commodity. Nor can she find consolation in religion; the accepted forms are unendurable to her and the Christian God merely a vindictive agent of punishment. She has a strong desire for marriage, she believes also that marriage will remedy her condition; but in spite of this she is utterly unable to carry a bethrothal through to matrimony.

It is tragic that parental love can react to a child's disadvantage, yet that same love and affection proved to have been the source and origin of this particular disorder. Dr. John B. Watson has pointed out that an infant's development can be made or marred before it reaches school age; this case serves to illustrate his claim. The girl's mother had been induced in adult life to participate in efforts after social reform which she had not the requisite knowledge to understand clearly. The unwisdom of this became evident when she developed a morbid fear of the results of sexual promiscuity, a fear unenlightened by any gleam of intelligent comprehension. This fear took form in her relations with her only child as an attempt to subdue, and savagely, anything which seemed to her symptomatic of sexual precocity, interest in marriage and children, and so on. Unfortunately she succeeded all too well: her daughter came to look with horror upon any symptom of such interest or activity in herself. And the failure to achieve a normal adaptation to life was progressive in its effect; the years brought not healing but an increasing area of disaster in their train. So much so indeed that we were surprised to find her capable of responding to treatment and returning to normality across the barren waste of years.

It is somewhat extraordinary that in the most important department of life we are commonly accustomed to leave the education of the child either to chance or to those totally unequipped to grapple with the various problems of sex. It is as if in this particular respect we desired to impose an artificial imbecility upon the child. As a society we acquiesce in the "innocence" of the adolescent girl, we profess indeed to find it "charming." We do not inquire what effect so disastrous an ignorance of herself is likely to have upon the growing girl, nor how she will react to rude enlightenment coming perhaps from a prurient source. There are those who dismiss the matter with a laugh and an assurance that ignorance of this sort

survives in very few individuals in these days. To this last claim I can only reply that psychopathologists in every civilized country find that ignorance and half-knowledge are still doing their deadly work. Even in those who have had promiscuous and unfortunate experiences one still finds the densest ignorance of the real facts of sex. And one finds also that it is this ignorance or half-knowledge which drives them into nervous breakdown or promiscuity or both at once.

Even those who desire to help the child frequently succeed only in doing harm to an extent that remains for the present unknown. There are well-intentioned individuals, for example, whose idea of education in the normal and natural facts of sex finds expression in endeavors to enlighten the infant before it can understand, or to terrify the adolescent with stories of the dread effects of disease. It requires strong understanding to face such facts as these. The only possible effect such endeavors can have upon adolescents is to drive them down towards perversion, obsession, and morbid fear: before adolescence it is well to let an infant ask his own questions. All other efforts succeed only in exaggerating the importance of sex beyond the normal. They must consequently be regarded as part of the general conspiracy against happiness which characterizes our methods of adolescent training.

The situation finds a partial parallel in the classic tale of Bluebeard. Every room in the house save one is open to investigation: but that one room of mystery is doubly locked, bolted, and barred. The inevitable effect is that the whole interest of the house comes to center in the one secret chamber. And the exaggerated importance does not depend upon its contents; it is conferred upon it by the mere fact that it is forbidden. So long as we fail utterly to ensure that sex development is guided by appropriate knowledge, so long shall we find that sex is a potent cause of mental disorder. Over-stimulation combined with suppression induces reverie on the forbidden subject—together with an acute consciousness of sin. A young man of twenty-eight, suicidal, was brought into a clinic with both radial arteries slashed across. It was said of him that he had "overworked," that he could not "stand up against responsibility." These assertions were true, but unimportant. The important fact in his personal history was a sex-experience at the age of eight. Thereafter he developed two types of reverie, the one an over-stimulated interest, and the other a conviction of sin and disgust with himself. He was unable to summon one without the other—thought of sex brought shame and the feeling of shame was accompanied by over-stimulation. No wonder that he could not stand up against responsibility. His mind was a house divided against itself; and sex had acquired an entirely fictitious importance in his life scheme. As a result life became unbearable, and he sought escape.

There are many in these days who profess to find support in the Freudian psychology for the claim that all "sex-repression" should be abandoned. This is a most ludicrous misunderstanding; the Freudian doctrines are much nearer to being a triumphant vindication of the methods of living prescribed by conventional morality. Freud teaches that repression is necessary but that it must be established in the pre-adolescent period, if trouble after adolescence is to be avoided. It is true that he uses the words "reaction formation" and "sublimation" in this connection, but the practical significance of his claim is not thereby altered. He uses the term "repression" to describe the general situation that arises when an individual becomes adolescent without having established in infancy the inhibitions of aberrant sex impulse which are necessary to mature normality. Such an individual tries to model his conduct on that of

others, but behind the scenes in his mind the uninhibited perverse tendencies continue and develop—finally manifesting themselves in promiscuity or nervous breakdown. So there is no comfort in Freud for the would-be promiscuous; he regards all promiscuity, and probably rightly, as symptomatic of sexual perversity or abnormality.

There is no psychopathological theory, Freudian or other, which supports the view that sex perversions should be allowed expression. But there seem to be many novelists who imagine this to be the outcome of "psychoanalysis." The book market is flooded with the productions of writers who fondly imagine that they are entitled to expound, in fictional form, "the new psychology." There is hardly one such book that is not merely a pathological specimen. And pathological specimens are of value only to experts.

The truth is that what the average novelist calls love is an ailment of adolescence that must be got over before life proper can be said to begin. Passion, the onset of sex, is painful; the "drag" of matrimony is the true romance. The novelist who conceives married love as a continuous chuckle-headed infatuation is a public nuisance. And the man or woman who models his behavior on this conception is a pernicious influence in the community. If the early attitude toward husband or wife is retained marriage becomes unbearable. The chief duty of husband or wife is to get out of the limelight as speedily as possible. Only in proportion as husband and wife succeed in retiring from the center of the stage do they achieve love and happiness. The woman who insists upon continual proofs of devotion very soon receives, and deservedly, proofs of excessive boredom. It is her real business to get "out of focus" and to pervade the whole background of her husband's life. So also with the man. Only when both have consented to constitute a joint background can they look at things as not "mine" or "yours" but "ours." In real marriage divorce is impossible because wife and husband fill the universe for each other, though never or rarely in "focus."

The moving pictures are sometimes as much at fault as the novelists in this regard. A recent production heralded the advent of "the triangle" by such captions as "He sought money and power and forgot his wife." "After fifteen years of marriage, he took his wife for granted." If one couldn't take one's wife for granted after fifteen years, there would be little love and no civilization on this planet. Yet this sort of vicious sentimentalism is served out daily to gaping crowds who begin, against all common sense, to believe it. In California the newspapers quite frequently report a divorce suit as involving a husband, a wife and "her suitor." If wives can have "suitors," then we shall go far towards realizing the imaginations of the perverted novelist. Marriage and utter boredom will become synonymous terms.

Adolescent love is an event; married love is a situation. The first is a critical phase of development, the second is sustained romance. The desire to retain a special mystery or attraction is imbecility. Love for a wife implies an inability to conceive of life without her. The music of the spheres begins, years after the marriage ceremony, when this happy condition is achieved. For both man and woman the domestic atmosphere should hold rest, understanding, and sympathy. So is one ready for the great adventure.

THE MAN WHO SAW THROUGH HEAVEN

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

PEOPLE have wondered (there being obviously no question of romance involved) how I could ever have allowed myself to be let in for the East African adventure of Mrs. Diana in search of her husband. There were several reasons. To begin with, the time and effort and money weren't mine; they were the property of the wheel of which I was but a cog, the Society through which Diana's life had been insured, along with the rest of that job-lot of missionaries. The "letting in" was the firm's. In the second place, the wonderers have not counted on Mrs. Diana's capacity for getting things done for her. Meek and helpless. Yes, but God was on her side. Too meek, too helpless to move mountains herself, if those who happened to be handy didn't move them for her then her God would know the reason why. Having dedicated her all to making straight the Way, why should her neighbor cavil at giving a little? The writer for one, a colonial governor general for another, railway magnates, insurance managers, *safari* leaders, the ostrich-farmer of Ndua, all these and a dozen others in their turns have felt the hundred-ton weight of her thin-lipped meekness—have seen her in metaphor sitting grimly on the doorsteps of their souls.

A third reason lay in my own troubled conscience. Though I did it in innocence, I can never forget that it was I who personally conducted Diana's party to the observatory on that fatal night in Boston before it sailed. Had it not been for that kindly intentioned "hunch" of mine, the astounded eye of the Reverend Hubert Diana would never have gazed through the floor of Heaven, and he would never have undertaken to measure the Infinite with the foot-rule of his mind.

It all started so simply. My boss at the shipping-and-insurance office gave me the word in the morning. "Bunch of missionaries for the *Platonic* to-morrow. They're on our hands in a way. Show 'em the town." It wasn't so easy when you think of it: one male and seven females on their way to the heathen; though it was easier in Boston than it might have been in some other towns. The evening looked the simplest. My friend Krum was at the Observatory that semester; there at least I was sure their sensibilities would come to no harm.

On the way out in the street car, seated opposite to Diana and having to make conversation, I talked of Krum and of what I knew of his work with the spiral nebulæ. Having to appear to listen, Diana did so (as all day long) with a vaguely indulgent smile. He really hadn't time for me. That night his life was exalted as it had never been, and would perhaps never be again. Tomorrow's sailing, the actual fact of leaving all to follow Him, held his imagination in thrall. Moreover, he was a bridegroom of three days with his bride beside him, his nerves at once assuaged and thrilled. No, but more. As if a bride were not enough, arrived in Bos-

ton, he had found himself surrounded by a very galaxy of womanhood gathered from the four corners; already within hours one felt the chaste tentacles of their feminine dependence curling about the party's unique man; already their contacts with the world of their new lives began to be made through him; already they saw in part through his eyes. I wonder what he would have said if I had told him he was a little drunk.

In the course of the day I think I had got him fairly well. As concerned his Church he was at once an asset and a liability. He believed its dogma as few still did, with a simplicity, "the old-time religion." He was born that kind. Of the stuff of the fanatic, the reason he was not a fanatic was that, curiously impervious to little questionings, he had never been aware that his faith was anywhere attacked. A self-educated man, he had accepted the necessary smattering facts of science with a serene indulgence, as simply so much further proof of what the Creator could do when He put His Hand to it. Nor was he conscious of any conflict between these facts and the fact th there existed a substantial Heaven, geographically up, and a substantial Hot Place, geographically down.

So, for his Church, he was an asset in these days. And so, and for the same reason, he was a liability. The Church must after all keep abreast of the times. For home consumption, with modern congregations, especially urban ones, a certain streak of "healthy" skepticism is no longer amiss in the pulpit; it makes people who read at all more comfortable in their pews. A man like Hubert Diana is more for the cause than a hundred. But what to do with him? Well, such things arrange themselves. There's the Foreign Field. The blacker the heathen the whiter the light they'll want, and the solider the conception of a God the Father enthroned in a Heaven of which the sky above them is the visible floor.

And that, at bottom, was what Hubert Diana believed. Accept as he would with the top of his brain the fact of a spherical earth zooming through space, deep in his heart he knew that the world lay flat from modern Illinois to ancient Palestine, and that the sky above it, blue by day and by night festooned with guiding stars for wise men, was the nether side of a floor on which the resurrected trod. . . .

I shall never forget the expression of his face when he realized he was looking straight through it that night. In the quiet dark of the dome I saw him remove his eye from the eye-piece of the telescope up there on the staging and turn it in the ray of a hooded bulb on the demon's keeper, Krum.

"What's that, Mr. Krum? I didn't get you!"

"I say, that particular cluster you're looking at—"

"This star, you mean?"

"You'd have to count awhile to count the stars describing their orbits in that 'star,' Mr. Diana. But what I was saying—have you ever had the wish I used to have as a boy—that you could actually look back into the past? With your own two eyes?"

Diana spoke slowly. He didn't know it, but it had already begun to happen; he was already caught. "I have often wished, Mr. Krum, that I might actually look back into the time of our Lord. Actually. Yes."

Krum grunted. He was young. "We'd have to pick a nearer neighbor than *Messier 79* then. The event you see when you put your eye to that lens is happening much too far in the past. The light-waves thrown off by that particular cluster on the day, say, of the Crucifixion—*you* won't live to see them. They've hardly started yet—a mere twenty centuries on their way—leaving them something like eight hundred and thirty centuries yet to come before they reach the earth."

Diana laughed the queerest catch of a laugh. "And—and there—there won't be any earth here, then, to welcome them."

"*What?*" It was Krum's turn to look startled. So for a moment the two faces remained in confrontation, the one, as I say, startled, the other exuding visibly little sea-green globules of sweat. It was Diana that caved in first, his voice hardly louder than a whisper.

"W–w–will there?"

None of us suspected the enormousness of the thing that had happened in Diana's brain. Krum shrugged his shoulders and snapped his fingers. Deliberately. *Snap!* "What's a thousand centuries or so in the cosmic reckoning?" He chuckled. "We're just beginning to get out among 'em with *Messier*, you know. In the print room, Mr. Diana, I can show you photographs of clusters to which, if you cared to go, traveling at the speed of light—"

The voice ran on; but Diana's eye had gone back to the eye-piece, and his affrighted soul had re-entered the big black tube sticking its snout out of the slit in the iron hemisphere. . . . "At the speed of light!" . . . That unsuspected, that wildly chance-found chink in the armor of his philosophy! The body is resurrected and it ascends to Heaven instantaneously. At what speed must it be borne to reach instantaneously that city beyond the ceiling of the sky? At a speed inconceivable, mystical. At, say (as he had often said to himself), *the speed of light*. . . . And now, hunched there in the trap that had caught him, black rods, infernal levers and wheels, he was aware of his own eye passing vividly through unpartitioned emptiness, *eight hundred and fifty centuries at the speed of light!*

"And still beyond these," Krum was heard, "we begin to come into the regions of the spiral nebulæ. We've some interesting photographs in the print room, if you've the time."

The ladies below were tired of waiting. One had "lots of packing to do." The bride said, "Yes, I do think we should be getting along. Hubert, dear; if you're ready—"

The fellow actually jumped. It's lucky he didn't break anything. His face looked greener and dewier than ever amid the contraptions above. "If you—you and the ladies, Cora—wouldn't mind—if Mr.—Mr.—(he'd mislaid my name) would see you back to the hotel—" Meeting silence, he began to expostulate. "I feel that this is a rich experience. I'll follow shortly; I know the way."

In the car going back into the city Mrs. Diana set at rest the flutterings of six hearts. Being unmarried, they couldn't understand men as she did. When I think of that face of hers, to which I was destined to grow only too accustomed in the weary, itchy days of the trek into Kavirondoland, with its slightly tilted nose, its irregular pigmentation, its easily inflamed lids, and long moist cheeks, like a hunting dog, glorying in weariness, it seems incredible that a light of coyness could have found lodgment there. But that night it did. She sat serene among her virgins.

"You don't know Bert. You wait; he'll get a perfectly wonderful sermon out of all that to-night, Bert will."

Krum was having a grand time with his neophyte. He would have stayed up all night. Immured in the little print room crowded with files and redolent of acids, he conducted his disciple "glassy-eyed" through the dim frontiers of space, holding before him one after another the likenesses of universes sister to our own, islanded in immeasurable vacancy, curled like glimmering crullers on their private Milky Ways, and hiding in their wombs their myriad "coal-pockets," star-dust fœtuses of which—their quadrillion years accomplished—their litters of new suns would be born, to bear their planets, to bear their moons in turn.

"And beyond these?"

Always, after each new feat of distance, it was the same. "And beyond?" Given an ell, Diana surrendered to a pop-eyed lust for nothing less than light-years. "And still beyond?"

"Who knows?"

"The mind quits. For if there's no end to these nebulæ—"

"But supposing there is?"

"An end? But, Mr. Krum, in the very idea of an ending—"

"An end to what we might call this particular category of magnitudes. Eh?"

"I don't get that."

"Well, take this—take the opal in your ring there. The numbers and distances inside that stone may conceivably be to themselves as staggering as ours to us in our own system. Come! that's not so far-fetched. What are we learning about the structure of the atom? A nucleus (call it a sun) revolved about in eternal orbits by electrons (call them planets, worlds). Infinitesimal; but after all what are bigness and littleness but matters of comparison? To eyes on one of those electrons (don't be too sure there aren't any) its tutelary sun may flame its way across a heaven a comparative ninety million miles away. Impossible for them to conceive of a boundary to their billions of atomic systems, molecular universes. In that category of magnitudes its diameter is infinity; once it has made the leap into our category and become an opal it is merely a quarter of an inch. That's right, Mr. Diana, you may well stare at it: between *now* and *now* ten thousand histories may have come and gone down there. . . . And just so the diameter of our own cluster of universes, going over into another category, may be—"

"May be a—a ring—a little stone—in a—a—a—ring."

Krum was tickled by the way the man's imagination jumped and engulfed it.

"Why not? That's as good a guess as the next. A ring, let's say, worn carelessly on the—well, say the tentacle—of some vast organism—some inchoate creature hobnobbing with its cloudy kind in another system of universes—which in turn—"

It is curious that none of them realized next day that they were dealing with a stranger, a changed man. Why he carried on, why he capped that night of cosmic debauch by shaving, eating an unremarkable breakfast, packing his terrestrial tooth brush and collars, and going up the gangplank in tow of his excited convoy to sail away, is beyond explanation—unless it was simply that he was in a daze.

It wasn't until four years later that I was allowed to know what had happened on that ship, and even then the tale was so disjointed, warped, and opinionated, so darkly seen in the mirror of Mrs. Diana's orthodoxy, that I had almost to guess what it was *really* all about.

"When Hubert turned irreligious . . ." That phrase, recurrent on her tongue in the meanderings of the East African quest to which we were by then committed, will serve to measure her understanding. Irreligious! Good Lord! But from that sort of thing I had to reconstruct the drama. Evening after evening beside her camp fire (appended to the Mineral Survey Expedition Toward Uganda through the kindness—actually the worn-down surrender—of the Protectorate government) I lingered a while before joining the merrier engineers, watched with fascination the bumps growing under the mosquitoes on her forehead, and listened to the jargon of her mortified meekness and her scandalized faith.

There had been a fatal circumstance, it seems, at the very outset. If Diana could but have been seasick, as the rest of them were (horribly), all might still have been well. In the misery of desired death, along with the other contents of a heaving midriff, he might have brought up the assorted universes of which he had been led too rashly to partake. But he wasn't. As if his wife's theory was right, as if Satan was looking out for him, he was spared to prowl the swooping decks immune. Four days and nights alone. Time enough to digest and assimilate into his being beyond remedy that lump of whirling magnitudes and to feel himself surrendering

with a strange new ecstasy to the drunkenness of liberty.

Such liberty! Given Diana's type, it is hard to imagine it adequately. The abrupt, complete removal of the toils of reward and punishment; the withdrawal of the surveillance of an all-seeing, all-knowing Eye; the windy assurance of being responsible for nothing, important to no one, no longer (as the police say) "wanted"! It must have been beautiful in those few days of its first purity, before it began to be discolored by his contemptuous pity for others, the mask of his inevitable loneliness and his growing fright.

The first any of them knew of it—even his wife—was in mid-voyage, the day the sea went down and the seven who had been sick came up. There seemed an especial Providence in the calming of the waters; it was Sunday morning and Diana had been asked to conduct the services.

He preached on the text: "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

"If our concept of God means anything it means a God *all*-mighty, Creator of *all* that exists, Director of the *infinite*, cherishing in His Heaven the saved souls of *all space and all time*."

Of course; amen. And wasn't it nice to feel like humans again, and real sunshine pouring up through the lounge ports from an ocean suddenly grown kind. . . . But—then—*what* was Diana *saying?*

Mrs. Diana couldn't tell about it coherently even after a lapse of fifty months. Even in a setting as remote from that steamer's lounge as the equatorial bush, the ember-reddened canopy of thorn trees, the meandering camp fires, the chant and tramp somewhere away of Kikuyu porters dancing in honor of an especial largesse of fat zebra meat—even here her memory of that impious outburst was too vivid, too aghast.

"It was Hubert's look! The way he stared at us! As if you'd said he was licking his chops! . . . That *'Heaven'* of his!"

It seems they hadn't waked up to what he was about until he had the dimensions of his sardonic Paradise irreparably drawn in. The final haven of all right souls. Not alone the souls released from this our own tiny earth. In the millions of solar systems we see as stars how many millions of satellites must there be upon which at some time in their histories conditions suited to organic life subsist? Uncounted hordes of wheeling populations! Of men? God's creatures at all events, a portion of them reasoning. Weirdly shaped perhaps, but what of that? And that's only to speak of our own inconsiderable cluster of universes. That's to say nothing of other systems of magnitudes, where God's creatures are to our world what we are to the world's in the atoms in our finger-rings. (He had shaken *his*, here, in their astounded faces.) And all these, all the generations of these enormous and microscopic beings harvested through a time beside which the life-span of our earth is as a second in a million centuries: all these brought to rest for an eternity to which time itself is a watch-tick—all crowded to rest pell-mell, thronged, serried, packed, packed to suffocation in layers unnumbered light-years deep. This must needs be our concept of Heaven if God is the God of the Whole. If, on the other hand—

The other hand was the hand of the second officer, the captain's delegate at divine worship that Sabbath day. He at last had "come to."

I don't know whether it was the same day or the next; Mrs. Diana was too vague. But here's the picture. Seven women huddled in the large stateroom on B-deck, conferring in whispers, aghast, searching one another's eyes obliquely even as they bowed their heads in prayer for some light—and of a sudden the putting back of the door and the in-marching of the Reverend Hubert . . .

As Mrs. Diana tried to tell me, "You understand, don't you, he had just taken a bath? And he hadn't—he had forgotten to—"

Adam-innocent there he stood. Not a stitch. But I don't believe for a minute it was a matter of forgetting. In the high intoxication of his soul-release, already crossed (by the second officer) and beginning to show his zealot claws, he needed some gesture stunning enough to witness to his separation, his unique rightness, his contempt of match-flare civilizations and infinitesimal taboos.

But I can imagine that stateroom scene: the gasps, the heads colliding in aversion, and Diana's six weedy feet of birthday-suit towering in the shadows, and ready to sink through the deck I'll warrant, now the act was irrevocable, but still grimly carrying it off.

"And if, on the other hand, you ask me to bow down before a God peculiar to this one earth, this one grain of dust lost among the giants of space, watching its sparrows fall, profoundly interested in a speck called Palestine no bigger than the quadrillionth part of one of the atoms in the ring here on my finger—"

Really scared by this time, one of the virgins shrieked. It was altogether too close quarters with a madman.

Mad? Of course there was the presumption: "Crazy as a loon." Even legally it was so adjudged at the *Platonic's* first port-of-call, Algiers, where, when Diana escaped ashore and wouldn't come back again, he had to be given over to the workings of the French Law. I talked with the magistrate myself some forty months later, when, "let in" for the business as I have told, I stopped there on my way out.

"But what would you?" were his words. "We must live in the world as the world lives, is it not? Sanity? Sanity is what? Is it, for example, an intellectual clarity, a balanced perception of the realities? Naturally, speaking out of court, your friend was of a sanity—of a sanity, sir—" Here the magistrate made with thumb and fingers the gesture only the French can make for a thing that is matchless, a beauty, a transcendent instance of any kind. He himself was Gallic, rational. Then, with a lift of shoulder, "But what would you? We must live in the world that seems."

Diana, impounded in Algiers for deportation, escaped. What after all are the locks and keys of this pinchbeck category of magnitudes? More remarkable still, there in Arab Africa, he succeeded in vanishing from the knowledge and pursuit of men. And of women. His bride, now that their particular mission had fallen through, was left to decide whether to return to America or to go on with two of the company, the Misses Brookhart and Smutts, who were bound for a school in Smyrna. In the end she followed the latter course. It was there, nearly four years later, that I was sent to join her by an exasperated and worn-out Firm.

By that time she knew again where her husband-errant was—or where at least, from time to time in his starry dartings over this our mote of dust, he had been heard of, spoken to, seen.

Could we but have a written history of those years of his apostolic vagabondage, a record of the towns in which he was jailed or from which he was kicked out, of the ports in which he starved, of the ships on which he stowed away, presently to reveal himself in proselyting ardor, denouncing the earthlings, the fatelings, the dupes of bugaboo, meeting scoff with scoff, preaching the new revelation red-eyed, like an angry prophet. Or was it, more simply, like a man afraid?

Was that the secret, after all, of his prodigious restlessness? Had it anything in common with the swarming of those pale worms that flee the Eye of the Infinite around the curves of the stone you pick up in a field? Talk of the man without a country! What of the man without a universe?

It is curious that I never suspected his soul's dilemma until I saw the first of his mud-sculptures in the native village of Ndua in the province of Kasuma in British East. Here it was, our objective attained, we parted company with the government *safari* and shifted the

burden of Way-straightening to the shoulders of Major Wyeside, the ostrich-farmer of the neighborhood.

While still on the *safari* I had put to Mrs. Diana a question that had bothered me: "Why on earth should your husband ever have chosen this particular neck of the woods to land up in? Why Kavirondoland?"

"It was here we were coming at the time Hubert turned irreligious, to found a mission. It's a coincidence, isn't it?"

And yet I would have sworn Diana hadn't a sense of humor about him anywhere. But perhaps it *wasn't* an ironic act. Perhaps it was simply that, giving up the struggle with a society blinded by "a little learning" and casting about for a virgin field, he had remembered this.

"I supposed he was a missionary," Major Wyeside told us with a flavor of indignation. "I went on that. I let him live here—six or seven months of it—while he was learning the tongue. I was a bit nonplused, to put it mildly, when I discovered what he was up to."

What things Diana had been up to the Major showed us in one of the huts in the native kraal—a round dozen of them, modeled in mud and baked. Blackened blobs of mud, that's all. Likenesses of nothing under the sun, fortuitous masses sprouting haphazard tentacles, only two among them showing postules that might have been experimental heads. . . . The ostrich-farmer saw our faces.

"Rum, eh? Of course I realized the chap was anything but fit. A walking skeleton. Nevertheless, whatever it is about these beasties, there's not a nigger in the village has dared set foot inside this hut since Diana left. You can see for yourselves it's about to crash. There's another like it he left at Suki, above here. Taboo, no end!"

So Diana's "hunch" had been right. He had found his virgin field indeed, fit soil for his cosmic fright. A religion in the making, here before our eyes.

"This was at the very last before he left," Wyeside explained. "He took to making these mud-pies quite of a sudden; the whole lot within a fortnight's time. Before that he had simply talked, harangued. He would sit here in the doorway of an evening with the niggers squatted around and harangue 'em by the hour. I knew something of it through my house-boys. The most amazing rot. All about the stars to begin with, as if these black baboons could half grasp *astronomy!* But that seemed all proper. Then there was talk about a something a hundred times as big and powerful as the world, sun, moon, and stars put together—some perfectly enormous stupendous awful being—but knowing how mixed the boys can get, it still seemed all regular—simply the parson's way of getting at the notion of an Almighty God. But no, they insisted, there wasn't any God. That's the point, they said; there *is no* God. . . . Well, that impressed me as a go. That's when I decided to come down and get the rights of this star-swallowing monstrosity the beggar was feeding my labor on. And here he sat in the doorway with one of these beasties—here it is, this one—waving it furiously in the niggers' benighted faces. And do you know what he'd done?—you can see the mark here still on this wabble-leg, this tentacle-business—he had taken off a ring he had and screwed it on just here. His finger ring, my word of honor! And still, if you'll believe it, I didn't realize he was just daft. Not until he spoke to me. 'I find,' he was good enough to enlighten me, 'I find I have to make it somehow concrete.' . . . 'Make what?' . . . 'Our wearer.' . . . 'Our *what, where?*' . . . 'In the following category.' . . . His actual words, honor bright. I was going to have him sent down-country where he could be looked after. He got ahead of me though. He cleared out. When I heard he'd turned up at Suki I ought, I suppose, to have attended to it. But I was having trouble with leopards. And you know how things go."

From there we went to Suki, the

Major accompanying. It was as like Ndua as one flea to its brother, a stockade inclosing round houses of mud, wattles, and thatch, and full of naked heathen. The Kavirondo are the nakedest of all African peoples and, it is said, the most moral. It put a great strain on Mrs. Diana; all that whole difficult anxious time, as it were detachedly, I could see her itching to get them into Mother Hubbards and cast-off Iowa pants.

Here too, as the Major had promised, we found a holy of holies, rather a dreadful of dreadfuls, "taboo no end," its shadows cluttered with the hurlothrumbos of Diana's artistry. What puzzled me was their number. Why this appetite for experimentation? There was an uncertainty; one would think its effect on potential converts would be bad. Here, as in Ndua, Diana had contented himself at first with words and skyward gesticulations. Not for so long however. Feeling the need of giving his concept of the cosmic "wearer" a substance much earlier, he had shut himself in with the work, literally—a fever of creation. We counted seventeen of the nameless "blobs," all done, we were told, in the seven days and nights before their maker had again cleared out. The villagers would hardly speak of him; only after spitting, their eyes averted, and in an undertone, would they mention him: "He of the Ring." Thereafter we were to hear of him only as "He of the Ring."

Leaving Suki, Major Wyeside turned us over (thankfully, I warrant) to a native who told us his name was Charlie Kamba. He had spent some years in Nairobi, running for an Indian outfitter, and spoke English remarkably well. It was from him we learned, quite casually, when our modest eight-load *safari* was some miles on its way, that the primary object of our coming was non-existent. Hubert Diana was dead.

Dead nearly five weeks—a moon and a little—and buried in the mission church at Tara Hill.

Mission church! There was a poser for us. *Mission church?*

Well then, Charlie Kamba gave us to know that he was paraphrasing in a large way suitable to our habits of thought. We shouldn't have understood *his* informant's "wizard house" or "house of the effigy."

I will say for Mrs. Diana that in the course of our halt of lugubrious amazement she shed tears. That some of them were not tears of unrealized relief it would be hardly natural to believe. She had desired loyally to find her husband, but when she should have found him—what? This problem, sturdily ignored so long, was now removed.

Turn back? Never! Now it would seem the necessity for pressing forward was doubled. In the scrub-fringed ravine of our halt the porters resumed their loads, the dust stood up again, the same caravan moved on. But how far it was now from being the same.

From that moment it took on, for me at least, a new character. It wasn't the news especially; the fact that Diana was dead had little to do with it. Perhaps it was simply that the new sense of something aimfully and cumulatively dramatic in our progress had to have a beginning, and that moment would do as well as the next.

Six villages: M'nann, Leika, Leikapo, Shamba, Little Tara, and Tara, culminating in the apotheosis of Tara Hill. Six stops for the night on the road it had cost Diana as many months to cover in his singular pilgrimage to his inevitable goal. Or in his flight to it. Yes, his stampede. Now the pipers at that four-day orgy of liberty on the *Platonic's* decks were at his heels for their pay. Now that his strength was failing, the hosts of loneliness were after him, creeping out of their dreadful magnitudes, the hounds of space. Over all that ground it seemed to me we were following him not by the word of hearsay but, as one follows a wounded animal making for its earth, by the droppings of his blood.

Our progress had taken on a pattern; it built itself with a dramatic artistry; it gathered suspense. As though it were a story at its most breathless places "continued in our next," and I a reader forgetting the road's weariness, the dust, the torment of insects never escaped, the inadequate food, I found myself hardly able to keep from running on ahead to reach the evening's village, to search out the inevitable repository of images left by the white stranger who had come and tarried there awhile and gone again.

More concrete and ever more concrete. The immemorial compromise with the human hunger for a symbol to see with the eyes, touch with the hands. Hierarchy after hierarchy of little mud effigies—one could see the necessity pushing the man. Out of the protoplasmic blobs of Ndua, Suki, even M'nann, at Leikapo Diana's concept of infinity (so pure in that halcyon epoch at sea), of categories nested within categories like Japanese boxes, of an over-creature wearing our cosmos like a trinket, unawares, had become a mass with legs to stand on and a real head. The shards scattered about in the filth of the hut there (as if in violence of despair) were still monstrosities, but with a sudden stride of concession their monstrousness was the monstrousness of lizard and turtle and crocodile. At Shamba there were dozens of huge-footed birds.

It is hard to be sure in retrospect, but I do believe that by the time we reached Little Tara I began to see the thing as a whole—the fœtus, working out slowly, blindly, but surely, its evolution in the womb of fright. At Little Tara there was a change in the character of the exhibits; their numbers had diminished, their size had grown. There was a boar with tusks and a bull the size of a dog with horns, and on a tusk and on a horn an indentation left by a ring.

I don't believe Mrs. Diana got the thing at all. Toward the last she wasn't interested in the huts of relics; at Little Tara she wouldn't go near the place; she was "too tired." It must have been pretty awful, when you think of it, even if all she saw in them was the mud-pie play of a man reverted to a child.

There was another thing at Little Tara quite as momentous as the jump to boar and bull. Here at last a mask had been thrown aside. Here there had been no pretense of proselyting, no astronomical lectures, no doorway harangues. Straightway he had arrived (a fabulous figure already, long heralded), he had commandeered a house and shut himself up in it and there, mysterious, assiduous, he had remained three days and nights, eating nothing, but drinking gallons of the foul water they left in gourds outside his curtain of reeds. No one in the village had ever seen what he had done and left there. Now, candidly, those labors were for himself alone.

Here at last in Tara the moment of that confession had overtaken the fugitive. It was he, ill with fever and dying of nostalgia—not these naked black baboon men seen now as little more than blurs—who had to give the Beast of the Infinite a name and a shape. And more and more, not only a shape, but a *shapeliness*. From the instant when, no longer able to live alone with nothingness, he had given it a likeness in Ndua mud, and perceived that it was intolerable and fled its face, the turtles and distorted crocodiles of Leikapo and the birds of Shamba had become inevitable, and no less inevitable the Little Tara boar and bull. Another thing grows plain in retrospect: the reason why, done to death (as all the way they reported him) he couldn't die. He didn't dare to. Didn't dare to close his eyes.

It was at Little Tara we first heard of him as "Father Witch," a name come back, we were told, from Tara, where he had gone. I had heard it pronounced several times before it suddenly obtruded from the native context as actually two English words. That was what made it queer. It was something they must have picked up by rote, uncomprehending; something then they could

have had from no lips but his own. When I repeated it after them with a better accent they pointed up toward the north, saying "Tara! Tara!"—their eagerness mingled with awe.

I shall never forget Tara as we saw it, after our last blistering scramble up a gorge, situated in the clear air on a slope belted with cedars. A mid-African stockade left by some blunder in an honest Colorado landscape, or a newer and bigger Vermont. Here at the top of our journey, black savages, their untidy *shambas*, the very Equator, all these seemed as incongruous as a Gothic cathedral in a Congo marsh. I wonder if Hubert Diana knew whither his instinct was guiding him on the long road of his journey here to die. . . .

He had died and he was buried, not in the village, but about half a mile distant, on the ridge; this we were given to know almost before we had arrived. There was no need to announce ourselves, the word of our coming had outrun us; the populace was at the gates.

"Our Father Witch! Our Father Witch!" They knew what we were after; the funny parrot-wise English stood out from the clack and clatter of their excited speech. "Our Father Witch! Ay! Ay!" With a common eagerness they gesticulated at the hilltop beyond the cedars.

Certainly here was a change. No longer the propitiatory spitting, the averted eyes, the uneasy whispering allusion to him who had passed that way: here in Tara they would shout him from the housetops, with a kind of civic pride.

We learned the reason for this on our way up the hill. It was because they were his chosen, the initiate.

We made the ascent immediately, against the village's advice. It was near evening; the return would be in the dark; it was bad lion country; wouldn't to-morrow morning do? . . . No, it wouldn't do the widow. Her face was set. . . . And so, since we were resolved to go, the village went with us, armed with spears and rattles and drums. Charlie Kamba walked beside us, sifting the information a hundred were eager to give.

These people were proud, he said, because their wizard was more powerful than all the wizards of all the other villages "in the everywhere together." If he cared to he could easily knock down all the other villages in the "everywhere," destroying all the people and all the cattle. If he cared to he could open his mouth and swallow the sky and the stars. But Tara he had chosen. Tara he would protect. He made their mealies to grow and their cattle to multiply.

I protested, "But he is *dead* now!"

Charlie Kamba made signs of deprecation. I discerned that he was far from clear about the thing himself.

Yes, he temporized, this Father Witch was dead, quite dead. On the other hand he was up there. On the other hand he would never die. He was longer than forever. Yes, quite true, he was dead and buried under the pot.

I gave it up. "How did he die?"

Well, he came to this village of Tara very suffering, very sick. The dead man who walked. His face was very sad. Very eaten. Very frightened. He came to this hill. So he lived here for two full moons, very hot, very eaten, very dead. These men made him a house as he commanded them, also a stockade. In the house he was very quiet, very dead, making magic two full moons. Then he came out and they that were waiting saw him. He had made the magic, and the magic had made him well. His face was kind. He was happy. He was full fed. He was full fed, these men said, without any eating. Yes, they carried up to him very fine food, because they were full of wonder and some fear, but he did not eat any of it. Some water he drank. So, for two days and the night between them, he continued sitting in the gate of the stockade, very happy, very full fed. He told these people very much about their wizard, who is bigger than everywhere and

longer than forever and can, if he cares to, swallow the sky and stars. From time to time however, ceasing to talk to these people, he got to his knees and talked in his own strange tongue to Our Father Witch, his eyes held shut. When he had done this just at sunset of the second day he fell forward on his face. So he remained that night. The next day these men took him into the house and buried him under the pot. On the other hand Our Father Witch is longer than forever. He remains there still. . . .

The first thing I saw in the hut's interior was the earthen pot at the northern end, wrong-side-up on the ground. I was glad I had preceded Mrs. Diana. I walked across and sat down on it carelessly, hoping so that her afflicted curiosity might be led astray. It gave me the oddest feeling, though, to think of what was there beneath my nonchalant sitting-portion—aware as I was of the Kavirondo burial of a great man—up to the neck in mother earth, and the rest of him left out in the dark of the pot for the undertakings of the ants. I hoped his widow wouldn't wonder about that inverted vessel of clay.

I needn't have worried. Her attention was arrested otherwheres. I shall not forget the look of her face, caught above me in the red shaft of sundown entering the western door, as she gazed at the last and the largest of the Reverend Hubert Diana's gods. That long, long cheek of hers, buffeted by sorrow, startled now, and mortified. Not till that moment, I believe, had she comprehended the steps of mud-images she had been following for what they were, the steps of idolatry.

For my part, I wasn't startled. Even before we started up the hill, knowing that her husband had dared to die here, I could have told her pretty much what she would find.

This overlord of the cosmic categories that he had fashioned (at last) in his own image sat at the other end of the red-streaked house upon a bench—a throne?—of mud. Diana had been no artist. An ovoid two-eyed head, a cylindrical trunk, two arms, two legs, that's all. But indubitably man, man-size. Only one finger of one of the hands had been done with much care. It wore an opal, a two-dollar stone from Mexico, set in a silver ring. This was the hand that was lifted, and over it the head was bent.

I've said Diana was no artist. I'll take back the words. The figure was crudeness itself, but in the relation between that bent head and that lifted hand there was something which was something else. A sense of scrutiny one would have said no genius of mud could ever have conveyed. An attitude of interest centered in that bauble, intense and static, breathless and eternal all in one—penetrating to its bottom atom, to the last electron, to a hill upon it, and to a two-legged mite about to die. Marking (yes, I'll swear to the incredible) the sparrow's fall.

The magic was made. The road that had commenced with the blobs of Ndua—the same that commenced with our hairy ancestors listening to the night-wind in their caves—was run.

And from here Diana, of a sudden happy, of a sudden looked after, "full fed," had walked out—

But no; I couldn't stand that mortified sorrow on the widow's face any longer. She had to be made to see. I said it aloud:

"From here, Mrs. Diana, your husband walked out—"

"He had sunk to idolatry. *Idolatry!*"

"To the bottom, yes. And come up its whole history again. And from here he walked out into the sunshine to kneel and talk with 'Our Father Which—'"

She got it. She caught it. I wish you could have seen the light going up those long, long cheeks as she got it:

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name!"

We went down hill in the darkness, convoyed by a vast rattling of gourds and beating of goat-hide drums.

TWO SONNETS

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

NOT that it matters, not that my heart's cry
Is potent to deflect our common doom,
Or bind to truce in this ambiguous room
The planets of the atom as they ply;
But only to record that you and I,
Like thieves that scratch the jewels from a tomb,
Have gathered delicate love in hardy bloom
Close under Chaos—I rise to testify.
This is my testament: that we are taken;
Our colors are as clouds before the wind;
Yet for a moment stood the foe forsaken,
Eyeing Love's favor to our helmet pinned;
Death is our master—but his seat is shaken;
He rides victorious—but his ranks are thinned.

GROW not too high, grow not too far from home,
Green tree, whose roots are in the granite's face!
Taller than silver spire or golden dome
A tree may grow above its earthy place,
And taller than a cloud, but not so tall
The root may not be mother to the stem,
Lifting rich plenty, though the rivers fall,
To the cold sunny leaves to nourish them.
Have done with blossoms for a time, be bare;
Split rock; plunge downward; take heroic soil;
Deeper than bones—no pasture for you there;
Deeper than water, deeper than gold and oil:
Earth's fiery core alone can feed the bough
That blooms between Orion and the Plough.

THE NEW FIGHT FOR OLD LIBERTIES

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AMERICANS jailed merely for their opinions? Who in the United States of 1900 would have deemed it possible? At that time it was the historic, well-cherished American doctrine that whatever a man thought, whatever he preached, whatever organization he belonged to, he was free to express his views, free to parade his membership in any alliance or society, free to hold to any theories he cared to without any interference by the State or any minor authority whatsoever. Only for an overt *act* could he be held responsible, such as a breach of peace or a physical assault upon the Government. This was the fundamental theory upon which the American republic was founded. More than almost anything else it typified the Colonists' struggle of many years against their mother country.

We have changed all that. It was in Waterbury, Connecticut, in 1920, that a prisoner was interrogated as to a remark he had made in a store in the presence of only two other men. The prisoner, a veteran in good standing in the American Legion, had been besought by a bond salesman to sell his three hundred dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds and to invest his money in "something better." In the course of the discussion the prisoner, Yenowsky by name, pointed to a picture of Lenin. "There is what I consider one of the brainiest men in the world" he says he remarked. The salesman, however, asserted that Yenowsky had, monstrously, described Lenin as "the greatest, the most brainiest man on earth to-day." There followed in court this colloquy:

"Are you sure he used that expression?" the Magistrate asked.

"Yes."

"The most brainiest man on earth?"

"Yes, the greatest and the most brainiest man."

"Which did he say?"

"He said the most brainy man on earth to-day."

"He said the most brainy, not the most brainiest, man?"

"Yes."

"On earth to-day?"

"Yes."

There were witnesses who testified to Yenowsky's good character. They were offset by the salesman's unsustained charge that the prisoner had, besides complimenting Lenin, declared that he wished to see a Soviet form of government in America. "I will take jurisdiction," the court announced. "Six months in jail."

And to jail Yenowsky and his American Legion button would have gone had it not been that publicity was given to his case—by a journalist, among others, who at the Versailles Peace Conference had heard an American peace commissioner tell the assembled American press correspondents that a Soviet form of government might be as democratic as our own and had heard many statesmen admit that Lenin was, whether one admired or hated him, the ablest of the men produced in Europe by the war. Yenowsky was released and the sentence quashed long before the case could be heard on appeal. But the Waterbury magistrate had done the country a service in giving the most striking example

of what may happen if one begins to save the country by imprisoning doctrines and punishing thoughts, as did the Kaiser in Germany, the Czar in Russia, and the Austrians when they were attempting to hold Italy by force of arms, by the dark dungeon, and by the hangman.

No, the Waterbury magistrate was not a rare exception, not a sporadic case of a petty judge gone wrong. Moreover he acted under as drastic a sedition law as ever any European tyrant drafted. It is a model of compactness. "No person," it reads, "shall in public, or before any assemblage of ten or more persons, advocate in any language any measure, doctrine, proposal or propaganda intended to injuriously affect the Government of the United States or the State of Connecticut." What could be more skillfully drawn to give authority control of public opinion?

The most dangerous feature of this law is, of course, that it makes any magistrate the judge of what is propaganda, or doctrine, and whether it is or is not inimical to the State of Connecticut or to the United States. Most of the people of the United States in the period from 1830 to 1858 deemed the teachings of the Abolitionists inimical to the welfare of the United States—to-day they are honored and their fame is often attested in stone or bronze. The radical reform of to-day is usually the accepted custom of to-morrow, as has been the case with the enfranchisement of women. Beyond that, however, is the principle involved. This was laid down by no less an American than Thomas Jefferson in 1786 in these words: "To suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his power into the field of opinion . . . on supposition of their ill tendency is a dangerous fallacy, which at once destroys all liberty. . . ." There is no truth more obvious than this and none to which there would have been more general assent in America prior to 1908. There is none other which is better attested by the facts of history, for in whatever clime or period the suppression of unpopular ideas has been attempted, it has inevitably revenged itself upon its originators. It will always, moreover, be an amazing fact that the worst of these sedition and suppression acts came out of the hysteria, the fright, and the patriotic orgy which marked our entrance into the war that was to have safeguarded democracy. We shackled, fettered, and gagged democracy at home while springing to its rescue abroad.

Under the Connecticut law one does not have to advocate lawlessness, or violence, or criminality, or sedition. If any judge or police officer should deem the advocacy of birth control, or of a general strike, inimical to the State of Connecticut, or for that matter, even the Roosevelt recall of judicial decisions, or the La Follette control of the Supreme Court by Congress, the offender could be sent to prison. An impossibility? An incredible suggestion? By no means. During the war a worthy son of an honored and famous chief justice of New Hampshire was sent to prison in Colorado for eighteen months merely because he differed from President Wilson as to Germany's breaking her promise to end submarine warfare and said so in writing! Arthur Garfield Hays, a responsible and high-minded attorney of New York, was arrested, assaulted by the police, and jailed at Vintondale, Pennsylvania, on May 28, 1922, merely for trying to hold a meeting in that town composed of a small group of friends. In Centralia, Washington, Elmer Smith, an attorney, was arrested, jailed, and charged with the crime of "*speaking under the auspices of the I. W. W.*" To-day there are no less than ninety-eight prisoners in American jails, eighty-nine of them in California, against whom there is no charge of criminality, no charge of robbery, or murder, or assault, or sedition. Their *sole* offense is that they are members of the I. W. W.

If such things as these may happen, who can foretell to what lengths judges and police will not go under such blanket sedition statutes as that of Connecticut,

and such laws against "criminal syndicalism" as besmirch the States of California and Washington? One has only to think of the rise of the Ku Klux Klan, with its determined warring upon Negro, Jew, Catholic, and foreigner, or to realize the tremendous development of religious prejudice and hostility in America of late, to appreciate how dangerous to American liberty are the precedents thus established. The Klan itself has on numerous occasions been deprived of its legal right of assembly; in New York and elsewhere it has been the object of special legislation requiring the publishing of the names of its members and forbidding it to parade masked. The K. K. K. is surely not much less out of place in American life than the I. W. W. Yet both of them are, according to every American tradition, entitled to every right guaranteed by the Constitution, precisely as are our Rotarians, our Chambers of Commerce, or our patriotic societies which, to many Americans, represent the acme of conservatism and reaction.

These departures from our historic policy are not confined to any one section. In New Jersey we have just witnessed a new and unhappy brand of Jersey justice which illustrates clearly a most ominous tendency of local authorities to control public utterances, not only as a result of political differences, but also because of economic strife. On April 9, last, Roger N. Baldwin, the director of the American Civil Liberties Union, was sentenced to six months in the county jail at Paterson, New Jersey, for the crime of "unlawful assembly." It is a curious fact that he was found guilty under a statute enacted in 1796 and, what is even more remarkable, his was the first conviction ever obtained under the law in the one hundred and twenty-nine years it has been on the statute books. With him were convicted seven others, all workers in the Paterson silk mills. What was the grave crime for which this unused statute was invoked? Why, on October 6, 1924, the police having prevented a meeting of striking silk workers at Turn Hall, some five hundred or more persons marched to the City Hall steps and there held a lawful and orderly meeting which Mr. Baldwin addressed. It was no haphazard assembly, for it had all been previously planned by the Civil Liberties Union in order to test the right of the police to stop meetings of the silk strikers merely because the chief of police had objected to some remarks made at one of them by a member of the Workers' Party. Mr. Baldwin's meeting was entirely orderly, but the speaking had hardly begun when a group of some fifty policemen violently attacked the meeting, clubbing several strikers and arresting eleven persons on the charge of disorderly conduct, blocking traffic, and holding a meeting without a permit. Only the disorderly conduct charge was pressed the next day, except that two men were found guilty of assault, which conviction was subsequently set aside on appeal.

Another meeting was immediately arranged with Bishop Paul Jones, Mr. Baldwin, the Reverend John Nevin Sayre, and others as speakers. The chief of police was invited to be present and to arrest these persons. That august personage had, however, had enough and two days later consented to the renewal of the regular strike meetings at Turn Hall, made no trouble when Bishop Jones and the others spoke on the City Hall steps, and protested not at all when H. M. Wicks, who had been forbidden to speak, addressed still another meeting. Thus the right of peaceful public assembly for which, as much as for anything else, the Revolutionary founders of this government fought was re-established in a New Jersey city just one hundred and thirty-six years after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, in which there is no more sacred pledge to the citizens of this republic than the guarantee of the right of public meeting with which King George, to his cost, tampered.

But this victory did not prevent the chief of police from getting revenge. He obtained the indictment of Mr. Baldwin and nine others. They were tried in the Court of Common Pleas before Justice Joseph A. Delaney without a jury, without even a stenographer. After pondering the case for four months, the judge pronounced sentence without even handing down a written decision. In this case Jersey justice was not swift but original. Now this case is of striking importance not only because of Mr. Baldwin's own personality, but also because he was instructed to take the action he did by the Civil Liberties Union, whose National Committee includes such persons as the Reverend John Haynes Holmes, Professor Harry F. Ward, Dr. James H. Dillard, head of the Slater and Peabody Funds, John Lovejoy Elliott, Norman Hapgood, Jane Addams, Professor Felix Frankfurter, of Harvard University, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Helen Keller, William H. Johnston, head of the International Association of Machinists, Professor Robert Morss Lovett, Fremont Older, Father John A. Ryan, and many others. If it were not for this organization, hundreds of political prisoners and victims of police ire and lawlessness would still be in prison. Composed of men and women often dubbed as "reds" or "pinks," they are steadfastly battling for the preservation of the Constitution, for which reason they have at times placed their machinery at the disposal of the K. K. K. and have protested when the right of free speech has been denied to a complete conservative like Major George Haven Putnam. They have also taken sharp issue with the Communists who have been indulging themselves in the pastime of interfering in meetings where the present government of Russia was criticized, and they have demanded of the communistic Workers' Party that they officially denounce this sort of thing. The Civil Liberties Union has taken for its motto a saying of Wendell Phillips: "No matter whose lips would speak they must be free and ungagged. The community which dares not protect its humblest and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or how hateful, is only a gang of slaves."

The Mayor of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, does not accept this dictum of the greatest of anti-slavery orators—if he ever heard of him and his doctrines. In McKeesport the mayor alone decides who shall or shall not speak, and it is not merely Communists who have earned Mayor Lyle's censure; in economic matters also he is the dictator. In 1923 he forbade an organizer for the Iron, Steel, and Tinplate Workers—a conservative American Federation of Labor Union—to hold meetings despite a telegraphic appeal from Governor Pinchot, the chief executive of his State, who urged that the constitutional right of assembly be not denied. The Mayor ignored the Governor. Again the Civil Liberties Union entered the field, this time to test the Mayor's right to repudiate the Constitution of the United States in defiance of the Governor of Pennsylvania. In co-operation with the Workers' Party, a meeting was arranged for Pittsburg on the afternoon of September 9, 1923, the principal speeches being submitted in advance to Governor Pinchot and to the police commissioner of Pittsburgh and pronounced within the law. The Pittsburg meeting took place in perfect order without interference. The same speakers, with one exception, went over to near-by McKeesport to repeat their speeches. They were denied admittance to the hall hired in advance because, it was stated, the law required a permit from the Mayor. They then adjourned to a previously hired lot. Here they were arrested for violating the Sabbath, for disorderly conduct, and for holding a meeting without a permit.

Despite the fact that the Mayor confessed that there was no ordinance requiring permits for private meetings, the

five men arrested were fined twenty-five dollars and costs. On the appeal before Judge Foster of the Allegheny County Court, Mayor Lyle admitted that two political meetings had been held that day without permits and that there was no controlling ordinance, but gave as his reason for his acts a desire "to avoid trouble." Judge Foster sustained the McKeesport judge and the Mayor and increased one of the fines from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars because he objected to a passage in a pamphlet this man carried—which passage came from no less a pen than that of Professor Harry F. Ward of Union Theological Seminary. It being impossible to present the issue squarely to the State Supreme Court, the case ended there—and the Mayor remains in control of public discussion and still refuses to allow anybody to speak in McKeesport whose views he does not like.

This case is of special interest because there has been an almost nation-wide movement to control meetings by means of ordinances requiring a permit from the Mayor. In Mount Vernon, New York, under such an ordinance John Haynes Holmes, Rose Schneiderman, and Norman Thomas were arrested for reading the Constitution on the street. This ordinance was declared unconstitutional by Judge Keogh of the Supreme Court of New York, but his judgment was reversed by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. The Court of Appeals, the highest court in the State, has fortunately since sustained Judge Keogh's decision.

The Mayor of Wilkes-Barre has gone his brother of McKeesport one better. He not only desires to control public expression; he has even divested himself of that power and turned it over to a body not known officially by the laws of Pennsylvania—the American Legion post in his city. His telegram to the Civil Liberties Union is here given because it is and must remain a classic example of official aberration:

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Jan. 28, 1924.

I shall not allow any meeting of anarchists or communists to be held in this city. These meetings have in the past been the occasion of breaches of the peace. The best example of this was the way the young men composing the American Legion invaded the hall at yesterday's meeting and stopped the proceedings. I am in favor of the most enlarged liberties of free speech but shall not permit anyone under the guise of freedom of speech to promulgate anarchy and disrespect for law. These meetings have occasioned disorder in our community and so far as my power will permit I shall oppose them. I shall not tolerate any organization holding meetings in this community that is opposed by the American Legion. All meetings of this character in future will be submitted to the Legion committees for approval before they are permitted. Freedom of speech under the American flag is welcome but under the red flag of anarchy will never be tolerated.

Daniel L. Hart
Mayor.

In this case the Mayor's theory is on all fours with the case of one Joseph Palmer, a Communist dweller at Fruitlands decades ago, who was arrested because he presisted in wearing such a long beard that people mobbed him, not once but often. So the authorities arrested him as a menace to law and order and kept him under lock and key to protect the peace! Probably Mayor Hart had never heard of this excellent precedent. If he has known of Thomas Jefferson, he has not learned that that great democrat has also said that "it is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order." If the Mayor were to turn to the case of Reynolds vs. the United States (98 U.S. 163) he would find that our highest tribunal had upheld this stand of Jefferson's. His ignorance, both of his duties as a civil official and as an upholder of American rights, is apparent enough, and the confusion of his mental processes is clearly shown by his failure to realize that the persons he should have

proceeded against for lawlessness in interrupting a meeting were the members of the Legion—those whom he has now made the arbiters of free speech and public assembly. Such a mayor could not hold office or remain in office in any British municipality, for the Briton guards his rights jealously, as is demonstrated by the fact that Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Government of Ramsay MacDonald, held five hundred peace meetings in Great Britain during the war years without hindrance on the part of any official high or low. It would be of vast service to every American citizen if Mayor Hart could be placed under charges and tried for malfeasance. As it is, the Civil Liberties Union accepted the Mayor's challenge and instituted a meeting at which Professor Ward and Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes were speakers; it was closed by the police. Two and one half months later another meeting was successfully held. As is usually the case, a discussion of the issue did a good deal to educate Wilkes-Barre in genuine Americanism.

Just as Mayor Hart's confusion of thought as to what constitutes free speech is shared by multitudes of his fellow-citizens, so there are plenty of similar acts of other officials, some more lawless, which he could cite in his defense. At Old Forge, Pennsylvania, two Socialists were forcibly deported on June 9, 1923; suit for three thousand dollars damages has been filed against the mayor, and Socialists may now speak in Old Forge. In Johnstown, Pennsylvania, an un-American mayor permitted only pro-Fascist speakers to hold meetings; those who opposed Mussolini were not allowed to speak until he was subsequently converted. He is the same mayor who recently arbitrarily ordered all negroes to leave town who had not resided there for seven years—an action also revoked, if press reports are to be trusted, but one no more hostile to American liberties than his banning of anti-Mussolini speakers. In San Pedro, California, in May, 1923, wholesale police outrages occurred, hundreds of strikers being thrown into jail on trumped-up charges without warrants, after being brutally beaten and abused—all in order to break the strike—by no means the only case in which officials have taken sides in industrial disputes. Four American citizens who were aroused to protest were arrested while reading in a private lot the Bill of Rights—that Magna Charta of American liberties. Headed by Upton Sinclair, the novelist, they were held in jail for hours *incommunicado* as if in a Spanish dungeon.

So great were the protests that the six hundred strikers were subsequently released, and a vigorous Southern California branch of the Civil Liberties Union was organized with a local clergyman, the Rev. Clinton J. Taft of the Plymouth Congregational Church, in charge. Its first act was to establish a free-speech forum which has held meetings every Sunday for sixteen months, and its pamphlets and leaflets sent everywhere have held Southern California up to the shame that section has richly earned. The new Union was not, however, able to prevent repeated raids upon the I. W. W. hall in San Pedro, in the course of one of which on June 14, 1924, incredible as it appears, the place was almost completely destroyed, women and children burned by hot coffee thrown upon them, and a number of men taken in automobiles to remote places, where they were robbed, tarred, and feathered. There can be no doubt that the police connived at this outrage—for which nobody was punished—even if they did not take part in it. Yet the police of San Pedro and Los Angeles expect the inhabitants of those places to respect and obey the law!

So do the police of New York; but on the night before May Day of this year they deliberately raided and broke up ten Communist meetings without a warrant, without the slightest allegation that any improper speeches were being made or that any other lawless practice

was being engaged in. Nobody was arrested, nobody charged with crime. The police merely exercised their power arbitrarily, precisely as some weeks previously they had rounded up all the ex-convicts they could find on the streets and arrested thirty-five on general principles without warrants—both proceedings which, again, could not possibly have occurred in Great Britain. Now one may feel as inimical to Communists as one will, but the fact is that Communism is an arguable way of life, even if it is at present entirely unsuited to the world. Probably more communistic or semi-communistic experiments have, however, been tried in America—Brook Farm, the Oneida Community, the Shaker colonies leap to mind—than anywhere else in the world. In invading these meetings Commissioner Enright's men were as lawless as the most abandoned criminals they pick up; and it is to be hoped that some agency will some day make a test case and teach the police of all our cities—practically all of whom resort to the barbarous and lawless third-degree tortures to extort confessions in violation of every personal right—that those who would reform others must first reform themselves.

Their philosophy to-day is that of the Mayor of Bellaire, Ohio, who arrested one H. M. Wicks against whom no charge had been made. "It is not what he has done, but what he might do," the Mayor explained. It is also that of General "Pat" Hamrock, head of the Colorado Rangers, who deported W. Z. Foster from that State. "We consulted no law," he proudly declared. And it was a judge in Seattle who encouraged lawless police by this colloquy in the case of men charged with the heinous offense of selling I. W. W. papers in Centralia:

Judge: "I suppose you will plead not guilty, but I will find you guilty now."

Prisoner: "Do Constitutional rights count in Centralia at all?"

Judge: "No, Constitutional rights do not count at all."

What wonder that the Mayor of Newark refused to allow orderly meetings in memory of Lenin; that Mayor Curley of Boston, an ardent Catholic, refuses to permit any meeting advocating birth control, or even discussing it, to be held in the cradle of American liberty; that the police of Toledo, Ohio, kidnapped in the public streets a Mr. and Mrs. Salvador Rose and drove them twenty-three miles out of the city where Mr. Rose was strung up by the neck and nearly lynched—his wife was long ill as a result of this official outrage, for she was in a delicate condition and lost her child in consequence! The charge against them was that they were Communists and, though repeated protests were made to the authorities, not one step was taken to bring the guilty police to book.

That this lawlessness of officials is not confined to the fields of civil liberty touched upon above is clearly proved by a statement made in *The Independent* for May 9, 1925, by Edwin M. Abbott, special counsel for Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler, Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia. I give it in his words:

> Another problem, inexplicable to the laity, is the disregard of law by some judges. It is a well-known fact that many of our jurists do not believe in the Eighteenth Amendment and will not enforce the law. Cases are dismissed that should be pressed, and defendants are discharged who should be punished by these men who will not obey the law in their privacy. Several are known who disregard their oaths to support the Constitution of the United States and the laws of the nation and of their State. They make a mental reservation as to their own conduct and set an example for the community which is dangerous and a most evil precedent.

The list of wrongs is long; it could be indefinitely continued. Can America afford to have her good name tarnished thus? Are we not, thereby, forfeiting the right to celebrate our country as the home of the free and the land of the brave? The first step backward was when, in its righteous wrath over the assassination of President McKinley, Con-

gress passed its first modern law against a state of mind—the anarchists—and so shut out, or rather tried to, not only bomb-throwers, but also theoretical anarchists like Leo Tolstoi, or Prince Kropotkin, than whom no more gentle and kindly soul ever graced the parlors of Fifth Avenue, as he did when he was here. That was ill-considered and ill-digested legislation; yet it was as nothing in its menace to our democracy to what has been passed and what has been done since. Shall we not now call a halt? If so, then the first step is to support those who are pledged to defend the Constitution and to serve it to the last. In the second place, it is necessary for us to realize that in this new fight for old liberties the battle is not against lawless foreigners or Americans, but that it is *almost wholly* against constituted authorities, against judges and civil officials who, sworn to uphold the Constitution, are bringing it into disrepute by insisting that they shall interpret the Bill of Rights as they see fit, and that the solemn pledges of the Constitution itself do not hold good when they choose to waive them.

These lawless or ignorant officials are, it is only fair to add, supported by many in ordinary life who say, "I believe in free speech and the right of assembly, but there are limits beyond which . . ." without realizing that a liberty is a liberty, a principle a principle, a right a right, and that when one of these rights is breached, be it ever so little, a precedent is established which may easily lead to the destruction of a priceless heritage. The American colonists would permit no one to place limits to freedom of press, or speech, or to the right to assemble. Those who fight for those rights to-day have inherited the cherished belief of the wisest of the founders that there is no safety-valve like free speech, and that even the most misguided person should be allowed his say. The theory is that if the speaker voices a truth, even if prematurely, it will in the end prevail, and that he who preaches error will in due course of time be convicted of that error, more than likely out of his own mouth. It is the only theory which spells safety for any government. To follow any other policy, history teaches, is to install tyrants or to drive restlessness or dissatisfaction underground where they become a menace. Violent repression results, historically, in grave social outbursts. It is the path of wisdom as well as of nobility to heed the teachings of the Founders who cherished no fear that with free speech and free discussion this Republic could be overthrown.

THESE AMERICAN MEN

BY REBECCA WEST

WHEN I came to the United States I was prepared for a considerable divergence arising out of the different historical circumstances of Great Britain and America. I was aware that coming from England, in which society has developed so exclusively through community life that the most conservative citizen is chockful of socialist tradition, I should be startled by the individualism of America, in which society has developed through the activities of loosely grouped pioneers. That contrast is, I think, not fully realized in the United States. Few Americans realize that even the mass of electors who voted for Mr. Baldwin's party at the last election would be amazed if they were told that the Supreme Court had declared that the Constitution of the United States could not be amended to prohibit Child Labor and enforce the Minimum Wage Law on the ground that it would interfere with the personal liberty of the citizen guaranteed by that Constitution. The school of political thought which is responsible for such decisions is not now represented in England except among the Diehard Conservatives; and since they stand for hostility to America and everything American, it is confusing to find this particular identity of attitude. For divergencies in such high matters I was prepared; but I had not imagined that this difference in political thought would alter life even in its superficialities, that it would alter the talk of the ordinary man, the look of the streets and houses.

But it does. How it does! I traveled over the United States for five months out of the eight I spent there, and nothing struck me with more amazement than the difference between the conversation of the ordinary American traveler and the equivalent Englishman. I was in a position to contrast them, for I lived for some years in a dormitory town forty miles out of London, and I used to go up to town once or twice a week in a railway carriage full of commuters. Now those English commuters talked—I used to remember it with amazement over in America—almost exclusively of gardens and politics. They seemed to gratify their æsthetic and play instincts by gardening. They talked with real happiness of their herbaceous borders, their roses, their bulbs, and their vegetables. And when they had done with gardening they would talk of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin, of Ireland and Germany and India. And of business my commuters did not talk at all, save to say vaguely that it was good or bad, or search for examples bearing on a discussion concerning the relative merits of Free Trade and Protection.

Now, the American traveler never talked of gardens or of politics at all. If he spoke of a bulb he meant an electric one; and no traveling salesman or drugstore proprietor ever boasted to me of the squashes and carrots he had raised with his own hands. So far as I can remember I saw comparatively few flower gardens, except at the houses of the very rich, till I reached California; and I think I am right in saying that the sight of the small vegetable garden usually is a sign that one is in a quarter inhabited by foreign immigrants. When

I inquired the reason for this American lack of interest in gardening I was given two answers. I was told that the high cost of labor made it impossible to employ gardeners, and that anyway vegetables were not worth cultivating as they could be bought more cheaply than they could be grown by the householder. Those answers were to me an even more astonishing indication of the difference between the two countries. For the mass of English villa-dwellers would never dream of employing a gardener more than one day a week, and the clerks and the shop-assistants who are the most ardent marrow-fans would not have even that much help. The small English garden is the work of the householder and his wife and family, and they do not care whether the vegetables they raise cost more or less than the ones in the shops. What they want is the fun of growing them. Poor dears, how startled and depressed they would be by the miles of hedgeless shaven lawns that run along the avenues of your residential districts. They would think them incredibly grim and institutional, an earthy equivalent of the clean but dreary regularities of a hospital ward.

But this is not due to any superior sense of the amenities on the part of the British for, if American yards strike the English as dreary, the English house strikes the American as infamous. It is, by comparison, ill-planned, ill-painted, meanly equipped with household utensils and untidily kept. Those gleaming bathrooms, those spotless, satin-painted kitchens, those mirrorlike parquet floors, are on your side of the Atlantic, and not on ours. And that is because there is an Individualist on your side of the Atlantic and a Socialist on ours. The English in their joy in garden-making are finding entertainment in what began as an obligation. The duty of the citizen was to serve the community; and as the community went about the town or village its eye constantly fell upon its gardens. Therefore, it was his duty to make his garden as pleasant as possible, and by working on the thing he grew fond of it. But his house is not exposed to the eye of the community, and therefore he feels that he can do as he likes with it. If he is indolent let it express his indolence. If he likes stuffiness and the look of dingy furniture, he will have them. In any case its condition does not touch his pride. Now, the American looks at his house and garden from an entirely different angle. That his garden is under the community's eye means to him merely that it is overlooked and, therefore, insufficiently private to be interesting. He therefore sees that just enough is done to keep it neat and inoffensive, and withdraws into his completely private house and makes it a thing he is proud to own and show to other owners. The same difference in attitude expresses itself in the aspects of American and British cities. Yours are full of magnificent streets littered with torn papers and stacked at any waste plot with tin cans. Ours are meanly built and scrupulously scavenged.

Politics go out of the American conversation almost as completely as gardens. Instead of mentioning business only to illustrate political discussion, the American mentions politics only in so far as they affect business. And the only pronouncement that is ever made concerning business in England, as to whether it is good or bad, is the only one that is never made in the United States. For it is presupposed that it is good, or life would not be worth living. To declare that it was bad would be like declaring adherence to the philosophy of pessimism, which is obviously not a thing one would do lightly to a chance acquaintance in the train. This difference of topic appears to those who are listening for entertainment's sake to be very strongly in favor of American conversation. Since the American is not taking his phrases from a *Daily Mail* leader, but is speaking of what he knows through personal experience, he talks on his chosen subject much more freshly and vividly than the Englishman does

on his. I have never been better entertained in my life than I was on a four-hour journey from Chicago to a small town in Illinois by a business man of those parts who was able to tell me the history of every factory we passed. It was a story of triumphs and defeats that his commercial passion made as thrilling as a page of Froissart's Chronicles.

I was particularly impressed by three illustrations of the poles-apart difference between the British and American temperament in this matter. One was an advertisement that I saw in New York as soon as I arrived, and later all over the United States, which declares that a certain cigarette is "the fastest growing cigarette in the United States." The first time I saw it I did not understand what it meant, and it has baffled every English person to whom I have repeated it. To catch the English smoker, an advertisement would have to lay stress on the quality of the tobacco and the efficiency of its manufacture, and nothing else. Expatiation on the rapid increase in the sales of a particular brand would simply lead to cynical speculation as to how much this was due to increase in advertisements, the cost of which would certainly be borne by the consumer in the end. The conception of rapid commercial expansion as something seductively romantic which would lure the public into buying a cigarette would not be valid in England at all.

The second illustration was a short story I read in a Chicago newspaper which dealt in a luscious sentimental style with a heroine from the country named Elsie. Elsie was an old-fashioned girl, who would have liked to make pie as Mother made it, but was frustrated in that desire because the old home had been sold and she had to sell lingerie in a department store in a great city. All day long she stood sadly at the counter, selling silk nightdresses to worthless wealthy women while her fingers longed to be making corn fritters and curly crullers and pumpkin pie. There was a happy ending to this story, but it did not consist, as I, being British, expected, in the appearance of a good young man who offered love and a cooking stove. No. Instead, Elsie was moved to the household-utensils department where she performed such feats of salesmanship that she was presently earning a prodigious salary. I know a little about the English fiction market and I am willing to bet a substantial sum that no English editor ever had a story quite like that submitted to him or her. As it was very readable and a heartening change from the sentimental story, the advantage is to America.

The third conversation was a conversation I had in an automobile with a business man of a certain Middle Western city. As we rode along a riverside drive we passed a very large house, and he told me that it belonged to his brother. He then felt it incumbent on him to explain to me why he did not live in such a big house, though to my European eyes he and his family seemed to be living in great comfort. He apologetically told me that he had not been so successful in business as his brother, and he pleaded in excuse that when young he had been delicate, that he had been wounded in the war, and that at a crucial moment his partner had died and his widow been obliged to withdraw his money from the business. I want to make it clear that all this did not proceed from any snobbery or materialism; he was demonstrating his lack of those qualities by lavishing the utmost imaginable kindness and hospitality on me, of whom he knew nothing save that I was a stranger and a writer. It was simply that he conceived it to be the duty of every self-respecting human being to succeed gloriously in business. He became depressed by his own revelation of his incomplete attainment to that ideal, so I interrupted him by exclaiming on the beauty of the river. He seemed glad to change the subject, and began to tell me that an industrial concern was erecting certain works on the shore which, it was known, would pollute the

waters and endanger the public health, but which were nevertheless proceeding unchecked because of graft on the part of the municipal authorities. He talked of this with disapproval but with detachment. Evidently he found it a relief to speak of this rather than of his (purely comparative) failure. In that he showed himself the complete antithesis of the average Englishman, who would not have been in the least ashamed to confess himself a business failure, even of an absolute and not relative kind, but who would have been bitterly ashamed to admit that he and his fellows were not politically virile enough to safeguard the machinery of local government from corruption. Honors are easy, of course, for neither is entirely wrong and neither is entirely right.

In any case both behave as the circumstances of their countries dictate. The American is absorbed in business because his nation is still engaged in a stocktaking of its material resources. Until the industrial fields of the United States are fully mapped out, American society cannot become stable and its foreign populations settle down and become fully assimilated. Till that day the working classes as a whole and the middle classes will always be subject to that nomadism which appals the stranger by the obstacles it presents to the establishment of a united society. But England is in an entirely different case. Her industrial fields are defined to the last inch. There is simply no place for that kind of enterprise which would make a man give up a safe job in Columbus, Ohio, to go looking for oil in Oklahoma. If he went running about our island like that he would fall over the edge. The only industrial expansion we can hope for comes not by prospecting but by negotiation: by this and that transaction with the trade unions, by currency manipulations, by cultivation of foreign alliances: in fact, by politics. Washington means not so much in Wall Street's young life; but the City of London looks towards the City of Westminster all day long.

That business dominates the average American's life does not mean that he is narrower in his interests than the equivalent Englishman. His individualism provides that in certain ways he is much less narrow. The average Englishman, obsessed by his sense of the community, considers the value of every public performance according to the verdict that would be passed on it by the community. He is therefore shy of going in for any form of physical exercise unless he is sure he can come up to the common standard. He feels it is not worth while, for the same reason, to go in for an intellectual subject unless he can speak with the authority of an expert. The American feels no such inhibitions, and plays a game if he wants the physical sensations that arise from playing it, and talks of a subject if it interests him. One of the most striking manifestations of this difference is in dancing. In America nearly all men dance, whether they can or not. In England only a small proportion of men dance but those who do either dance very well or think they do. The American condition is much the healthier, as the competition among Englishwomen for dancing partners is apt to be misinterpreted by the Englishman as proceeding from a passion for the partner rather than from a passion for dancing.

In its intellectual manifestations this willingness to be an amateur is apt to create a mistaken impression in the mind of a traveler who comes from the lands where they believe in professionalism. I remember being shocked and embarrassed at a party in a certain Western city by hearing a prominent lawyer of the State uttering a monologue on the subject of psychoanalysis, which, in its gross misuse of the terms involved and in its exhibition of total inability to grasp the structure of this or any system of psychology, was as bewildering as would be a lecture on physical geography by somebody who thought that the earth was square and the equator a small yellow dog. I went away thinking with patriotic conceit that in England I had

never heard such a silly and superficial conversation on any intellectual subject, but it soon occurred to me that the only reason for that was that in England such a subject was never discussed at all save by professional intellectuals. If I had gone to an English town like Chester or Norwich, which are as near as may be the prototypes of that Western city, and I had gone to such a party, there are about three chances in a hundred that I should have met a professional man who could talk brilliantly about psychoanalysis. But there are ninety-seven chances in a hundred that no person of that party would ever have heard of it.

Here again, honors are easy. In a generation England will reap the benefits of its specialists' thoroughness. Its books, its plays, its journalism, its sermons, its lectures, its lessons will for the most part be given to it by people who have mastered the theory of psychoanalysis, and who will apply to their own subjects such parts of it as have seemed to them true and valuable. The common mind will therefore benefit by the work of Freud and Jung and Adler at second hand, without having to struggle with its technicalities, and without filling itself up with jargon and misconceptions in the process. But the Western lawyer does derive a more immediate benefit, though he may impede the work of the specialist by putting a lot of nonsense into currency and thus debasing the intellectual coinage of the country. Though he cannot assimilate the theories of psychoanalysis, some at least of the more picturesque deductions from them are bound to cling to his mental surfaces. He will probably learn that it is as well to be skeptical of the human mind as an instrument; he will learn to suspect its judgments as being not always the findings of pure reason, but as often as not the ravings of ancient shocks haunting it in the form of prejudices; he will probably learn that a child's chance of growing into a healthy-minded adult is dependent on it being protected from certain disturbing experiences; he will probably learn that misconduct often proceeds from an individual's need to express himself in quite legitimate ways which his faulty environment does not permit. He will in consequence become less dogmatic, a better parent, and more tolerant. His amateurishness may be unæsthetic, but it is of some moral value.

But though absorption in business has not succeeded in narrowing the American's sphere of interest, it has stereotyped his method of approach. That I believe to be the explanation of the peculiar conditions relating to marriage and divorce which are the wonderment of the visitor to the United States, and the embarrassment of the native. Now, I have not let the headlines divert me from my contemplation of small-print sane America. I am well aware that there are innumerable towns, especially in the East, in New England, and in the South, where it would be almost as inconceivable for a respectable citizen to get divorced as it would be in an English cathedral city. I know that in South Carolina there is no divorce law at all, and that in many other states, including New York, it is extremely difficult to dissolve a marriage. All the same the fact remains that in the United States there is one divorce to every eight marriages, while in Great Britain the rate is but one in one hundred. These divorces are plainly not remedies for violent diseases: they cannot represent flights of husbands and wives from vicious parties because the vices are not practiced to that extent in America. From the most liberal point of view this is not a satisfactory position. Nothing emerges from these broken marriages which counterbalances the damage done to the children concerned. They have not value even as experience; for the divorcing persons are not moved by discontent with the institution of marriage, but only with their particular experiment, and consequently do not set about devising another and better institution. In-

deed, their usual procedure is to cut round the corner at the first possible moment and marry someone else on exactly the same terms.

The general attitude is that that this state of affairs marks a climax of degeneration from the old-fashioned stable permanent monogamy. I do not believe that view to be sound. I believe that America's addiction to divorce, like her indifference to politics, is a necessary part of its phase of industrial expansion, and will come to an end when that comes to an end. I came to that conclusion the other day when I met an Englishwoman, just returned from visiting friends in the United States, who approached the subject not objectively but subjectively by remarking how surprised she had been to see how easily and how unwisely Americans fell in love. I may say she is not a beautiful woman, and is over thirty years of age. She told me that while she had had twelve proposals of marriage in the twelve years she had lived in London she had had five during the few months she had stayed in the United States. She told me too that the manner of her American suitors had struck her as curious in being at once earnest and perfunctory; and she gave me two examples of it, which impressed me greatly. I do not for one moment present them as typical of American life, but I think that, extraordinary as they may be, they undoubtedly contain the germ of the ordinary.

While this Englishwoman was staying in New York she met on several social occasions a business man who was associated with a famous manufacturing corporation, named, let us say, John Smith. He was over forty, wore horn-rimmed spectacles, and exhibited all the stigmata of a Babbitt. One morning after they had met at a dinner-party he called her up and asked her to come immediately to his office down town. She went, and was surprised when, after prudently removing the horn-rimmed spectacles, Mr. John Smith embraced her respectfully but fervently. When she broke away from him he sat down at his desk and motioned her to take a seat beside him. Having replaced his spectacles, he addressed her in the following terms, "You are the loveliest person I have met. I have met women who were more beautiful, but you are perfectly fascinating. I am just crazy about you. I mean to marry you. You may have heard that I married old Blank's daughter, but that is not such an obstacle as you might think." He then called in his stenographer and said to her, "Miss Dash, fetch me the file concerning Mrs. Smith's health." The file was brought. It consisted of medical reports which showed that Mrs. Smith had long been a victim of diseases brought on by intemperance, and it ended with a letter dated but a few days earlier, from a distinguished doctor who gave it as his opinion that the poor lady had at most only a few more months to live.

"In view of these facts," continued Mr. John Smith, "you will see that marriage between you and me is a perfectly possible proposition. Right now I want you to fix everything so that we can be married in eight or nine months. You must give up all thought of going back to England till we go back to see your folks on our wedding-trip. Now, for God's sake, don't think I'm not being straight with you. See here, I'll prove it. You know I'm in politics. I mean to be in Washington before very long. I'll give you a letter saying I want to marry you, and it'll be dated to-day while my wife is alive, and you'll have that on me if I doublecross you." He was, in fact, desperately earnest. And he was a very decent soul; the file regarding Mrs. Smith's health contained much evidence that he had done everything he could to save his wife and mitigate her sufferings. Nevertheless, the courtship was so strange, so different in size and shape and tempo, from anything the Englishwoman had ever known in Europe, that she could feel nothing but that hysteria which comes from a shock concerning vital things.

The other experience that she recalled as being distinctively un-British was an encounter in a city of the Middle West where she had broken her journey to California for a few days in order to see some friends. At a dance held the night before she met a banker, a man of about thirty-five, who danced so well that she was very pleased to be his partner most of the evening. In the morning, although she was leaving by a train at half-past seven, he came in his automobile to take her and her hostess to the railway station. She was largely indifferent to the occasion, but thought it kind of him, though she wished he had not done it, considering what one looks like at that hour. They smiled good-by, and it seemed certain that it would be good-by. But at Kansas City she received a telegram:

> The hick town where you are changing cars is of historic moment not only on that account but because there the beings to whom the signer owes terrestrial existence signified assent to the institution of marriage which is an institution that concerns you and me right now more of this later

At Pueblo, Colorado, she received another:

> It is an institution which most people to-day say must be either improved by disassociating the romantic ideal or superseded by attachments only and only so long as conforming to that ideal this is old stuff the interesting possibility for us is the third of which later

At Salt Lake City she received another:

> The conditions of the third state are one spiritual self-reliance two intellectual candor three engrossment in separate activities four prior emotional experience seems to me with these conditions it might be worth trying prepare yourself to discuss this later

At San Francisco she received another:

> Let us try it

Subsequent proceedings proved that this was an entirely serious proposal of marriage.

Now, what had specially impressed the Englishwoman about these two proposals of marriage was the absolute certainty with which either of them, had it been accepted, would have led her to the divorce court. In this she was perfectly right. She was not suited to be the wife of a business man, whether in New York or the Middle West. Heart burnings without end there would have been if she had married Mr. John Smith or the banker, accusations of coldness, irritated rebuttals, eventual divorce. Englishmen of the same type had been attracted to her, but during the long series of lunches and dinners and days on the river that the European temperament ordains as a prelude to a proposal of marriage the melancholy certainty had become so patent to both the wooer and the wooed that the matter was allowed to rest at friendship. But the Americans had rushed on towards marriage, towards divorce, without giving themselves one chance. What made them do it? Nothing that operates in English psychology. A man might fall in love as suddenly in England, but it would be because he was a practitioner of some form of romanticism. Either he would be a Don Juan, and would speedily abandon her for another lady; or, marrying her, he would enshrine her in his house as a worshipped, uncriticized, uncomprehended presence. But these two men did not fall into either of these categories. They were not Don Juans, as they proved by so freely committing themselves into the lady's power; and they were obviously looking for a thoroughly modern comradeship. What made them, to use a phrase beloved of Mark Twain, carry on so?

The mistake they made, I think, was that they were treating the Englishwoman as a business proposition. They were behaving as if she were a promising invention and they were trying to take out patent rights in her; or as if she were a rich mineral deposit and they were trying to get a lease of her from the government. But one does not have to ascer-

tain before one patents an invention that the invention has a positive preference for being patented by oneself above all other possible patentees; one does not have to form a close personal relationship with an oil well before one exploits it. All one has to do in the sphere of such activities is to get in before the other people and settle the matter quickly. Now, speed may be a mark of efficiency in commerce, but in other departments of life it may be a mark of the most paralyzing inefficiency. A stenographer writing her employer's letters on a typewriter at a hundred words a minute is probably being highly efficient. But a writer composing direct on the typewriter at the same rate would be very certainly wasting his paper and his energy, because creation is not carried on at such a pace. For some things exist not at all, or are the fruit of leisure. In their manufacture time plays a part which cannot be delegated to any other agent. Chief among them are art, scholarship, wine, and love—or even, to put it lower, that state of mind which is conducive to a happy marriage.

Decidedly, the technic of business is not suitable for dealing with marriage. That is the source of the woe of the waitresses and beauty-parlor girls who confide to one stories of incredibly rash and swift marriages with young men who have read business magazines till they believe that to stick out your chin, purse your lips, look owlish through your horn-rimmed spectacles, and act quickly is somehow to command success. At the other end of the scale it makes millionaires fling matrimonial alliance after matrimonial alliance across the social circle, standing up to sex and forcing it to give them romance and happiness, just as they have flung industrial enterprise after industrial enterprise across the continent, standing up to fortune and forcing it to give them wealth and power. This mishandling of marriage is bound to diminish as the United States approaches the limits of its industrial expansion and commerce becomes an occupation among others instead of a dominating obsession. It will then become possible for psychological processes which are not useful in business to retain nevertheless their prestige in attacking problems in other departments of life.

Not that one wishes the United States to pass out of this phase too quickly. This dominating obsession has its splendor. There is an incident I remember with joy, a supreme exhibition of pure poetic passion, that I had to cross the Atlantic to see. Once when I was being manicured in a beauty parlor in a Chicago hotel, two of the girls who were standing by at leisure commented on a pearl and ruby ring of mine which has an ornate old-fashioned gold setting. They found inside an engraved inscription which told that it was a mourning ring for a forebear of mine who died in 1816. "For Mercy's sake! You don't say 1816!" And their lovely little heads, one dark, one fair, one Irish, one Norwegian, slewed round so that they looked through the window at what appeared of that strange, raw, beautiful, rain-colored city, and one said solemnly, "1816! Why, there wasn't any Chicago then." It struck them with awe, as it should: that in a space of time so brief that the little golden roses on my ring were not rubbed down, this vast continent should have been conquered by man and made to feed him, clothe him, shelter, better than earth has ever done before, and thereby brought him near overmanhood.

But this is romantic America: the America that is making discoveries out of its experiences. Classical America, which tests these discoveries, discards these that are not real, arranges those that are real into a significant pattern, and thus creates the enduring America, is not so easy to find. The impulse of the stranger is to look for it in New England, but it is not in New England that I believe I found classical America, but in the Middle West. I can think of a small town that lies under the vast sky-

scapes of those parts. Nothing happens round it except corn. I did not write home specially about Main Street, and all the other streets run just a little way out among the cornfields, and they are built of tedious frame houses, and the yards are all the same. But there is a State University there. That means there are some thousands of young people in this town. They are not specially comely young people; but there is a featureless radiance about the prairie when spring is coming to it, a look of inexhaustible and wholesome fertility, which makes it as dear to the remembering eye as more featured European landscapes; and there is just such a radiance about these people.

Here is soil in which to plant a tradition; and when one met the staff that was teaching these young people it was apparent that a tradition had been planted. I do not know that any of these teachers were famous scholars, that there were any names among them that would cause excitement at Oxford or Heidelberg. But they did better than that. For they were tall, lanky, slow-spoken men, who had a look of Lincoln. And they were Lincoln's sort. As he kept faith with honesty and justice in the new country, so they were keeping faith with learning. Out there among the cornfields they are very earnestly making a new culture, a new art. There was one, I remember, who especially had this Lincoln look. He was very patiently writing books in the manner of Flaubert about the life of this Middle Western State. It takes much bravery for an artist to do what he was doing, for he was writing in the full knowledge that he was unlikely to achieve anything satisfyingly close to perfection, since it is improbable that any medium native to the Old World is exactly suited to express the soul of the New World. Quite well he knew that he was no more than feeling his way towards an artistic formula that would be triumphantly applied only by a writer of the future.

What a glorious gamble is the effort of this man and his colleagues to establish a culture there on the plains, that seem to belong so much more to the skies than to man! They might satisfy their individual passion for art and scholarship, as Henry James did, by going to work in Europe. But they do not, because they are more characteristic of the race of those who give themselves away. Out of a romantic faith that all the world was made to bloom beautiful at the touch of man—and surely will never be cruel enough to disappoint man by not so doing—they are trying to raise suddenly out of newness things that have always before grown slowly out of mellowing institutions. Lincoln, whom they resemble, whom also the rest of the world regarded as an impossibilist, was triumphant. I do not doubt that these quiet people under that vast sky are destined to rank as kings of classic America.

HALF HOLIDAY

A STORY

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

IT WAS Saturday afternoon and fine. In the hazy spring sunlight London was beautiful like a city of the imagination. The lights were golden, the shadows blue and violet. Incorrigibly hopeful, the sooty trees in the Park were breaking into leaf; and the new green was unbelievably fresh and light and aerial, as though the tiny leaves had been cut out of the central emerald stripe of a rainbow. The miracle, to all who walked in the Park that afternoon, was manifest. What had been dead now lived; soot was budding into rainbow green. Yes, it was manifest. And, moreover, those who perceived this thaumaturgical change from death to life were themselves changed. There was something contagious about the vernal miracle. Loving more, the loitering couples under the trees were happier—or much more acutely miserable. Stout men took off their hats and while the sun kissed their bald heads made good resolutions—about whiskey, about the pretty typist at the office, about early rising. Accosted by spring-intoxicated boys, young girls consented, in the teeth of all their upbringing and their alarm, to go for walks. Middle-aged gentlemen, strolling homewards through the Park, suddenly felt their crusted, business-grimy hearts burgeoning, like these trees, with kindness and generosity. They thought of their wives, thought of them with a sudden gush of affection, in spite of twenty years of marriage. "Must stop on the way back," they said to themselves, "and buy the missus a little present." What should it be? A box of candied fruits? She liked candied fruits. Or a pot of azaleas? Or . . . And then they remembered that it was Saturday afternoon. The shops would be all shut. And probably, they thought, sighing, the missus's heart would also be shut; for the missus had not walked under the budding trees. Such is life, they reflected, looking sadly at the boats on the glittering Serpentine, at the playing children, at the lovers sitting, hand in hand, on the green grass. Such is life: when the heart is open the shops are generally shut. But they resolved, nevertheless, to try in future to control their tempers.

On Peter Brett, as on everyone else who came within their range of influence, this bright spring sunlight and the new-budded trees profoundly worked. They made him feel all at once more lonely, more heart-broken than he had ever felt before. By contrast with the brightness around him, his soul seemed darker. The trees had broken into leaf, but he remained dead. The lovers walked in couples; he walked alone. In spite of the spring, in spite of the sunshine, in spite of the fact that to-day was Saturday and that to-morrow would be Sunday—or rather because of all these things which should have made him happy and which did make other people happy—he loitered through the miracle of Hyde Park feeling deeply miserable.

As usual, he turned for comfort to his imagination. For example, a lovely young creature would slip on a loose

stone just in front of him and twist her ankle. Grown larger than life and handsomer, Peter would rush forward to administer first aid. He would take her in a taxi (for which he had money to pay) to her home—in Grosvenor Square. She turned out to be a peer's daughter. They loved each other. . . .

Or else he rescued a child that had fallen into the Round Pond, and so earned the eternal gratitude, and more than the gratitude, of its rich young widowed mother. Yes, widowed—Peter always definitely specified her widowhood. His intentions were strictly honorable. He was still very young and had been well brought up.

Or else there was no preliminary accident. He just saw a young girl sitting on a bench by herself, looking very lonely and sad. Boldly yet courteously he approached, he took off his hat, he smiled. "I can see that you're lonely," he said; and he spoke elegantly and with ease, without a trace of his Lancashire accent, without so much as a hint of that dreadful stammer which, in real life, made speech such a torment to him. "I can see that you're lonely. So am I. May I sit down beside you?" She smiled and he sat down. And then he told her that he was an orphan and that all he had was a married sister who lived in Rochdale. And she said, "I'm an orphan too." And that was a great bond between them. And they told each other how miserable they were. And she began to cry. And then he said, "Don't cry. You've got me." And at that she cheered up a little. And then they went to the pictures together. And finally, he supposed, they got married. But that part of the story was a little dim.

But of course, as a matter of fact, no accidents ever did happen and he never had the courage to tell anyone how lonely he was; and his stammer was something awful; and he was small, he wore spectacles and nearly always had pimples on his face; and his dark-gray suit was growing very shabby and rather short in the sleeves; and his boots, though carefully blacked, looked just as cheap as they really were.

It was the boots which killed his imaginings this afternoon. Walking with downcast eyes, pensively, he was trying to decide what he should say to the peer's lovely young daughter in the taxi on the way to Grosvenor Square, when he suddenly became aware of his alternately striding boots, blackly obtruding themselves through the transparent phantoms of his inner life. How ugly they were! And how sadly unlike those elegant and sumptuously shining boots which encase the feet of the rich! They had been ugly enough when they were new; age had rendered them positively repulsive. No boot trees had corrected the effects of walking and the uppers, just above the toe-caps, were deeply and hideously wrinkled. Through the polish he could see a network of innumerable little cracks in the parched and shoddy leather. On the outer side of the left boot the toe-cap had come unstitched and had been coarsely sewn up again; the scar was only too visible. Worn by much lacing and unlacing, the eyeholes had lost their black enamel and revealed themselves obtrusively in their brassy nakedness.

Oh, they were horrible, his boots; they were disgusting! But they'd have to last him a long time yet. Peter began to re-make the calculations he had so often and often made before. If he spent three halfpence less every day on his lunch; if, during the fine weather, he were to walk to the office every morning instead of taking the bus . . . But however carefully and however often he made his calculations, twenty-seven and sixpence a week always remained twenty-seven and six. Boots were dear, and when he had saved up enough to buy a new pair, there was still the question of his suit. And, to make matters worse, it was spring; the leaves were coming out, the sun shone, and among the amorous couples he walked alone. Reality was too much for him

to-day; he could not escape. The boots pursued him whenever he tried to flee and dragged him back to the contemplation of his misery.

The two young women turned out of the crowded walk along the edge of the Serpentine and struck uphill by a smaller path in the direction of Watts' statue. Peter followed them. An exquisite perfume lingered in the air behind them. He breathed it greedily and his heart began to beat with unaccustomed violence. They seemed to him marvellous and hardly human beings. They were all that was lovely and unattainable. He had met them walking down there by the Serpentine, had been overwhelmed by that glimpse of a luxurious and arrogant beauty, had turned immediately and followed them. Why? He hardly knew himself. Merely in order that he might be near them and perhaps with the fantastic, irrepressible hope that something might happen, some miracle which should project him into their lives.

Greedily he sniffed their delicate perfume; with a kind of desperation, as though his life depended on it, he looked at them, he studied them. Both were tall. One of them wore a gray cloth coat, trimmed with dark gray fur. The other's coat was all of fur; a dozen or two of brown beavers had been killed in order that she might be warm among the chilly shadows of this spring afternoon. One of them wore gray and the other, buff-colored stockings. One walked on gray kid, the other on serpent's leather. Their hats were small and close fitting. A small black French bulldog accompanied them, running now at their heels, now in front of them. The dog's collar was trimmed with brindled badger's fur that stuck out like a ruff round its black head.

Peter walked so close behind them that when they were out of the crowd he could hear snatches of their talk. One had a cooing voice; the other spoke rather huskily.

"Such a divine man," the husky voice was saying, "such a really divine man!"

"So Elizabeth told me," said the cooing one.

"Such a perfect party, too," Husky went on. "He kept us laughing the whole evening. Everybody got rather buffy too. When it was time to go I said I'd walk and trust to luck to find a taxi on the way. Whereupon he invited me to come and look for a taxi in his heart. He said there were so many there and all of them disengaged."

They both laughed. The chatter of a party of children, who had come up from behind and were passing at this moment, prevented Peter from hearing what was said next. Inwardly he cursed the children. Beastly little devils—they were making him lose his revelation. And what a revelation! Of how strange, unfamiliar and gaudy a life! Peter's dreams had always been idyllic and pastoral. Even with the peer's daughter he meant to live in the country, quietly and domestically. The world in which there are perfect parties where everybody gets rather buffy and divine men invite young goddesses to look for taxis in their hearts was utterly unknown to him. He had had a glimpse of it now; it fascinated him by its exotic and tropical strangeness. His whole ambition was now to enter this gorgeous world, to involve himself, somehow and at all costs, in the lives of these young goddesses. Suppose, now, they were both simultaneously to trip over that projecting root and twist their ankles. Suppose . . . But they both stepped over it in safety. And then, all at once, he saw a hope—in the bulldog.

The dog had left the path to sniff at the base of an elm tree growing a few yards away on the right. It had sniffed, it had growled, it had left a challenging souvenir of its visit and was now indignantly kicking up earth and twigs with his hinder paws against the tree, when a yellow Irish terrier trotted up and began in its turn to sniff, first at the tree, then at the bulldog. The bulldog stopped his

scrabbling in the dirt and sniffed at the terrier. Cautiously, the two beasts walked around each other, sniffing and growling as they went. Peter watched them for a moment with a vague and languid curiosity. His mind was elsewhere; he hardly saw the two dogs. Then, in an illuminating flash, it occurred to him that they might begin to fight. If they fought he was a made man. He would rush in and separate them, heroically. He might even be bitten. But that didn't matter. Indeed, it would be all the better. A bite would be another claim on the goddesses' gratitude. Ardently he hoped that the dogs would fight. The awful thing would be if the goddesses or the owners of the yellow terrier were to notice and interfere before the fight could begin. "Oh God," he fervently prayed, "don't let them call the dogs away from each other now. But let the dogs fight. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Peter had been piously brought up.

The children had passed. The voices of the goddesses once more became audible.

"Such a fearful bore," the cooing one was saying. "I can never move a step without finding him there. And nothing penetrates his hide. I've told him that I hate Jews, that I think he's ugly and stupid and tactless and impertinent and boring. But it doesn't seem to make the slightest difference."

"You should make him useful, at any rate," said Husky.

"Oh, I do," affirmed Coo.

"Well, that's something."

"Something," Coo admitted. "But not much."

There was a pause. "Oh, God," prayed Peter, "don't let them see."

"If only," began Coo meditatively, "if only men would understand that . . ." A fearful noise of growling and barking violently interrupted her. The two young women turned in the direction from which the sound came.

"Pongo!" they shouted in chorus, anxiously and commandingly. And again, more urgently, "Pongo!"

But their cries were unavailing. Pongo and the yellow terrier were already fighting too furiously to pay any attention.

"Pongo! Pongo!"

And, "Benny!" the little girl and her stout nurse to whom the yellow terrier belonged as unavailingly shouted, "Benny, come here!"

The moment had come, the passionately anticipated, the richly pregnant moment. Exultantly, Peter threw himself on the dogs. "Get away, you brute," he shouted, kicking the Irish terrier. For the terrier was the enemy, the French bulldog—*their* French bulldog—the friend whom he had come, like one of the Olympian gods in the Iliad, to assist. "Get away." In his excitement he forgot that he had a stammer. The letter "G" was always a difficult one for him; but he managed on this occasion to shout "Get away" without a trace of hesitation. He grabbed at the dogs by their stumpy tails, by the scruffs of their necks, and tried to drag them apart. From time to time he kicked the yellow terrier. But it was the bulldog which bit him. Stupider even than Ajax, the bulldog had failed to understand that the immortal was fighting on his side. But Peter felt no resentment and, in the heat of the moment, hardly any pain. The blood came oozing out of a row of jagged holes in his left hand.

"Ooh!" cried Coo, as though it were her hand that had been bitten.

"Be careful," anxiously admonished Husky. "Be careful."

The sound of their voices nerved him to further efforts. He kicked and he tugged still harder; and at last, for a fraction of a second, he managed to part the angry beasts. For a fraction of a second neither dog had any portion of the other's anatomy in his mouth. Peter seized the opportunity and, catching the French bulldog by the loose skin at the back of his neck, he lifted him, still furiously snapping, growling, and struggling, into the air. The yellow terrier stood in front of him, barking and every now

and then leaping up in a frantic effort to snap the dangling black paws of his enemy. But Peter, with the gesture of Perseus, raising on high the severed head of the Gorgon, lifted the writhing Pongo out of danger to the highest stretch of his arm. The yellow dog he kept off with his foot; and the nurse and the little girl, who had by this time somewhat recovered their presence of mind, approached the furious animal from behind and succeeded at last in hooking the leash to his collar. His four rigidly planted paws skidding over the grass, the yellow terrier was dragged away by main force, still barking, though feebly —for he was being half strangled by his efforts to escape. Suspended six feet above the ground by the leathery black scruff of his neck, Pongo vainly writhed.

Peter turned and approached the goddesses. Husky had narrow eyes and a sad mouth; it was a thin, tragic-looking face. Coo was rounder, pinker and whiter, bluer eyed. Peter looked from one to the other and could not decide which was the more beautiful.

He lowered the writhing Pongo. "Here's your dog," was what he wanted to say. But the loveliness of these radiant creatures suddenly brought back all his self-consciousness and with his self-consciousness his stammer. "Here's your . . ." he began; but could not bring out the dog. "D," for Peter, was always a difficult letter.

For all common words beginning with a difficult letter Peter had a number of easier synonyms in readiness. Thus, he always called cats "pussies," not out of any affectation of childishness, but because "P" was more pronounceable than the impossible "C." Coal he had to render in the vaguer form of "fuel." Dirt, with him, was always "muck." In the discovery of synonyms he had become almost as ingenious as those Anglo-Saxon poets who, using alliteration instead of rhyme, were compelled, in their efforts to make (shall we say) the sea begin with the same letter as its waves or its billows, to call it the "whale-road" or the "bath of the swans." But Peter, who could not permit himself the full poetic license of his Saxon ancestors, was reduced sometimes to spelling the most difficult words to which there happened to be no convenient and prosaic equivalent. Thus, he was never quite sure whether he should call a cup a mug or a c—u—p. And since "ovum" seemed to be the only synonym for egg, he was always reduced to talking of e—g—g's.

At the present moment, it was the miserable little word "dog" that was holding him up. Peter had several synonyms for dog. "P" being a slightly easier letter than "D," he could, when not too nervous, say "pup." Or if the "P""s weren't coming easily, he could call the animal, rather facetiously and mock-heroically, a "hound." But the presence of the two goddesses was so unnerving, that Peter found it as hopelessly impossible to pronounce a "P" or an "H" as a "D." He hesitated painfully, trying to bring out in turn, first dog, then pup, then hound. His face became very red. He was in an agony.

"Here's your whelp," he managed to say at last. The word, he was conscious, was a little too Shakespearian for ordinary conversation. But it was the only one which came.

"Thank you most awfully," said Coo.

"You were splendid, really splendid," said Husky. "But I'm afraid you're hurt."

"Oh, it's n-nothing," Peter declared, and twisting his handkerchief round the bitten hand, he thrust it into his pocket.

Coo meanwhile had fastened the end of her leash to Pongo's collar. "You can put him down now," she said.

Peter did as he was told. The little black dog immediately bounded forward in the direction of his reluctantly retreating enemy. He came to the end of his tether with a jerk that brought him up on to his hind legs and kept him, barking, in the position of a rampant lion on a coat of arms.

"But are you sure it's nothing?" Husky insisted. "Let me look at it."

Obediently, Peter pulled off the handkerchief and held out his hand. It seemed to him that all was happening as he had hoped. Then he noticed with horror that the nails were dirty. If only, if only he had thought of washing before he went out! What would they think of him? Blushing, he tried to withdraw his hand. But Husky held it.

"Wait," she said, and then added, "It's a nasty bite."

"Horrid," affirmed Coo, who had also bent over it. "I'm so awfully sorry that my stupid dog should have . . ."

"You ought to go straight to a chemist," said Husky, interrupting her, "and get him to disinfect it and tie it up."

She lifted her eyes from his hand and looked into his face.

"A chemist," echoed Coo, and also looked up.

Peter looked from one to the other, dazzled equally by the wide-open blue eyes and the narrowed, secret eyes of green. He smiled at them vaguely and vaguely shook his head. Unobtrusively he wrapped up his hand in his handkerchief and thrust it away, out of sight.

"It's n-nothing," he said.

"But you must," insisted Husky.

"You must," cried Coo.

"N-nothing," he repeated. He didn't want to go to a chemist. He wanted to stay with the goddesses.

Coo turned to Husky. "*Qu'est-ce qu'on donne à ce petit bonhomme?*" she asked, speaking very quickly and in a low voice.

Husky shrugged her shoulders and made a little grimace suggestive of uncertainty. "*Il serait offensé, peut-être,*" she suggested.

"*Tu crois?*"

Husky stole a rapid glance at the subject of their discussion, taking him in critically from his cheap felt hat to his cheap boots, from his pale spotty face to his rather dirty hands, from his steel-framed spectacles to his leather watch-guard. Peter saw that she was looking at him and smiled at her with shy, vague rapture. How beautiful she was! He wondered what they had been whispering about together. Perhaps they were debating whether they should ask him to tea. And no sooner had the idea occurred to him than he was sure of it. Miraculously, things were happening just as they happened in his dreams. He wondered if he would have the face to tell them—this first time—that they could look for taxis in his heart.

Husky turned back to her companion. Once more she shrugged her shoulders. "*Vraiment, je ne sais pas,*" she whispered.

"*Si on lui donnait une livre?*" suggested Coo.

Husky nodded, "*Comme tu voudras.*" And while the other turned away to fumble unobtrusively in her purse, she addressed herself to Peter.

"You were awfully brave," she said smiling.

Peter could only shake his head, blush and lower his eyes from before that steady, self-assured, cool gaze. He longed to look at her; but when it came to the point, he simply could not keep his eyes steadily fixed on those unwavering eyes of hers.

"Perhaps you're used to dogs," she went on. "Have you got one of your own?

"N-no," Peter managed to say.

"Ah, well, that makes it all the braver," said Husky. Then, noticing that Coo had found the money she had been looking for, she took the boy's hand and shook it, heartily. "Well, good-by," she said, smiling more exquisitely than ever. "We're so awfully grateful to you. Most awfully," she repeated. And as she did so she wondered why she used that word "awfully" so often. Ordinarily she hardly ever used it. It had seemed suitable somehow when she was talking with this creature. She was always very hearty and emphatic and schoolboyishly slangy when she was with the lower classes.

"G-g-g . . ." began Peter. Could they be going, he wondered in an agony, suddenly waking out of his comfortable and rosy dream. Really going, without asking him to tea or giving him their addresses? He wanted to implore them to stop a little longer, to let him see them again. But he knew that he wouldn't be able to utter the necessary words. In the face of Husky's good-by he felt like a man who sees some fearful catastrophe impending and can do nothing to arrest it. "G-g . . ." he feebly stuttered. But he found himself shaking hands with the other one before he had got to the end of that fatal good-by.

"You were really splendid," said Coo, as she shook his hand. "Really splendid. And you simply must go to a chemist and have the bite disinfected at once. Good-by, and thank you very, very much. As she spoke these last words she slipped a neatly folded one-pound note into his palm and with her two hands shut his fingers over it. "Thank you *so* much," she repeated.

Violently blushing, Peter shook his head "N-n . . ." he began, and tried to make her take the note back.

But she only smiled more sweetly. "Yes, yes," she insisted. "Please." And without waiting to hear any more, she turned and ran lightly after Husky, who had walked on, up the path, leading the reluctant Pongo, who still barked and strained heraldically at his leash.

"Well, that's all right," she said, as she came up with her companion.

"He accepted it?" asked Husky.

"Yes, yes." She nodded. Then changing her tone, "Let me see," she went on, "what were we saying when this wretched dog interrupted us?"

"N-no," Peter managed to say at last. But she had already turned and was hurrying away. He took a couple of strides in pursuit then checked himself. It was no good. It would only lead to further humiliation if he tried to explain. Why, they might even think while he was standing there, straining to bring out his words, that he had run after them to ask for more. They might slip another pound into his hand and hurry away still faster. He watched them till they were out of sight over the brow of the hill, then turned back towards the Serpentine.

In his imagination he re-acted the scene, not as it had really happened, but as it ought to have happened. When Coo slipped the note into his hand he smiled and courteously turned it, saying, "I'm afraid you've made a mistake. A quite justifiable mistake, I admit. For I look poor, and indeed I am poor. But I am a gentleman, you know. My father was a doctor in Rochdale. My mother was a doctor's daughter. I went to a good school till my people died. They died when I was sixteen, within a few months of each other. So I had to go to work, before I'd finished my schooling. But you see that I can't take your money." And then, becoming more gallant, personal, and confidential, he went on, "I separated those beastly dogs because I wanted to do something for you and your friend, because I thought you so beautiful and wonderful. So that even if I weren't a gentleman, I wouldn't take your money." Coo was deeply touched by this little speech. She took him by the hand and told him how sorry she was. And he put her at her ease by assuring her that her mistake had been perfectly comprehensible. And then she asked if he'd care to come along with them and take a cup of tea. And from this point onwards Peter's imaginings became vaguer and rosier, till he was dreaming the old familiar dream of the peer's daughter, the grateful widow, and the lonely orphan; only there happened to be two goddesses this time and their faces, instead of being dim creations of fancy, were real and definite.

But he knew, even in the midst of his dreaming, that things hadn't happened like this. He knew that she had gone before he could say anything; and that even if he had run after them and tried to make his speech of explanation, he

could never have done it. For example, he would have had to say that his father was a "medico," not a doctor, "M" being an easier letter than "D." And when it came to telling them that his people had died, he would have had to say that they had "perished"—which would sound facetious, as though he were trying to make a joke of it. No, no, the truth must be faced. He had taken the money and they had gone away thinking that he was just some sort of a street loafer, who had risked a bite for the sake of a good tip. They hadn't even dreamed of treating him as an equal. As for asking him to tea and making him their friend . . .

But his fancy was still busy. It struck him that it had been quite unnecessary to make any explanation. He might simply have forced the note back into her hand, without saying a word. Why hadn't he done it? He had to excuse himself for his remissness. She had slipped away too quickly; that was the reason.

Or what if he had walked on ahead of them and ostentatiously given the money to the first street boy he happened to meet? A good idea, that. Unfortunately it had not occurred to him at the time.

All that afternoon Peter walked and walked, thinking of what had happened, imagining creditable and satisfying alternatives. But all the time he knew that these alternatives were only fanciful. Sometimes the recollection of his humiliation was so vivid that it made him physically wince and shudder.

The light began to fail. In the gray and violet twilight the lovers pressed closer together as they walked, more frankly clasped each other beneath the trees. Strings of yellow lamps blossomed in the increasing darkness. High up in the pale sky overhead, a quarter of the moon made itself visible. He felt unhappier and lonelier than ever.

His bitten hand was by this time extremely painful. He left the Park and walked along Oxford Street till he found a chemist. When his hand had been disinfected and bandaged he went into a tea shop and ordered a poached e—g—g, a roll, and a mug of mocha, which he had to translate for the benefit of the uncomprehending waitress as a c—u—p of c—o—f—f—e—e.

"You seem to think I'm a loafer or a tout." That's what he ought to have said to her, indignantly and proudly. "You've insulted me. If you were a man I'd knock you down. Take your dirty money." But then, he reflected, he could hardly have expected them to become his friends, after that. On second thoughts he decided that indignation would have been no good.

"Hurt your hand?" asked the waitress sympathetically, as she set down his egg and his mug of mocha.

Peter nodded. "B-bitten by a d—d . . . by a h—h—hound." The word burst out at last, explosively.

Remembered shame made him blush as he spoke. Yes, they had taken him for a tout: they had treated him as though he didn't really exist, as though he were just an instrument whose services you hired and to which, when the bill had been paid, you gave no further thought. The remembrance of humiliation was so vivid, the realization of it so profound and complete, that it affected not only his mind but his body too. His heart beat with unusual rapidity and violence; he felt sick. It was with the greatest difficulty that he managed to eat his egg and drink his mug of mocha.

Still remembering the painful reality, still feverishly constructing his fanciful alternatives to it, Peter left the tea shop and, though he was very tired, resumed his aimless walking. He walked along Oxford Street as far as the Circus, turned down Regent Street, halted in Piccadilly to look at the epileptically twitching sky signs, walked up Shaftesbury Avenue and, turning southwards, made his way through by-streets towards the Strand.

In a street near Covent Garden a woman brushed against him. "Cheer up, dearie," she said. "Don't look so glum."

Peter looked at her in astonishment. Was it possible that she should have been speaking to him? A woman—was it possible? He knew, of course, that she was what people called a bad woman. But the fact that she should have spoken to him seemed none the less extraordinary; And he did not connect it, somehow, with her "badness."

"Come along with me," she wheedled.

Peter nodded. He could not believe it was true. She took his arm.

"You got money?" she asked anxiously.

He nodded again.

"You look as though you'd been to a funeral," said the woman.

"I'm l—lonely," he explained. He felt ready to weep. He even longed to weep—to weep and to be comforted. His voice trembled as he spoke.

"Lonely? That's funny. A nice looking boy like you's got no call to be lonely." She laughed significantly and without mirth.

Her room was dimly and pinkly lighted. A smell of cheap scent haunted the air.

"Wait a tick," she said, and disappeared through a door into an inner room.

He sat there, waiting. A minute later she returned. She sat on his knees, threw her arms round his neck. Her eyes were hard and cold. Seen at close range, she was indescribably horrible.

Peter saw her, it seemed to him, for the first time—saw and completely realized her. He averted his face. Remembering the peer's daughter who had sprained her ankle, the lonely orphan, the widow whose child had tumbled into the Round Pond; remembering Coo and Husky, he untwined her arms, he pushed her away from him, he sprang to his feet.

"S-sorry," he said. "I must g—g. . . . I'd forg—gotten something. I . . ." He picked up his hat and moved towards the door.

The woman ran after him and caught him by the arm. "You young devil, you," she screamed. Her abuse was horrible and filthy. "Asking a girl and then trying to sneak away without paying. Oh, no you don't, no, you don't. You . . .

And the abuse began again.

Peter dipped his hand into his pocket and pulled out Coo's neatly folded note. "L—let me g—go," he said as he gave it to her.

While she was suspiciously unfolding it, he hurried away, slamming the door behind him, and ran down the dark stairs into the street.

THE ARISTOCRATIC WEST

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

WE ARE all, in the East, familiar with the friend and fellow-citizen who has remained steadily east of Pittsburgh, and who refers to everything beyond the Alleghanies as "the West." I recall a friend of my husband's who urged him to attend some meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, on the score that "it was time they knew what the Far West was like." He would not make that mistake now, for he has experienced the West. I know a great many Americans, however, familiar from childhood with Europe, who still murmur: "Oh yes, I suppose one ought to see the West—some of the scenery must be very fine. But after all, you can get scenery in Europe—and then there is so much else. In the West there is no historic, no human interest. And it is such a long way to go. . . . And the *people!*" They spend a week or ten days crossing the Atlantic, with no protestations; but they grudge four days to get to the Pacific coast. They enjoy converse with the European peasant, but they are a little shy of enforced conversation with the Western American.

There is no arguing with such folk: the only cure is for them to cross the continent. Sooner or later for some reason they do; and their accent is changed for all time. The West is, on its side, quite as capable of provincialism as the East, though on the whole Westerners know us better than we know them. Last summer we conversed in Arizona with a weather-wise brakeman who had much to say concerning the chances of rain and the difference of seasons in the desert. "I see they've had a terrible lot of rain in the East—floods, bad ones," he remarked pityingly. Having left drought at home, we were interested—until we discovered that by "East" *he* meant Colorado. The friend who on the eve of sailing for Spain asked us in vaguely satirical fashion, "Where *is* Montana?" was no more sectionally-minded than the brakeman.

These, if you like, are extreme cases of geographical snobbishness. Yet I believe that most Easterners who have not experienced the West are victims of a certain rather prejudiced and muddled state of mind. They have a vague notion that "the West" means cowboys and wild political vagaries, and they tend to confuse the habit of the six-gun with the "Iowa idea." In other words, they do not give themselves the intellectual satisfaction of distinguishing among the various waves of Western invasion, the different groups who have made the West; and some of the most illuminating and fascinating chapters of the American experiment are closed to them. There are no more cowboys; guns are flourished in New York more frequently than on the "lone prairie"; and no one in any case could be more fundamentally antagonistic to the "Iowa idea" or the Utopian fallacies of Mr. William Allen White of Kansas than the cowboy or the men who have inherited from him. In spite of the migratory habit of our population, the weaving back and forth across the continent of the native American stock, certain crystallizations have taken place. The states have been settled somehow, and have slowly developed distinguishing

traits and points of view. More surely they have allied themselves with their neighbors; and the moral and social unit is the group, the section, not the single commonwealth. Boundaries melt into one another, to be sure; yet there is as obvious, as sensible a difference between Middle West and Far West as between New England and the "solid South."

To disentangle the real West—which is, nowadays, the Far West—from the Middle West and the East, and show its human and social differences as they appear to the Eastern pilgrim is the object of these paragraphs. Nor can it be done without one or two historical allusions. There has been more than one human and moral influence at work in the plains and mountain states; and the social tone of the Far West derives in some measure from them all. Impressionistic the traveler must frankly be. But certain serious impressions, gained long ago and deepened and reinforced each time the writer has sojourned in our Far West, would seem to have at least external validity; the more so that they are confirmed by other people of longer and more varied experience. The history books seem merely to dot the "i's" and add corroborative footnotes. Important? Well, that is as each citizen sees it. What one can vouch for is this: that between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean there sprang into being in the nineteenth century a more original, a more vital and romantic social code—or civilization if you prefer—than any our country has seen since colonial days. We are very near to losing it, as we are losing the conditions that nurtured it, and the homogeneous, picked breed of men who created it. But it was perhaps America's most original contribution to social history. As we all become more alike, it tends to fade and merge in the chaotic American democracy. Yet by just so much as it still shapes and colors the Far Western attitude to life is the Far Western attitude admirable, interesting, superior.

All travelers from inland know the moment when they have the authentic sense of the sea. It may yet be miles away; but there comes an instant when one is aware of its influence—on the soil, the atmosphere, and no less on the human spirit. There is a point on the Union Pacific Railroad where you pass with equal definiteness from the Middle to the Far West. A boundary, a sort of Mizpah stone of warning, might be set up at North Platte, Nebraska, without belying the fact. All North Platte actually does is to advertise itself engagingly as "Buffalo Bill's town." Perhaps, set in that vast plain, that is all it can do. Yet when you pass westward from North Platte you realize that something is happening: the air changes, the land seems to be gathering itself for its long and slow approach to the Great Divide; these are different winds upon your face, these are horizons that will presently become Wyoming and the high plains; not yet do you see mountains, but for the first time since you left home you feel them imminent. You have reached the real West, and there are confirmations all about you as subtle and strong as a perfume in your nostrils. Western Nebraska belongs as definitely to the Far West as eastern Nebraska to the Middle West. You cannot demonstrate it any more than you can demonstrate the inward and spiritual grace of a sacrament: you merely know.

Before saying why, we had best say what. The conception of what the Westernness of the West consists in forms very slowly in the Eastern mind, packed with prejudices and traditions of another sort. It takes a sharp shock of revelation, a smashingly obvious superiority, to shake one free so that one can note and judge impersonally. My own shock came long ago when I was forced to perceive, as clearly as you perceive a sunset or a waterfall, the infinitely better manners of the West. Frankly, I had never, either at home or in Europe, seen manners like that; and when I first returned from the Pacific to the Atlantic

THE ARISTOCRATIC WEST

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

WE ARE all, in the East, familiar with the friend and fellow-citizen who has remained steadily east of Pittsburgh, and who refers to everything beyond the Alleghanies as "the West." I recall a friend of my husband's who urged him to attend some meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, on the score that "it was time they knew what the Far West was like." He would not make that mistake now, for he has experienced the West. I know a great many Americans, however, familiar from childhood with Europe, who still murmur: "Oh yes, I suppose one ought to see the West—some of the scenery must be very fine. But after all, you can get scenery in Europe—and then there is so much else. In the West there is no historic, no human interest. And it is such a long way to go. . . . And the *people!*" They spend a week or ten days crossing the Atlantic, with no protestations; but they grudge four days to get to the Pacific coast. They enjoy converse with the European peasant, but they are a little shy of enforced conversation with the Western American.

There is no arguing with such folk: the only cure is for them to cross the continent. Sooner or later for some reason they do; and their accent is changed for all time. The West is, on its side, quite as capable of provincialism as the East, though on the whole Westerners know us better than we know them. Last summer we conversed in Arizona with a weather-wise brakeman who had much to say concerning the chances of rain and the difference of seasons in the desert. "I see they've had a terrible lot of rain in the East—floods, bad ones," he remarked pityingly. Having left drought at home, we were interested—until we discovered that by "East" *he* meant Colorado. The friend who on the eve of sailing for Spain asked us in vaguely satirical fashion, "Where *is* Montana?" was no more sectionally-minded than the brakeman.

These, if you like, are extreme cases of geographical snobbishness. Yet I believe that most Easterners who have not experienced the West are victims of a certain rather prejudiced and muddled state of mind. They have a vague notion that "the West" means cowboys and wild political vagaries, and they tend to confuse the habit of the six-gun with the "Iowa idea." In other words, they do not give themselves the intellectual satisfaction of distinguishing among the various waves of Western invasion, the different groups who have made the West; and some of the most illuminating and fascinating chapters of the American experiment are closed to them. There are no more cowboys; guns are flourished in New York more frequently than on the "lone prairie"; and no one in any case could be more fundamentally antagonistic to the "Iowa idea" or the Utopian fallacies of Mr. William Allen White of Kansas than the cowboy or the men who have inherited from him. In spite of the migratory habit of our population, the weaving back and forth across the continent of the native American stock, certain crystallizations have taken place. The states have been settled somehow, and have slowly developed distinguishing

traits and points of view. More surely they have allied themselves with their neighbors; and the moral and social unit is the group, the section, not the single commonwealth. Boundaries melt into one another, to be sure; yet there is as obvious, as sensible a difference between Middle West and Far West as between New England and the "solid South."

To disentangle the real West—which is, nowadays, the Far West—from the Middle West and the East, and show its human and social differences as they appear to the Eastern pilgrim is the object of these paragraphs. Nor can it be done without one or two historical allusions. There has been more than one human and moral influence at work in the plains and mountain states; and the social tone of the Far West derives in some measure from them all. Impressionistic the traveler must frankly be. But certain serious impressions, gained long ago and deepened and reinforced each time the writer has sojourned in our Far West, would seem to have at least external validity; the more so that they are confirmed by other people of longer and more varied experience. The history books seem merely to dot the "i's" and add corroborative footnotes. Important? Well, that is as each citizen sees it. What one can vouch for is this: that between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean there sprang into being in the nineteenth century a more original, a more vital and romantic social code—or civilization if you prefer—than any our country has seen since colonial days. We are very near to losing it, as we are losing the conditions that nurtured it, and the homogeneous, picked breed of men who created it. But it was perhaps America's most original contribution to social history. As we all become more alike, it tends to fade and merge in the chaotic American democracy. Yet by just so much as it still shapes and colors the Far Western attitude to life is the Far Western attitude admirable, interesting, superior.

All travelers from inland know the moment when they have the authentic sense of the sea. It may yet be miles away; but there comes an instant when one is aware of its influence—on the soil, the atmosphere, and no less on the human spirit. There is a point on the Union Pacific Railroad where you pass with equal definiteness from the Middle to the Far West. A boundary, a sort of Mizpah stone of warning, might be set up at North Platte, Nebraska, without belying the fact. All North Platte actually does is to advertise itself engagingly as "Buffalo Bill's town." Perhaps, set in that vast plain, that is all it can do. Yet when you pass westward from North Platte you realize that something is happening: the air changes, the land seems to be gathering itself for its long and slow approach to the Great Divide; these are different winds upon your face, these are horizons that will presently become Wyoming and the high plains; not yet do you see mountains, but for the first time since you left home you feel them imminent. You have reached the real West, and there are confirmations all about you as subtle and strong as a perfume in your nostrils. Western Nebraska belongs as definitely to the Far West as eastern Nebraska to the Middle West. You cannot demonstrate it any more than you can demonstrate the inward and spiritual grace of a sacrament: you merely know.

Before saying why, we had best say what. The conception of what the Westernness of the West consists in forms very slowly in the Eastern mind, packed with prejudices and traditions of another sort. It takes a sharp shock of revelation, a smashingly obvious superiority, to shake one free so that one can note and judge impersonally. My own shock came long ago when I was forced to perceive, as clearly as you perceive a sunset or a waterfall, the infinitely better manners of the West. Frankly, I had never, either at home or in Europe, seen manners like that; and when I first returned from the Pacific to the Atlantic

seaboard, everybody seemed very rowdy, and rude, and vulgar. The man in the street was either servile or insolent; whereas in the Far West, whether he was a bank official or a section hand, he was neither. Self-respect, dignity, and generous consideration of other people's comfort were traits one expected to find, anywhere, only in the rare and civilized; but in the West one found them in the common man. He would do anything he could for you, taking infinite trouble even though you were a stranger; but he would not intrude on your moral privacy (or wish you to intrude on his) by the lightest question or any hint of self-confession.

Christians have, presumably, a copyright on the Golden Rule; but wherever there has been a civilized and noble code the Golden Rule, under whatever name, has been observed. Doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you *is* courtesy. The test of manners may be—is—observance of the Golden Rule; beyond that, what a man wants you to do unto him is a test of his quality. The Westerner treated you, obviously, as he wished to be treated; in so far he was superior to other mortals. A further point was that what he gave and desired was treatment of a peculiarly civilized sort. He was as solicitious for your dignity as for your comfort. Not giving himself away, he had no vulgar desire that you should give yourself away. This was democracy, you reflected, but democracy in a finer, a more nearly ideal aspect, rejecting the terrible intimacies, the brash self-assertiveness, the canonization of mediocrity, that we have had only too much reason to link with the term. The tacit assumption of equality among citizens is the first social principle of democracy. When the assumption becomes vocal, the principle has degenerated. As soon as a man says "I am as good as you are"—whether he says it collectively or individually—he has already gone far to prove that he lies. When on the other hand the assumption—though silent—is of inequality, the democratic principle has been rejected. In the real West the assumption was both tacit and sincere.

Any complicated society soon develops or reveals immense inequalities—of fortune, of achievement, of natural gifts, of mental and moral equipment, of type. The old dream of equal opportunity, even, is hard to realize. A vote matters so much less than many other things a man can hold in his hand! The American answer to the crushing fact that men are not even born equal has tended—when it has been the wrong answer—to be not servility but insolence. Even in the industrial East, we are as yet kinder, I believe, than in European countries; but there can be no question that doubts and paradoxes have affected our manners—our conception of the natural bearing of man to man. There is no worse combination than an inferiority complex linked with the will to power; and to that combination large portions of our democracy have fallen prey. It is because the last authentic haunts of the original American ideals, the distinctively American social philosophy, are to be found in the Far West that the Far West is so illuminating and, humanly, so exhilarating a spectacle.

One psychological phenomenon is very striking to the Easterner as he moves about the land west of the Great Divide; the more striking that it was unexpected. I refer to the passionate prejudice of all Far Westerners against the Middle West. We of the East are often supposed to be snobbish about our nearness to the Atlantic Ocean and the cradle of our history. It is a tradition—is it not?—that we look down on everything west of the thirteen original colonies. But we are generous, catholic, humble even, beside our fellow-countryman from beyond the Rocky Mountains when it comes to passing judgment on the great Mississippi valley. Really charming people on the Coast almost spit or "make horns" when Iowa, Kansas, or Illinois is mentioned. If you are from the effete East, you are at all events an American

and a fellow-citizen; they can "get together" with you; but if you are from the Middle West you are, in their eyes, hardly a real American at all—until, that is, you have proved yourself as an individual.

So surprising a phenomenon as this was a thing to be probed, if possible. Jealousy it could hardly be, for there is nothing to make a Washingtonian, an Oregonian, a Californian, a Utahn jealous of a Kansan, an Iowan, an Ohioan. In no inevitable way do they interfere with one another. You cannot ask a foreigner why he is foreign; you cannot ask a Westerner why he has different prejudices from the Easterner. It had to come out, little by little, in quiet talk and allusions carefully analyzed. I offer the results of investigation for what they are worth—only.

One seems to make out that they hate the Middle Westerner because they feel that he has gone back on his American heritage; because he seems to them to have perverted liberty and lost most of the by-products of liberty. They dislike what they consider his coercive spirit, his evangelical determination to turn the whole nation into his private laboratory. They dislike his deliberate conception of an ocean as a barrier instead of a highway. They dislike his lack of respect for minorities; they dislike the very bases of his respects, his canons of moral taste. They feel the average Middle Westerner to be a small-town man with a small-town mind, and the small-town mind is abhorrent to the average Westerner. It must be said that their fire is not always a pure flame, for they are human—they dislike also his voice, his accent, his manners, and his clothes. "You cannot indict a whole nation"; nor can you indict a whole section of a vast country. To protests registered in the interest of justice they reply, faithfully enough: "You must remember that we see the worst of them here, not the best." Which is probably true. "Casual" labor is not the best of labor; nor is the "casual" citizen the best of citizens. The pioneer is one man, the drifter quite another. The fact remains that the typical democracy of the Middle West is profoundly unsympathetic to Far Westerners; and being newer, freer, happier than the East, they are not cowed by it or cynically resigned. They hate it, and they say they hate it; and they are still, we must remember, in the mood of men who feel themselves capable of moulding history rather than of enduring it.

Nothing is so simple as all that; but it seems to be, as far as one can analyze it, a rough sketch of their attitude—faithful in outline, at least, to fact. It is why Los Angeles has no friends west of Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota. It is why even San Francisco mitigates its scorn if you can prove that you come from east of Pittsburgh and Buffalo. Immensely unlucky, on the whole, I believe the prejudice to be; but neither in sight of Pike's Peak, or Rainier, or the Sangre de Cristo will you be allowed to forget it.

To puzzled folk who would argue that Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and all the Old Northwest were settled by pioneers from east of the Alleghanies, and that the American pioneer is the American pioneer, whether he moved westward in 1800 or in 1850—that the men who pushed their way to the Ohio and then to the Mississippi were not only the actual but the spiritual fathers of the men who pushed their way to the Snake and the Columbia, to San Francisco Bay and to the Rio Grande—they nod in semi-agreement. Two or three important facts must, however, be mentioned in the interests of accurate differentiation. With all due respect to Daniel Boone and his eighteenth-century coevals, most of the Middle Western pioneering was an easier and less problematical sort than the conquering of the remoter territory across the Mississippi. They took it in short stages; they passed from settlement to settlement; and they never broke with the East. The "edge of cultivation" moved steadily west-

ward; but there was no vast interval, there were no terrific leaps of two thousand miles across the wilderness into the unknown or the half-suspected. Hamlin Garland's *Son of the Middle Border* is one of the most interesting of documents for the spirit of the Middle Western pioneers. It describes the Western lure and the confronted hardships in no uncertain terms. Yet even this is a different epic from those of the Oregon and Santa Fé Trails. The significant fact is that Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and so on, built themselves, as soon as they were settled, into the life of the nation. They were next door to the maritime states, and they dragged only a lengthening chain—never a broken one. One reason, no doubt, why historians have spent themselves rather on the Middle than on the Far West is that the Middle West was settled at a time of profound political changes, and bore its notable part in affecting those changes. No one needs to be told that the Middle West and the Old Northwest have grown steadily, since their colonization, in political power and national importance. The people who settled the states between the Alleghanies and the Missouri River not only brought many convictions with them, but never separated themselves from the national destinies. "The wild men from Missouri" (in Josiah Quincy's terrified phrase) *were* admitted to the national councils. Civilization was continuous, if thin, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

The Far Western states, however, were quite another matter. When folk took the Oregon Trail, they deliberately put two thousand miles between themselves and the last outposts of typical American life. The Dakotas, western Kansas and Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho—these were a vast Indian territory over which the buffalo ranged, hunted by savages. They came out west of the Rockies on the other side of all that—very far on the other side. Between them and the nation functioning normally were the vast stretches that to this day are lonely and very sparsely inhabited. They were of necessity divorced from national politics. Even when they acquired statehood and senators, their proportional representation was small compared with the Middle West and the East. They have not, up to date, counted much in the political sum of things. Though Mr. Borah or Mr. Smoot or Mr. Johnson may be well known on Capitol Hill, the attitude to life of their constituents is not. The Far West is not yet sufficiently populated to make its feeling prevail. It will be a long time before any mountain state is dubbed "Mother of Presidents," and in every presidential campaign we are made to realize afresh, from counting of noses and dickering of delegations, that the Far West is still politically unimportant. These states are not "pivotal," nor does their "doubtfulness" matter.

Politically, the pioneers of these new lands may have been insignificant. Their very insignificance, their withdrawal from the controversies of the capital, left them freer. Far away from the seat of law, they made their own laws, and enforced them. You could not ask Congress—even had it been willing—to legislate effectively for the cattle-range and the mining-camp; and between the Missouri and the Sierras there was practically nothing but cattle and minerals. The mining camp is a special human phenomenon and one of its most glaring characteristics is impermanence. When the precious metals are exhausted, the mushroom population moves. You do not find citizens in mining camps, though once out of the camp the miner may make an excellent citizen. I am not speaking of places like Bingham, Utah, or Butte, Montana, where copper mining has become an industry as well defined as the mining of coal or the forging of steel. I refer rather to the many spots on earth's surface—in Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, California—where men dug and "washed" feverishly for a time, on their own, for gold; made or never made, or lost, or kept, their individual "piles"

and moved on. Gold or silver mining never created a civilization *on the spot*. The precious metals are too ephemeral and quickly exhausted. Even the Comstock Lode petered out, and Goldfield is in ruins. Nothing in the way of human and social life has been built up in the Klondike.

When the agriculturalists came, they made a life, because they settled, cultivated, built, established themselves. Many ideals conflicted in the hearts of the first pioneers. The promise of gold made many of them cast away their plows. But the pioneers of the Oregon Trail were preponderatingly men who wished to settle down, and cultivate the land, and make a civilization such as they understood. They carried to their new habitations the ideals of the East and the Middle West whence they had come—but they escaped many intervening chapters of history, and those ideals were and remained to some extent simple, unconfused, and so far archaic. They were the pick of the plain men of their time; adventure was in their blood, and stark courage, or they would not have journeyed two thousand miles in the wilderness. The pioneer—the real pioneer—may be ignorant; but he is not consumed with petty prejudices and preoccupations. If he were, he would have stayed at home.

The honest-to-goodness farmers, however, in the 'forties and 'fifties pushed through to what are now the Coast States. Between eastern Nebraska and the Sierras you find very little farming even now. The Dakotas and eastern Montana are a granary, and the Mormons have cultivated a lot of Utah; but western Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, western Kansas and Nebraska, New Mexico, western Texas were not given over to cultivation of the soil—are not strikingly so given to-day. Roughly speaking, they were the cattle country; and the code of the cattle country counts more than any other one thing—even more than the mining camp—in the distinctive tradition of the West. That Open Range which ceased long since to be "open," which has very nearly ceased to be a cattle range at all, stretched from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border; and nearly all the white men who inhabited it were cattlemen. In the 'sixties they drove the cattle from old Mexico to northern Montana—read Andy Adams's *Log of a Cowboy* if you want to know how. Later the vast cattle ranches, privately owned, grew up with their own herds and their own men to oversee the herds—and eventually deliver them at the railway. The cowboy was king over a good third of our country for many years.

"Then came the terrible farmers,
Nothing of play they knew."

The passing of the great ranges, of the cowboy, of that whole period of social history is one of the sad features of our quick—our almost miraculously swift—expansion. All one can say is that the cattlemen ruled the West long enough to make a serious contribution to civilization and, as far as one can tell, that contribution was, in the words of the White Knight, absolutely their own invention. We speak frequently of living in a free country—meaning, presumably, a democracy. But the West really was, for a good many decades, a free country. It had only the loosest relation to the national government, and no relation at all to Eastern conditions. When the white men came, the cattle and the horses were wild, the land was nobody's property (for the Indian claims were successively voided before the white onrush), the stock was yours for the catching and the branding, and the range was open. Even with private possession of lands and herds there were room enough, debatable ground enough, and mavericks enough to perpetuate in substance the old conditions—until the sedentary farmer began to fence in the water holes. The towns were few and widely separated, and dependent, except near the mines, on the whole business of raising and shipping the cattle. It was cattle

country—cattle country from old Mexico to Montana, from the Missouri to the Rockies. And of all influences brought to bear on the West, the code of the cattle country and its shifting frontier was morally most striking, most potent, most "different."

It is not my business—any more than it is in my power—to write the social history of the cattle country. Mr. Philip Rollins has dealt with that in his admirable book *The Cowboy;* and his many readers hope that he will unpack much more from his abounding store of knowledge. The mere Easterner who loves the West can only note in passing some of the traits that still linger in Western life and manners from the days when the cowboy—and he alone—was the citizen. The Far West was not made by "plaster saints"—if it had been, it would not have developed such fine manners—but it could not have been made at all without certain great and fundamental virtues, liberally inherited and carefully cherished. Roughly speaking, one makes out from both written records and such human exponents as one has been privileged to encounter at first or second hand, that those virtues were courage, honesty, kindness, and chivalry. By courage one means courage such as the average modern man, in his protected life, never even feels the need of. By honesty one means an honesty so rigid that a thief is not supposed to be fit to live or a lie to pass the lips, save for loyalty's sake. By kindness one means a kindness that sacrifices its own life to the needs of a stranger. By chivalry one means an attitude to women that—so far as one knows history—has never been met with elsewhere.

They built up for themselves, apparently, a very rigid if unwritten law. It was merely a codification of the group decisions of brave men who looked daily on the bright face of danger. It dealt with essentials because they dealt with essentials—hunger, thirst, solitude, and parti-colored peril. They decided for themselves where honor lay. To their eternal credit be it said, what they created was not simply a courageous but a complicated law of life. They were very fine gentlemen even if far, far removed from the Schools and the Court. On the romantic side they had, of course, a wonderful background to stand against. They were physically adequate to the demands of a life that gave them no adventitious aids. "As to the frontiersmen . . . I knew them well," says Eugene Manlove Rhodes tersely. "They were five feet eleven, they weighed a hundred and sixty-four pounds, and they were made of watch-springs, whalebone and dynamite." They could ride and shoot superlatively, and hardship winnowed out their souls. They could hold their tongues into the very jaws of death. They were neither avaricious nor lustful. And they cared not a tinker's dam for their good report *except* with those whom they privately knew to be their peers. That Hermes Trismegistus would have let down the bars of his "conditional immortality" for them, there can be no manner of doubt.

The Western "bad man" is as famous as the cowboy; and no one doubts that he existed. The code was presumably evolved, in large measure, precisely to deal with him. Naturally, too, various minor virtues went by the board. They gambled, they drank, they blasphemed. They lacked the well-known refining influence of woman—which is, probably, one reason why they offered woman the benefit of every doubt, and could have given Sir Walter Raleigh points on manners to the weaker sex. It is, I believe, a platitude that punctilio is always highly developed where every man goes armed. It may also be a platitude that women, like everything else, are most valued where they are rare sights. It ought to be a platitude that the frontier and the wilderness suggest a different code from the crowded haunts of men. Our point is that certain conditions prevailed in the West, and bore certain moral and social results: that some of those conditions

still prevail, and that those moral and social results are still effective. I have heard *faits divers* of Western life reported, from Arizona to Idaho; and not only the substance of the tales but the manner of telling and the attitude of the narrator are quite different from what we meet with at home. Mountain and desert alter very little, and the old cattle country is a lonely land to-day. Men still outnumber women in the plains and mountain states. In spite of motor cars, a man can turn centaur at need.

Professor Frederick Turner lays great stress on the individualism of the Middle Western pioneer. The industrialized and widely farmed Middle West is less individualistic than of old, after seventy-five to a hundred years. But the Far West still is individualistic within its own code. Its nineteenth-century development has been different—throwing back, one cannot but feel, not only to the spirit of the pioneer but also to what America started out to be. The Westerner must think collectively, like anyone else; but in a country where a man can ride all day without meeting another human being—where he reckons his distances not between towns or human habitations but between mountain ranges or forks of a great river—his collective consciousness is bound to be that of the wide-flung clan rather than that of the close-knit, highly organized community or party. "Stranger" and "pardner" are still main terms of differentiation; "lady" still a common form of address to woman. It is not presumably up to you nowadays, when you meet another man, to keep your hands obviously innocent of approach to a gun; but the establishing of contacts still savors of the old punctilio.

The heart of the matter, one fancies, is this: that the West is aristocratic in temper, in just the way that most of the American colonists meant the country to be. Only—and this was always the difference between us and Europe—any man might be an aristocrat if he has it in him. What our forefathers objected to was not one man's being better than another; what they objected to was one man's being better than another *if he was not*. It should not be accident that raised him above his fellows: it should be his private worth, his personal distinction. Democracy, as we have said, was held to be the proper culture for a natural aristocracy. Certain Eastern communities, clinging to European tradition, built up as far as it lay in their power an imitative social order. In the maritime states some people still talk of "family" and ancestral glories, living parasitically on a shadowy past. But these were always a small fraction of the American people; and these were not the folk that made any part of our country west of the Alleghanies.

The Middle West was settled from New England, New York, and the old Southern States; but the careful historian points out to you that it was not the East India merchant or the Virginia planter who went pioneering. It was the men of the backwoods upcountry farmer stock—the people who had adventure, unconventionality, individualism in their blood, and set little store by their personal inheritance. The Middle West proceeded to draw a large foreign population, chiefly German and Scandinavian; it industrialized itself rapidly; it dotted itself over with small towns. The Far West has never been industrialized; and though such towns as are there are small, the town has not yet become the main social organism. Mr. Sinclair Lewis could not have placed his Gopher Prairie in that third of our land which was the cattle country; he could hardly have made his Babbitt a native of the Far West. Neither would have been true. The towns are as small as Gopher Prairie, but they are different—unless, like Los Angeles, they are merely places where Gopher Prairie has settled in its thousands, creating itself anew on a vaster scale. The Middle Western type of democracy is unsympathetic, as we said,

to the Far West; and largely, one comes at last to feel, because the Far West is still aristocratic in temper and fundamental conviction.

They asked no questions, one gathers, in the early West. Life was all an Everlasting Now, and a man was expected to prove himself only from the moment when he first drifted over the lonely horizon. Who he was, whence he came, what he had done and been were his own affair. But once on the spot, he had to live up to that rigid law. The man who kept it intact at every point was a prince among princes; the man who broke it was outcast. It was as hard, one makes out, for the man who did not make the code his own to be free of the goodly fellowship as for the camel to pass through the needle's eye, or for the gentleman who lacked thirty-four quarterings to be invited by the Emperor Francis Joseph to a Court ball "im Hof."

You could neither inherit nor pay your way in. The basis of selection was something quite new in human history, as the code itself was new; but it was perfectly clear and self-conscious, and the Far West still tends to judge men by those standards. Folk in the Far West still tend to live up to them; are still proud, courageous, dignified, unaffected (the code was very hard on affectations) and kind. Non-essentials still count less to the Westerner than to any other American. Among no other fellow citizens do you feel both your integrity and your welfare so respected. You see few cowboys now in the cattle country, but you still see men "made of watch-springs, whalebone and dynamite." Once there *were* giants in the land, and their dead hand is not quite relaxed.

"Movie stuff?" No, not really; though movies, one must grant, are about the last hint left, for the average citizen, of that picturesqueness; and at that, most "Westerns" are shoddy spectacles, with nothing but a little good scenery and trick riding to recommend them. They are as conventional, as devoid of convincing quality as the Mounted Police pictures, of which, apparently, a certain number are released mechanically every year. The hold of the "Wild West" fiction—shockingly bad as literature—as of that which concerns the Northwest Mounted, is not in the sensationalism thereof but in the residuum of truth at the heart of all the nonsense. If you want conviction to descend upon you, read Philip Rollins or Andy Adams or the contemporary documents preserved in Thwaites—not those popular novelists of the West, whose prose would make the most authentic records unconvincing. Gather, as far as you are able, the truth from the lips of the men who knew the life. Find the vestiges of frontier life and philosophy where you can; but never doubt that it was real, and that not all the vestiges are faked.

Only the other day a New York newspaper printed half a column of news about the Northwest Mounted (now, I believe, the Canadian Royal Mounted) which made the motion pictures look like the feeble imaginings of an adolescent clerk. A little matter of justice done on Arctic Eskimos of Prince Albert Sound: a "mountie" journeying two thousand miles by steamer, canoe, and dog sled to carry the death warrants to Herschell Island—which is so far north in the Arctic that on most maps of North America you cannot find it. For the Mounted, as for the "Wild West," the sober history, the journal of fact are more thrilling than any third-rate fiction can be; the truth is better than the legend. The man of Anglo-Saxon tradition deals with the problems of the wilderness in a way peculiar to himself; and either side of the border the tale is much the same.

A good many millions of our citizens during the last year have seen *The Covered Wagon*, and probably this will be the most vivid conception most of them will ever have of the Oregon Trail. There are few people anywhere who will take the trouble to read

history; and a film like *The Covered Wagon* becomes a textbook for the nation. The intellectuals may deplore the fact, but they may as well face it. You or I may delve in Thwaites; but Babbitt and all the sub-Babbitts do not. Take it or leave it: what our generation knows about the Oregon Trail it will have learned not from Parkman or Taylor, or a dozen other diarists or historians, but from the picture of *The Covered Wagon*. We may be grateful that it is on the whole so fine and epical a thing. The story is nothing; the individual acting is negligible; the protagonist is the great caravan itself, making its way across that authentic landscape. To anyone with the historic imagination even faintly developed, the film is appealing and suggestive. These were chapters that had to be written before the Coast could be settled. The sanctity of the plow and the ancestral furniture are well stressed; and the great facts of birth and death in the moving caravan are poignant enough, in all conscience.

But the Oregon Trail was only one element in the settling of the West; its goal was what are now the states of Oregon and Washington. The vast tract between the Missouri and the Sierras was something for the Oregon pioneers—with their plows and their walnut bureaus, their women-folk and their flower seeds—to cross and put behind them; and in *The Covered Wagon*, valuable though it is and deserving of its extraordinary success (even highbrows go to see *The Covered Wagon*, and it ran over a year on Broadway), there is no hint of the destinies of that country across which they trekked, leaving it well behind them on the hither side of the Cascades. In so far as the film gives any suggestion of human types—it gives very little—it ignores the breed of men who were to make the cattle country. In the very hour of beholding *The Covered Wagon* the reaction of the spectator who would bring history to bear on Western literature and Western pictures alike is roughly as follows: magnificent in its way, yes, but this does not show you the West that made the code; this is mere transplanted East; this is what cultivated the ripe valleys of the Northwest and made communities on the Coast for its children. This does not explain Wyoming, Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, western Kansas and Nebraska, and Texas. Over most of that country few plows are driven, few towns have flourished; the mountains are unconquered and the plains still lonely and waterless.

The human heritage and creation of *that* land—widely and profoundly effective as they were—are not here, do not pretend to be. Nor yet in the book or the picture where the cowboy gallops after the express train and, from his saddle, deposits the stranded heroine neatly and safely on the observation platform. On the screen, only William S. Hart, apparently, can give with subtlety and precision the human aspect of that West about which we have been talking. I have never happened to see that accomplished actor take a cowboy part; but it is a fact that given William S. Hart, a dozen acres of desert, one paint horse, two guns, and a hint of immediate danger just off-stage, and you have the atmosphere in which the code of the far West was born and grew into temporary control of a third of our great land. A thousand "extras" could not turn the trick so well. What he does in any given picture matters little; but the way he does it is history. No—if, short of first-hand experience, you want to know—you must not read the Western fiction or see the average Western film. You must read only the contemporary documents that have been preserved, the history, and the literature that is not fiction; and for conviction through the visual medium watch William S. Hart and him alone. The others are mere doers of stunts upon the screen; they have no more psychologic validity than the express train crashing through the broken bridge or the tene-

ment house on fire. "Movie stuff?" Truth to tell, a lot of what is written and told and pictured of the West deserves only that opprobrious phrase. But the fact that the West has been discredited by unveracious art does not prove that there was no West on which were built these poor contrivances.

Vestiges, as we said, and vestiges only, for the present-day traveler in the land. Yet the vestiges are there, not yet fossilized for paleontologists. It is not so long ago that "Powder River" descended annually in pomp upon Albuquerque; not so many years ago that Bert Lauzun meditated with us above the Grand Canyon at Hopi Point; a bare three years since my husband had the pleasure of traveling with a famous bandit and two perfect sheriffs across the Cascades; not, after all, an immemorial interval since the day when all my own path was made plain for me, for a thousand miles of travel, by telegrams and recommendations from and to total strangers. The sunburned eyes, the firm lips, the tall leanness, the wrist of steel have not yet passed from the human group. Courtesy is still finer, dignity more implicit, than elsewhere. The wide spaces give every man room to breathe, and what that means in moral poise is most sharply felt by the confirmed haunter of cities. The mountains, the buttes, the mesas prevent that agoraphobia which seems often to descend upon the prairie-dweller. It is not in the national parks that you will find these vestiges, for there they are obscured by the tourists. But push off into the desert, or stay your feet in the lonely settlement; ask anywhere for help or counsel from a native son or daughter, and you will feel that firmer, safer, kinder, more hopeful code enveloping you. That doctrine of freedom, that conception of personal dignity still mould the Western mind and manner. There is neither Gotham nor Gopher Prairie between the Missouri and the Pacific, unless you count Los Angeles a Gopher Prairie that longs to be a Gotham.

The wise move for the Easterner would be to know and to cherish the Far Western temper; to hold up the hands of the people who have still a chance of keeping those ideals. That—with immigration and oil, and exploitation political and commercial—the special Western civilization must eventually pass, is fairly certain. But every additional year of life it has is so much to the good; and to recognize, define, respect it may help us a little, even though we are long past the state of things that would enable us to imitate it. America is fast growing unrecognizable as America: it is turning into a quite different phenomenon by the same name. Our origins, however, are not so far back that we have any right to forget them as yet. In the sheer interest of democracy, it can do us no harm to ponder on the one period of our history, the one section of our country, wherein democracy became, for a time, in the hands of men who could take its measure, a logical, a desirable, a workable theory, neither glorifying Mammon nor canonizing mediocrity.

That part of our Eastern civilization which is purely imitative of Europe must pass—if only because Europe is no longer there, in the same sense, to be imitated. The Great War was such a break in social continuity as the generations have seldom seen. That we shall forsake, on the other hand, our narrower chauvinism is a matter of hope rather than of belief. The founders of the Republic have been pretty well discredited now, except for holiday purposes. We were bound to develop, and in so far as we faced unforeseen conditions, to develop away from them. They could not foresee industrialism or our mixture of populations or even our gigantic natural resources. But to the romantic citizen who carries America very deep in his heart it becomes a matter of prime importance to follow the current of their social and political philosophy wherever it may chance to flow. The democracy of the New Eng-

land village, the democracy of Thomas Jefferson of Monticello were as far removed as oligarchy or monarchy from the democracy that is "featured" on Capitol Hill to-day. But the men who made the Far West, those early democrats—aristocrats at heart—would have understood. The cattle country in the 'sixties and 'seventies would perhaps have frightened Gouverneur Morris or Josiah Quincy but it would not have terrified George Washington. They would have recognized the Far Western philosophy as logically, if somewhat unexpectedly, American. They would have washed their hands ritually of any responsibility for Babbitt — but that, as the Far West will explain in detail if you will listen to it, is another matter.

GRANDMÈRE

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

SHE went most calm and statelily
Along her garden's bordered ways.
Her hands were yellowed ivory.

Black was her hair as polished glass.
Her eyes held memorable days
Beyond the hush of winds that pass.

So alien was she from the press
Of eager things, so shut apart
In chill, fastidious gentleness.

As waxen taper burning late
On some high altar, so the heart
Of flame in her was dedicate.

Goodness, but rarely humankind
She loved, who drew about her hearth
None fashioned to her straining mind.

Her fluttering spirit drew its breath
Too lightly for the hurrying earth . . .
Most intimate she seemed in death.

TWO HEROES

A STORY

BY HAROLD W. BRECHT

WHEN Malcolm was seven his father had interfered when his mother was about to whip him. Swept by gusts of rage, his mother often whipped him, it seemed to him, and afterward, when he climbed on her lap and kissed her, she would forgive him. This time she had sent him with a dollar to the store, and he had lost the change. As he was sobbing, "Don't, oh, please don't," his father had returned from his office down town. "If you start punishing carelessness," his father said, "where are you going to stop?"

The next day, terrified at his mother's tears and her white-lipped silence, Malcolm had gone to her with the old razor-strop she reserved for his greater crimes. "Whip me," he said, "I don't mind if you whip me." His mother repulsed him, though it was not the little boy that she meant to repulse, but the image he called up in her mind of his father, who had dared use force in preventing her from training her child. Since that time with his mother Malcolm was always what he called "nice," and very silent. To his father he gave an affection so complete and unquestioning that his father, half fearful, affected to treat lightly what was one of the great recompenses of his life. "Papa," Malcolm would say, "when I grow up I want to be just like you."

"Hmm," his father would reply, "I think that's a foolish ambition." But when he heard men speak of boys erring or wild he could not forbear boasting of the love and future of his own son.

Nearly every Saturday evening the two went to the Bijou theater and, watching his father extract the price of their tickets from his worn coin-purse, Malcolm would often feel a sudden surge of affection too deep for words. One night after they had arrived home he broke a silence with, "Say, wouldn't it be great to be a movie actor?"

"Well, perhaps," his father said. "But it's nine thirty, son."

"D'yuh think you could be a movie actor?"

"Sure of it. So sure of it that I'll keep right on selling insurance."

"What would you like to be the best in the world?"

"The father—" Malcolm glanced up, delighted, "the father—how old are you? Eleven. Hmm. Yes, I'd like to be the father of a girl about eleven."

"Instead of me?"

Seeing the sudden sorrow in his son's brown eyes, his father felt himself so rich in affection that he could afford to be prodigal. "Well, you asked what I'd like to be, not what I was."

"Brown eyes?" queried Malcolm hopefully.

"I should say not. Blue eyes and golden hair. No holes in her stockings."

"You're kidding, ain't you, papa? Say you're just kidding."

His father admitted that he was just kidding. He said that, in fact, he was practising to be an actor.

"Really and truly now, then," Malcolm said.

"Really and truly, the father of a boy

about eleven. Brown eyes, brown hair, like yours, holes in his stockings, who never washed his hands."

"Like me?"

"Like you. But it's time you were in bed."

Malcolm had another hero whom he idolized, though at a distance, almost as much as he did his father. This was a boy named John Clark, whose contempt of academic learning and classroom rules first brought him to Malcolm's awed and respectful attention. Everyone, that is, everyone but one or two girls and Miss Briggs, liked John Clark, and followed the reckless campaign with which he harassed authority with the admiration one accords the exploits of a loved and victorious general. Miss Briggs, Malcolm felt, was rather afraid of John Clark; but then everyone, including all the girls, was afraid of him. John Clark said that she was. "'Fraid of me," he would say to an admiring circle. He was always surrounded by admirers whose persons and property he treated with feudal tyranny. "I'll say she's afraid of me. But I ain't afraid of her, you can bet on that. She won't bother me none, if she knows what's good for her."

Around him, as a demigod, legend had grown up. He had been arrested and had spent the night in jail. He had never been licked in a fight yet and he had even fought fellows in the first year high. He had told old Flossie himself to go to hell. It was known that he smoked. When his favorites of the moment could say to other boys with a fine assumption of carelessness, "Oh, I'm going out with Clarkie," it was equivalent to an investiture with the Garter. Not for worlds would they have traded their positions—as precarious as those of most favorites—for the obscurity and calm of those others whom John Clark never noticed except as butts for his exuberant if often painful humor. Among these latter was Malcolm, and it had been his to be stung by rubber bands whose ends John Clark had invited him to grasp, or to be pushed headlong over kneeling confederates, or, in general, to offer himself as a victim in whatever sacrificial ritual was at the moment pleasing to the master of his world.

One day at recess Malcolm was following with delighted eyes John Clark's malign and sinister exploits in the crowded playground. At length John Clark, for whom no world was too small to remain unconquered, stopped before him. "Say," he said, "why don't your old man get his hair cut?"

His father . . . a joke on those disdainful lips. "You shut up about my old man," Malcolm cried.

"Shut up." John Clark laughed. "Ha, ha." The boys behind him laughed. "Who's gonna make me shut up?"

"I'll make you."

"Yes, you will not." John Clark laughed even louder. "I'll say whatever I like about your old man. Your old man ain't got the price to get his hair cut."

"Just you say it again."

John Clark was used to defiance which flared a brief instant then relapsed into submission. He repeated it. With opprobrious words he created a caricature of Malcolm's father and projected it, a mark for insult, into the midst of the playground. Malcolm hit him. John Clark was so much surprised that he fell back a step or two and Malcolm, his body quivering, his fists clenched, advanced upon him. But several boys intervened. "You can't fight him here, Clarkie. Old Flossie'll see you." "You can fight him after school," suggested another.

"I'll knock his dirty block off," John Clark yelled. On one of his cheeks was a red mark.

"It's a shame for you to fight him," said a boy who lived on Malcolm's street. "He ain't your size."

"I'll lick you too, Beanie, if you think it's such a shame," John Clark threat-

ened. "I'll lick you with one hand tied behind my back."

"Oh, I don't want to fight," Beanie said.

"You're damn right you don't," John Clark said. "You're yellah."

Boys jostled into the circle and asked, "What's the matter?" "Malcolm Campbell's gonna fight Clarkie this afternoon at Brook's bridge, ain't you, Malcolm?" other boys answered.

John Clark said that he was not afraid to fight anybody with his hand tied behind his back. He said that he had never been licked in a fight yet. He said that anyone who said that he had was a dirty liar.

No one said that he had. "I ain't afraid of you," Malcolm said. He noticed that his fists were still clenched and he was still trembling.

"I'll be your second, Clarkie," a boy volunteered. "No, I'll be your second," another boy said. Many boys wished to be John Clark's second. John Clark stilled them with a word. "He'll need a second," John Clark pointed to Malcolm. "He'll need a second and a third and a fourth and a fifth." The boys laughed. "You be his second, Beanie."

Beanie said that he had to go home to help his mother.

John Clark grabbed Beanie's arm and twisted it, so that Beanie was swung into a kneeling posture before him. "Ow, ow," Beanie cried, his face contorted with pain.

"Yeh, go home to Mamma," John Clark said. "Mamma's 'ittle boy." Malcolm wondered if Beanie felt when he heard his mother mentioned the way he had felt about his father. John Clark grabbed the back of Beanie's neck and made him eat dirt at his feet. Then he knocked Beanie backward and, sitting on him, poured dust into his mouth. "Ow, stop," Beanie said, trying to spit out the dust. Tears channeled an uneven course down his dirty cheeks. Malcolm felt a curious prickly sensation, seeing him lie there helpless.

John Clark's face was strangely flushed and his eyes were bright. "Say, 'Please, stop, Mister Clark,'" he commanded.

"Please stop, Mister Clark," Beanie repeated. The boys laughed.

"You be there this afternoon," John Clark ordered. "Say, 'Yes, Mister Clark.'"

"Yes, Mister Clark," Beanie said. John Clark let him up. The bell rang for the close of recess.

As Malcolm walked, among guarded whispers, into the sixth-grade room, he wished that his particular friend, Dick Angell, were there. To Dick he could confide the fear that he must dissemble. "Sure, I'm afraid," he would say to Dick, "but I gotta fight him, now." Dick was at home, sick. Malcolm thought of the things at home which he remembered now poignantly, like an exile, the old square dining-room table, the chair in his own room in which his father sometimes sat. It was due to his father that he had a room of his own. He thought of his father smiling, saying, "Well, how's the boy to-night?" He thought of the old coin-purse which opened with a snap. "Here's a dime, now play you're a millionaire." He thought of other boys' fathers, Dick Angell's father. "No, you don't get no dime from me to-day. How many times have you asked me for money this week?" Of John Clark's father. John Clark's father beat him with a cane, John Clark said. To be beaten by his father—Malcolm shuddered while he felt again that tingling sensation.

Miss Briggs' voice: "Malcolm, are you paying attention? John Clark, if you annoy me again I shall certainly send you to Mr. Falk."

Malcolm stole a quick glance at John Clark, who was slumped in his seat in his usual attitude of reckless bravado. For his father's sake he was going to fight this boy whom he admired so deeply, whose light words he treasured. In the silent classroom he could hear his heart beating. He was very much afraid.

By Brook's bridge there was no possibility of adult interference. Beside the boys there was only a big nigger, who usually hung about the garage. He was the only one on Malcolm's side, for Beanie did not really count. Malcolm wished again that Dick Angell were there as he watched the crowd of boys telling John Clark how easy Malcolm was, already congratulating him.

The big nigger removed Malcolm's jacket and shirt. "That ain't a bad muscle," said the nigger approvingly, making the skin look very white, so black was his hand. "What you gotta do, kid, is jess dance," the nigger said. "Jess dance around him, thass all. But for de lub of Gawd, don't let him conneck with one of his fiss."

There was a ring and Malcolm stepped into it, feeling how much he hated these eager boyish faces, lit with anticipation of pain and blood. Disdaining to remove his coat, into it stepped John Clark, like a conqueror bored with triumphs. Even above the fear that crowded Malcolm's mind, very keen was his liking for this boy so disdainful and so confident, this bully who was going to lick him. There was a quick flurry of fists, and Malcolm lay on the ground, blood streaming from his nose upon his white underclothes, feeling sticky on his skin. Angered by the sharp pain, he was on his feet again in an instant. The ground seemed to rise up and hit his head with a thud. From far away he heard the big nigger shouting encouragement and warning, felt his feet trying to rise as though through a mist. The mist became black and swirled around him, and into it he was glad to sink, enfolding himself as though deliberately into this blackness complete and caressing.

From far off he felt a hand on his forehead, heard John Clark's voice, "He ain't dead, is he? He must 'a' slipped and hit his head on a stone."

They were bathing his face with water from the river. He opened his eyes with difficulty. "I did not slip," he said.

"Attaboy, Malcolm, old kid," cried John Clark delightedly. Malcolm saw that it was John Clark's hand which was on his forehead. On his face was such a pantomime of fear and relief that Malcolm smiled, very happy now that the fight was over. "If anybody wants to say you slipped, let him say it to me," John Clark remarked.

"I tol' you to look out for his fiss," the big nigger said reprovingly. "That boy packs a wicked wallop."

John Clark said that he always had packed a wicked wallop.

The big nigger vouchsafed it as his opinion that this was as complete a knock-out as he had ever witnessed. He had seen many knock-outs in the prize ring, and in his own combats he generally managed to knock out his man, but he would always remember this as a really first-class knock-out.

John Clark said that in his time he had performed many knock-outs, and, if necessary, he could perform a knock-out with one hand tied behind his back. In the future he wished to be known as "Knock-out Kid" Clark.

Malcolm, whose head ached, was content to lie quiet, hoping that John Clark would not take his hand away. Boys kept crowding up, to whom John Clark cried, "Keep back, can'tcha, and give 'im air." Malcolm felt that it was heroic to be knocked out for his father's sake. He felt very happy to lie thus, with John Clark kneeling beside him, making the other boys keep back.

"How'd you feel when you was knocked out?" a boy asked.

"Oh, I didn't feel nothin'. But I had wonderful dreams."

"What kind a' dreams?"

"Oh, wonderful. I dreamt I was ridin' in a automobile and there was a band playin'. I can't remember 'em good, but they was wonderful."

The big nigger said that it was impossible to remember the kind of dreams you had when you were knocked out. In his youth he had been knocked out and had had dreams of the kind that

Malcolm described. He said that being knocked out was the same as being dead, and it was impossible of course to remember what had happened while you were dead.

In Malcolm—as it were resurrected—interest was redoubled, and the boys wished to carry him home. But foreseeing the series of explanations to his mother that such a cortège would entail, Malcolm protested that he could walk home by himself. John Clark helped him to his feet. "I'm goin' home with him," he said.

Malcolm, walking a trifle uncertainly, was glad of John Clark's supporting arm. The boys came behind, and Malcolm walked between John Clark and the big nigger. The big nigger declared that Malcolm was a game kid. "What was the first thing he said after he was knock' plumb cuckoo?" the big nigger asked. "'I did not fall,' thass what he said."

John Clark declared that Malcolm was a game kid; he regretted having been compelled to knock Malcolm out, but he had set a goal of a hundred knock-outs, and could not afford to miss an opportunity. "Say, kid, shall we tell these other guys to beat it?" he asked and waited for Malcolm's assent before he dismissed his following. "So long, Clarkie, so long, Malcolm," the boys cried.

The big nigger went away, after having shaken Malcolm's hand. John Clark's arm was about his shoulders, and together they walked through the familiar streets. "Say, kid," John Clark said, "I know I pack an awful wallop but I didn't mean to hit you so hard."

Malcolm looked up and saw that John Clark's eyes were bright and his face flushed, as it had been when he was sitting on Beanie at recess. Malcolm felt that it would be worth while to be knocked out again in order to secure this protection and sudden sympathy.

"But you landed some nice ones on me, too," John Clark admitted.

"Aw, no," Malcolm protested.

"Ouch," John Clark said. He felt his chin and pretended to wince at a sore spot. "Yeh, you landed some pretty ones."

Malcolm knew that he had not, and felt a sudden surge of affection for this victor of so many who was generous to the least of his victims. The dull ache of his head added the seasoning of pain which made his pleasure so keen and bright that he could almost see it, dancing beneath the trees in the sunlight. "Aw, you're kiddin' me," he said.

"You ain't bad with your fists at all," John Clark admitted. "Wotcha need's a little practice. I'll give you a lesson myself every day."

The familiar street, with its checkerboard of light and shade made by the late sun, became very bright for Malcolm. He knew that John Clark meant that he was to his friend, that he was to share in the blaze of glory which always accompanied him, that he was to be confederate in his exploits malign and sinister. As he stood by the hedge that bordered his own yard he smiled. "So long, Clarkie," he said.

"So long," Clarkie answered.

Malcolm discovered to his surprise in the weeks which followed that going with Clarkie was not the unalloyed pleasure he had imagined it—if ever, in his fondest dreams, he had dared imagine himself as Clarkie's friend. He found the very next day that those satellites whose orbits he had displaced actively disliked him. Their dislike was expressed only in words, for his reputation as a game kid was assured for the rest of his boyhood, and anyway, against no matter what aggression Clarkie's protection was armor enough. But their dislike and what they said about Clarkie troubled Malcolm, unused to the glare that beats around those who are near a throne. Clarkie was a liar and a cheat, he would steal your money, he would get you into trouble. Malcolm, perhaps, admitted some of this, but only as one admits the foibles of a hero that merely serve to

make him more human in the midst of his triumphs. Still. . . Some of the things the boys said or hinted at Malcolm did not understand and, ashamed to confess his ignorance, he often found himself thinking of the words they used, which he got by heart like a lesson.

Words. On the walls of the school washroom those same words: whispered amid laughter by the big boys from the eighth grade. Short, quick words, chalked on buildings.

Malcolm was still, he told himself, as much Dick Angell's friend as ever, even though their conversation of late had consisted mostly of a quick interchange of salutes. "Hi-yuh, Dick." "Hi-yuh, Malcolm." On the day following what Clarkie always referred to as his forty-eighth knock-out he had said to Dick, "I'm goin' out with Clarkie this afternoon. You come along. We'll wait for him after school."

After school Clarkie was rather late, due to a certain prolonged indecisiveness about his just-finished engagement with Miss Briggs, but Malcolm, watching him saunter smiling down the stone steps, was very glad to have been able to wait for him. Clarkie's smile faded when he saw Dick. "What's this kid doin' here?" he asked. He knocked Dick's books from under his arm.

"Well, I thought he could come along with us if you don't mind," Malcolm answered.

"Well, he can't," Clarkie said. "We don't want no kids trailin' after us. We got somp'n important to do."

Dick picked up his books in silence and went away. "So long, Malcolm, see you to-morrow," he called over his shoulder. Though there was no hint of reproach in his words, or his gestures, Malcolm felt infinitely reproached, as though it had been he (it was Clarkie) who had ordered his friend away. "He's a nice fellah," he objected.

"Look here," Clarkie said. "If you'd rather go with him, go ahead. Go ahead and play with stamps or paper dolls. There's fellahs enough who want to come with me."

"Of course, I'd rather go with you," Malcolm said. But he knew that he had bartered the lesser friend for the greater, and often, even sometimes in the quick incidents of that and succeeding afternoons, he found time enough to wish that he could keep them both.

There were many things, it seemed, which he could not keep the same. Change had even presumed to corrupt that figure which he had supposed proof and eternal as time itself. His father, he felt, was different. At any rate, though he had always been a pleased and intelligent listener to whatever Malcolm had had to say, he did not apparently now wish to hear about Clarkie. One night he had interrupted Malcolm's recital of Clarkie's latest charges into the teeth of authority with, "Malcolm, this hero of yours gets a little tiresome. If you can't talk about anything else—and that's all you do talk about—you'd better keep quiet."

Malcolm, silent with quick obedience, was hurt, though the current of his affection for his father was strong enough to sweep away all trace of offense. He knew how tiresome it was for him to hear people talk (as older persons always did) about some one he did not know, and of course his father did not know Clarkie. If there were any blame it was his mother's, who had said just before, "I don't think this Clark boy is the sort of boy you ought to associate with. But of course your father'll let you do just as you want to." It was in his eager defense that his father had interfered and Malcolm, knowing that his father could do no wrong, was disquieted at having unknowingly committed a fault which merited a rebuke so stinging.

It could not have been because his father did not want him to go to the movies with Clarkie. He had said that—about his being tiresome—on Saturday night and at supper asked, "Well, son, shall we make our regular pilgrimage to the temple of the silent drammer?"

Malcolm smiled, as he always did when his father talked that way. "Why, I'm goin' with Clarkie to-night," he said.

"You'd rather go with him?" his mother questioned.

"Oh, no, I'd rather go with papa," Malcolm replied. "I mean—" The complexities that suddenly loomed between him and the truth appeared enormous. "I'd really rather go with papa and Clarkie, too, but I sorta promised Clarkie."

"Of course, Mary," his father said, "let the boy go with whoever he wants to."

"Apparently he wants to go with his friend," his mother said.

"It's only natural that he should want to go with somebody his own age," his father explained. (Clarkie would be sore if he knew that he was thought of as only as old as Malcolm.) "Here, I'll give you twenty cents. Treat your friend."

Seeing the old coin-purse that inexplicably touched the mainspring of his affection, Malcolm jumped up and kissed his father. "What's this," his father said, "a twenty-cent kiss?"

His father, Malcolm thought, had been different since that night, and it was this change, subtle and unfathomable, which was the only real flaw in the bright parade of the ensuing days. His father and he did not talk so much together any more, since on Malcolm's lips was only one subject, yet, though he was silent where he had been chattering and voluble, his affection for his father still was deep and strong . . . as deep as his affection for this other who had made him part-ruler of their world. Clarkie had had his seat changed so that he sat immediately beside Malcolm, and the alchemy of his genius transmuted even the leaden hours of school. His pockets were an arsenal of stink-bombs, sneeze-powders, and countless other devices, so that sitting beside him was like having a reserved seat at a private arena. Malcolm's mark in deportment took an alarming drop, and he was often kept in, but he did not mind even while the others tramped to a noisy freedom and the late afternoon sun withdrew its light from the quiet schoolroom, lingering on Clarkie's reckless face and insolent lips. He preferred to sit thus, beside Clarkie, rather than to wait for him outside of school, for not only were Clarkie's disciples required, but they were very eager, to follow closely in the footsteps of the master. Sometimes they bagged school, and in the illicit companionship of those freed hours Malcolm remembered with difficulty those earlier days when his distant worship would have been satisfied with a "Hi-yuh, Malcolm." Clarkie forged the requisite excuses for him and, seeing how easy it was to deceive those persons against whom Clarkie waged such constant and successful warfare, he became involved in a web of lies of which he scarcely thought, since from it there was no need to escape. Sometimes they met much older boys down by the river, and Malcolm saw that Clarkie was welcomed among these as an equal, and he, without much question, as Clarkie's friend. These boys would shoot craps or play cards for money, while they hinted, or boasted profanely, of deeds the mention of which (when he understood them) made Malcolm shiver with delight and a little fear.

"Watcha got?" Malcolm whispered carefully to Clarkie so that Miss Briggs would not hear. Clarkie passed Malcolm what he had. It was a picture of the kind that Clarkie's friends had sometimes passed around and which they would seldom let Malcolm see. Malcolm was glad now that he could see one. From the man's mouth in the picture were coming words, of the kind written on the school washroom. Beside the woman someone had printed, "Miss Briggs." It was a dirty picture. It gave him a sort of uncomfortable sick feeling, but still he was glad that Clarkie had let him see it.

"Malcolm, what have you there?"

The air swirled and beat around his

ears. "Nothing." He crumpled the picture in his hand.

"Don't lie to me." Miss Briggs' voice was sterner than he had ever heard it. "I know you have something in your hand. Bring it here."

"I won't." Silence descended like a pall on the sixth grade, recalled from history in books to history being made by defiance so direct and unprecedented. Malcolm could hear his heart beating.

"You won't?" Miss Briggs' voice was ominously low. "Hold your right hand where I can see it. Now get up. Come here. Put what you have in your hand on the desk."

Malcolm almost stumbled as he walked up to the desk. He put the picture in Miss Briggs' hand. It was wrinkled. Miss Briggs smoothed it out and looked at it. Miss Briggs' face became red and she looked ashamed. "Malcolm," Miss Briggs said, "I thought you were a nice boy. I thought you were a nice little boy. Is this yours?"

Malcolm tried to swallow but his mouth was too dry. "John Clark," Miss Briggs said, "did you give this to Malcolm?"

All the faces of the boys and girls were misty and vague except Clarkie's. "Give what?" Clarkie said.

"John Clark," Miss Briggs said, "you know that all I have to do is speak one word to the principal and you'll be expelled for good. One word. So you'd better be pretty careful what you do and say in here."

"Miss Briggs," Clarkie said, "I didn't know what you was talkin' about. I didn't give nothin' to Malcolm."

"So this is yours," Miss Briggs said. Miss Briggs did not look ashamed, but angry, like his mother in the midst of a quarrel with his father.

"Yes, ma'am," Malcolm said. Miss Briggs took out a piece of paper and began to write on it. Her pen scratched. The mist resolved itself into various faces. Dick Angell's face looked worried. Most of the faces looked interested—Clarkie's face.

Miss Briggs put what she had written into an envelope. She put the picture in the envelope and sealed it. "Take this to Mr. Falk," she said.

Down the corridor. . . Miss Borton typewriting. . . Old Flossie's office. "Well, Malcolm," Old Flossie said. He put his hand on Malcolm's shoulder. He took the envelope and opened it. He read what Miss Briggs had written and his face changed, so that he looked like Malcolm's father when he was in the midst of an argument with his mother. He looked at the picture, smoothing it out. "Malcolm," he said, "if you were older, you'd know how sorry I am about this." He did not seem sorry. His eyes were bright. He raised his voice. "Miss Borton," he said, "just find out the dates of absence of Malcolm Campbell, grade 6B, during April and May. Also see if you can find any of his absence notes."

"Yes, Mr. Falk," Miss Borton said.

"Go in there," old Flossie said to Malcolm.

Malcolm went into the little room beyond old Flossie's office and sat on the bench. It was here that old Flossie whipped the kids of the first and second grades. Perhaps he would whip him. Clarkie said that old Flossie had no right to lick anybody. "Just let him touch me once," Clarkie said. . . . Clarkie's face, not smiling, not insolent, looking a little frightened. Clarkie's voice, sounding a little frightened. "I didn't give him nothin'." . . . Clarkie had got him into trouble and had not owned up. Dick Angell would have said, "It's my picture." Dick Angell would not have had the picture. It was yellow of Clarkie not to own up. Clarkie, yellow!

Malcolm's troubled eyes did not see the little room but only Clarkie's face, lying to save himself. Suddenly the altar at which he had worshiped so long was broken, the divinity toppled at his feet. A lump rose in his throat (he must not cry here), a tribute for this hero who was a cheat and a liar, who had betrayed

him. Clarkie had not cared, if he were not expelled, what happened to Malcolm. He was only a boy who was scared of Miss Briggs, of old Flossie, scared to own up. . . . Yet, as the leaden minutes dragged like hours and days, very vivid in his mind still was the gay abandon of those afternoons, the gay reckless face of the boy of whom he was—had been—so fond. Clarkie, yellow!

How long would they make him stay here? Did they really think the picture was his, the dirty picture with its short silly words which he did not understand? They thought he kept it and looked at it when he was by himself. That was what Clarkie's friends did with their pictures. Old Flossie would find out that he had bagged school, that it was he who put the stink-bomb in Miss Brigg's desk. But that was not the worst thing. The worst thing was having the picture. If he cried (he must not cry here) old Flossie would think it was because he was afraid, or because he was sorry for what he had done about the picture. Old Flossie would never realize that all those things were not important, that all those things which Clarkie and he had done together he could forget now as easily as he had done them, that the only things that mattered had been Clarkie and he.

His father would understand. He wiped his tears angrily upon the sleeve of his jacket. He could not find his handkerchief. (How long would they make him stay here?) Suddenly, before his tear-dimmed eyes, the picture of his father became very distinct, and he could almost hear him saying, "Well, son, what's all this?" He would tell his father everything, from the beginning. It would be hard to tell his father about the picture. But his father would understand that the things he had done did not matter, forgotten now like the bright memory of a dream. In the thought of the sure refuge of his father's affection the storm of trouble and sorrow faded from his face, and it was as though he heard his father's voice, above the sound of Miss Borton's typewriter, "Well, after a sorrow like that the only thing to do is to make a trip to the palace of the silent drammer." (How long—)

The door opened. "Mr. Falk wants you," Miss Borton said.

Old Flossie sat by the table in his office, where you could always see him sitting if you looked in from the hall. Old Flossie's eyes were bright. "Well," old Flossie said angrily, "I must say you don't look very repentant or very much worried about the position you're in. You're in a pretty bad position, young man," old Flossie said, leaning back in his chair.

That was the way old Flossie always began, when he was sore and was going to bawl you out.

"You're only a boy, perhaps," old Flossie said. "Your father—" Malcolm started. His father—"tells me that you won't be twelve till July."

"Yes, sir," Malcolm said.

"Most people would think you a child," old Flossie said, "but I know—I know in some things you're pretty old. I have my ways of finding out." (Finding out?) "A dirty rotten picture like that would only be carried around by a boy who is dirty and rotten. I'm speaking for your own good. I'm sorry about this. I thought you were a different type of boy. It's not that you've cut school or annoyed Miss Briggs. That's, perhaps, only mischievous boyhood. That, perhaps, we could overlook. It's not so bad as this picture and the things I've found out." (Found out what?) "This boy Clark tells me that he never saw the picture, that it must be yours. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir," Malcolm said. . . . Clarkie yellow!

"This boy Clark is a bad influence," old Flossie said. "I'm taking steps to have him expelled." . . . Clarkie, expelled! "Your father says—yes, Malcolm, it's about time you were looking a little worried—I've been talking to your father over the 'phone, and he says that Clark is exerting a bad influence over

you. But if you were the right kind of boy, the kind of boy we thought you were, a boy like Clark could not have influenced you."

Old Flossie leaned on the table and began to talk faster, but Malcolm, his thoughts first on Clarkie, then on his father, did not hear all that he was saying. "Bad influence," his father had said over the 'phone. That did not sound like his father, except when he was in the midst of an argument with his mother. His father had never liked Clarkie. "Your hero is tiresome," he had said.

"What it means to your father," old Flossie was saying, "to have a boy like you, his only child, act the way you've acted. Your father could hardly believe, over the 'phone, that it was you. He thought there was some mistake. But it was he who made the mistake. He thought you were a nice little boy, clean and pure, a son that he was proud of. Instead, you cut school and forge your mother's name to your excuses. Instead, you carry around dirty pictures and do those other things" (what things?) "worse things. Now, what's going to happen to you?—for all this has its penalty, Malcolm, and you were bound to get caught, sooner or later. In the first place, I'm going to suspend you" (suspend him—it was bad boys, even Clarkie, only once, who were suspended) "for three days, not only as an example to the rest of the school, but so that you can think over what you have done. To your father I've recommended some pretty stern measures." That meant, whip him. His father had never struck him. . . . "I've written a letter to your father and put the picture in it. He knows I've written it, so you'd better give it to him. You see, we can't trust you, Malcolm. That's all now. Don't come back till Friday. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," Malcolm said.

By himself, up the shady street, by the familiar houses. His mother opened the door for him. "Your father is waiting for you," she said. His mother seemed glad, he thought, but he misjudged her, as throughout his life he had misjudged her. She was glad because she had known that his father's regime of indulgence was leading to just such a climax, a point for her in the long quarrel; but she wanted to take the little boy in her arms and assure him that she did not mind what he had done, that he was still her son. "Your father is waiting for you in the study," she said.

His father was sitting beside the desk at which Malcolm had often helped him. Malcolm went up to him. "Papa," he said, but the ready words trembled and disappeared on his lips, for on the desk, across a pile of papers which he had arranged the night before, he saw the old razor-strop.

"Don't talk to me," his father said. "Give me that letter."

He opened the letter, took out the picture and smoothed it out, as Miss Briggs, as old Flossie had done. The letter was typewritten and long, but he read it quickly. He put it on the desk and picked up the razor-strop. Malcolm looked up at him.

"Take off your coat," his father said.

With his left hand his father grasped him by the collar and held him at arm's length. With his right hand he raised the razor-strop. Malcolm heard it swish through the air. Smack! it cracked across his shoulders. He gave a cry of pain. His father tightened his grasp, but the force was not needed. Malcolm did not struggle, save for an involuntary trembling, as though to avoid the blows, nor after the first did he cry out. He bit so hard on his lower lip, to still its trembling, that the pain there was like an antidote for the sharp pain in his back.

His father swung him around to face him and waited, as though for him to speak. Malcolm, after the first quick look at his father's flushed face, stood with his eyes downcast. He had no wish to speak now. He hoped that his father would let him go before he began to cry. He must not cry here. "Go to your room," his father said, his breath coming quick and short.

In his own room he flung himself face downward on the bed and sobbed, as though by mere force of tears he could efface the bitter memory of the whole afternoon. He sobbed until one side of the pillow was damp and he turned it over. At first his thoughts were fixed, as though impaled, on the disgrace of the licking. His father had beaten him as Clarkie's father beat Clarkie, and the pain and shame of this no tears could assuage. But, as the late-afternoon light faded from the room and his sobs became less frequent, another thought, like an obstinate voice to which he could not help but listen, kept whispering the same thing over and over again. His father had failed him, as Clarkie had failed him. This figure which he had thought proof and eternal was like the rest. His father had seemed to like to whip him. His eyes had been bright like old Flossie's. Stern measures. That afternoon in old Flossie's office he had smiled at the thought that his father would strike him. "Take off your coat." So that it would hurt more. But it was not the pain. One blow would have been enough to send this other altar crashing to the ground, its divinity a smashed clay figure never to be set up again.

His mother entered with a tray of food. "Here's your supper. Eat something and you'll feel better," she said.

"Thank you," Malcolm answered, but he did not want anything to eat. . . . Chocolate pudding. . . . He had expected his father to put his arm around him while he told him how quick and gay had been the shining procession of the days, how fond he had been of Clarkie. Clarkie was a sneak, but in the certainty that his father would understand he had almost not minded. Sure of the affection of a greater friend, he had been almost able to submerge his sorrow for the loss of the other. Even if his father had been stern and said, "Malcolm, you've acted so badly that you are suspended, and the only thing I can do is whip you," his grief, he thought, would have been infinitely less. But his father had not tried to understand. "Don't talk to me." His father had wanted to give him a licking. Two heroes he had had, and each had betrayed him. For Clarkie he had lied, and Clarkie was only a boy who was yellow. For his father's sake he had fought Clarkie, and his father (he would not cry any more) was only a man who had wanted to hurt him. In a still apart place he was very lonely, about him only the fragments of two broken idols.

There was a noise in the darkened room (had he been asleep?). It was his mother, her dim figure bent over the tray of dishes. "Why, Malcolm," his mother exclaimed, "you haven't touched your supper."

"No," Malcolm said in a voice that sounded strange, as though he had not used it for a long time. "I didn't want any." (Chocolate pudding.)

His mother put the dishes down so suddenly that they rattled, and she was at his side, on the bed, her arms about his shoulders, in which lingered still a tinge of pain. She strained him to her in an embrace so tight that it hurt him. "Oh, mamma," Malcolm cried.

"My little boy." With her cool hand the mother smoothed the tangled hair on his forehead. "I don't care what you did," she said almost fiercely. "I know you're a good boy. It's this Clark boy's fault, it's your father's fault. But still I don't care what you did."

"He whipped me," Malcolm said dully. He had not meant to say—just that.

Still his mother's hand was caressing his tangled hair, and Malcolm felt as though the burden of his sorrow was being smoothed away, beneath that cool hand, in the solace of that embrace. He hid his face beneath his mother's arm, and took her hand in his. "Don't go away," he whispered.

"Hmm," his father's voice sounded from the doorway. "Shall I come in?" his father asked.

"Mamma's here," Malcolm said.

THE WIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

KINGS and princes are in the habit of selecting their wives, or having them selected, with a view to the exalted station they are destined to occupy. Presidents of the United States, like other men, usually marry young and do not arrive at the White House until they are old, and sometimes they bring with them partners not wholly adapted to such a conspicuous career. The complication in Lincoln's case is peculiar—a brilliant but uncouth and almost grotesque lawyer and politician from the backwoods, with no inherited social position or distinction, marries a showy popular belle who considers herself an aristocrat in the limited circle which is all she knows, and feels that she is condescending vastly in accepting the husband whose only asset is an extremely shadowy future. Then the husband shows an unexampled capacity for growth and development—intellectual and spiritual, if not social—and the wife, remaining to the end the narrow rural aristocrat she was in the beginning, is decidedly left behind. Mrs. Lincoln made an admirable helpmate for a practical aggressive lawyer in Springfield, Illinois. As the wife of the great, dreaming, smiling, creating democratic statesman of the modern world, she was just a trifle over-parted.

The difficulty of getting at the actual Mrs. Lincoln is extraordinary and exasperating. The cloud of anecdote and hearsay and gossip which envelops Lincoln himself hangs even more impenetrably about her, because we have not the solid substance of her own words, as, to a considerable extent, we have his. There are but few of her letters in print and those few are not very significant. Many people have written about her, but they contradict one another and misrepresent, according to their own prejudices and the strange passion for exalting Lincoln by either exalting or debasing everybody about him. How unsatisfactory the materials are may be judged from the fact that, on the whole, the most illuminating document is the record of Mrs. Keckley, the colored seamstress at the White House. Mrs. Keckley was an intelligent observer, devoted to Mrs. Lincoln, and admitted to many intimate scenes and experiences. But I suppose few women would care to have their lives filtered to posterity through such a recorder. In short, I cannot ask my readers to give implicit belief to anything I say about Mrs. Lincoln, for I believe very little of it myself.

The bare, indisputable facts in the life of Mary Todd Lincoln are few and simple. She was born of a good Kentucky family in 1818, ten years after her husband. In 1839 she came to live with her sister, Mrs. Edwards, in Springfield. After a stormy courtship Lincoln married her in 1842. Her life then led her through Illinois law and politics to the White House, and the war, and the culmination of triumphant peace. All the triumph and hope were blasted by the assassination of her husband; and her remaining years, in spite of a brief sojourn in Europe, were darkened by sorrow and misfortune; until a temperament, always impulsive and intense, was unbalanced to a point of oddity approaching, and at times reach-

ing, actual derangement. She died in 1882.

In studying Mrs. Lincoln one must admit that, while it is possible to get more or less reliable accounts of her external interests and activity, her inner life is almost hopelessly obscure. She had apparently a very good education, as educations went in Southern girls' schools in the middle of the nineteenth century. Mr. Rankin tells us that, "while a resident of Springfield before and after her marriage she impressed all who were acquainted with her with the excellent and accurate literary taste she had acquired by education and general reading, especially in history, poetry, and fiction." But this was in a country town in 1840, and it must be remembered here, as elsewhere, that we are dealing with Mr. Rankin's kindly after-dinner memory. Education of a sort Mrs. Lincoln certainly had, education superior to that of many about her, and at any rate far superior to her husband's. Her natural intelligence was unquestionably shrewd, quick, and keen. That she had a trace of the larger humorous attitude seems unlikely, and it is still more unlikely that she ever grasped or enjoyed that attitude in the subtle, pervading, dissolving form in which it was constantly manifest in her husband. The element of Touchstone, of Charles Lamb; the instinct of remoteness, of detachment, even in the midst of vast tragic passions—perhaps most precisely in the midst of such—of illuminating them with the strange glory of laughter, which was so haunting and so fascinating in Lincoln, evidently annoyed and perplexed her, as it has many other excellent people.

If she read, we should like to know a little more definitely what she read. Mr. Rankin enlarges on her familiarity with French, assuring us that she read the latest French literature. She read current novels. What I should like to know is, whether she was one of the two or three to whom Lincoln enjoyed reading aloud in quiet evenings; yet no one tells us. And in the middle of an agitated night he used to traverse the White House corridors to read the trifles of Tom Hood to his sleepy secretaries; but I do not hear that he read them to her.

Again, we have little light as to other amusements of an intellectual order. There is no sign of any considerable æsthetic interest. She does not seem to have cared for natural objects. She liked to give away the flowers from the conservatory, but I do not read that she had a passion for them, any more than had Lincoln, who complained that he had "no taste natural or acquired for such things." One pleasure they shared—that of the theater, and in Washington they were able to indulge this till it culminated in the performance which was ruinous for both.

As to Mrs. Lincoln's religion, there is a good deal to be said on the practical side. She was generous and kindly, ready to help and to give. Stoddard's account of her hospital visitation during the war is very attractive. She made no display, sought no publicity whatever, but just went and gave and sympathized. In the higher elements of spiritual life she was probably rather conventional, though she was a faithful member first of the Episcopal, and then of the Presbyterian Church. It may seem a trifling matter to note, but Mrs. Keckley's record of the ejaculation "God, no!" as habitual seems to me singularly indicative of the woman.

I cannot think that there was much spiritual sympathy between her and her husband. There is, to be sure, Whitney's delightful sentence, "They were *en rapport* in all the higher objects of being." I do not believe that anybody was really "*en rapport*" with Lincoln in such matters, and especially I do not believe his wife was. They both had, indeed, a certain superstitious turn of mind and, when the husband had dreams of horror and foreboding, the wife was ready to accept and interpret them. But, in Mr. Stephenson's admirable phrase, Mrs.

Lincoln's soul "inhabited the obvious." The remote, gloomy, mysterious spiritual regions haunted by him, whether he was smiling or praying, were hardly likely to be visited by her. Thousands of pages have been written about Lincoln's religion: he still smiles and remains impenetrable. Yet it is curious that, after all, the practical, everyday, unmystical wife should have given us what is perhaps the very best summary on this point (italics mine): "Mr. Lincoln had no faith and no hope in the usual acceptation of those words. He never joined a church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature. . . . But *it was a kind of poetry in his nature*, and he was never a technical Christian." Excellent example of the shrewd common sense of the woman who understands even where she is wholly unable to appreciate. And with Mrs. Lincoln we come across this at every turn.

In dealing with Mrs. Lincoln's external life we are on somewhat surer ground, though not much, for still the cloud of intangible gossip is likely to mislead us. Socially, it is evident that she was ambitious and eager for success. On the whole, it cannot be said that she achieved it. Her appearance was by no means against her. Her face, in the photographs, is to me totally without charm. It is a positive, aggressive face, without a ray of sensitiveness in it. But she had a certain formal beauty and dignity, both of face and figure (stout as she was), and could bear herself well. It would seem that she dressed with taste, though at times too ostentatiously, and Lincoln objected to her extreme low necks.

There are pleasant accounts of the Lincoln hospitality in Springfield. As to what happened in the White House, observers differ. But it must be remembered that few hostesses have been subjected to such cruel criticism as Mrs. Lincoln had to meet. Those who watched her impartially, like W. H. Russell, Bancroft, and Laugel, report in the main favorably, though it is noticeable that they are inclined to speak of her as better than they expected. The truth is, her ardent and impulsive temper made her tactless and uncertain. The basis of her social zeal was rather an intense ambition than a broad human sympathy; and for the widest popularity and success the latter is indispensable. Then it must always be remembered that she had that strange, incalculable, most undomestic and unparlorable figure of Lincoln to carry with her, which would have been a terrible handicap to any woman. His dress was strange, his manners were strange, his talk was strange. He would not lay himself out to please his wife's callers. So, if the poor lady failed, it must be admitted that she had her difficulties.

In her housekeeping and domestic arrangements she seems to have been excellent. Her table is highly spoken of and she was an exact and careful manager as to neatness and punctuality. Here again her husband was far from being a help to her. He was quite indifferent to what he ate, and it was impossible to make him systematic about meals or hours generally. The remote world in which he lived was but imperfectly accessible to the tinkle of the dinner-bell.

As regards the most essential element of domestic happiness, money, he was unsystematic also. In his legal business he could not be kept to exact accounting, had no commercial or speculative instinct whatever. But he was no spender, had few needs and no costly tastes, and above all he abhorred debt, though circumstances sometimes forced him into it. Mrs. Lincoln no doubt did her best. In the early days she made her own dresses and always she had moments of violent economy. But her tastes in the matter of outlay were far different from her husband's. We have her own written words—and it is such a comfort when we do have them—on this subject. "When I saw the large steamers at the New York landing, ready for the

European voyage, I felt in my heart inclined to sigh that poverty was my portion. I often laugh and tell Mr. Lincoln that I am determined my next husband shall be rich"—which of course was agreeable for him. But the most pitiable exhibition in regard to Mrs. Lincoln's finances is Mrs. Keckley's story of the debts incurred from real or supposed necessities of dress to keep up the presidential dignity. The maddening pressure of these doubled the wife's anxiety as to the chances of the second election in 1864. It must not be supposed that Mrs. Keckley's record of conversations which took place is verbally exact, but it is surely close to reality in its general tone. She says to Mrs. Lincoln, "And Mr. Lincoln does not even suspect how much you owe?" And the answer is "'God, no!' This was a favorite expression of hers. 'And I would not have him suspect. If he knew that his wife was involved to the extent that she is, the knowledge would drive him mad. He does not know a thing about my debts, and I value his happiness, not to speak of my own, too much to allow him to know anything.'" Such are the domestic tragedies of money.

It is with her children that Mrs. Lincoln is most attractive. Both she and Lincoln were devoted to them: he in his gentle, humorous, abstracted fashion, she with no doubt erratic but effusive and genuine demonstrations of tenderness. She was interested in their education, in their health, in their mental and moral development. But fate was as cruel to her in the maternal as in the conjugal relation, and she lived to bury three of her four sons. The eldest died in the early days in Springfield. The youngest, Tad—who was her chief consolation after her husband's death, so that she wrote, "Only my darling Taddie prevents my taking my life"—was snatched away in 1871. But the death of Willie, in the midst of the at once anguished and triumphant days in the White House, was the bitterest blow of all. The mother was inconsolable, and her grief led her into fantastic ecstasies of passion till the crisis came in the strange scene so vividly related by Mrs. Keckley when Lincoln took his wife by the arm and led her to the window. "With a stately, solemn gesture, he pointed to the lunatic asylum, 'Mother, do you see that large white building on the hill yonder? Try to control your grief or it will drive you mad, and we may have to send you there.'"

Yet, with the curious perversity of fortune which attended so much of Mrs. Lincoln's life, even her sorrow as a mother, which would seem as if it ought to have won her public respect, and doubtless did so, was turned by her inborn tactlessness into an element of unpopularity. The military band had been in the habit of playing in the square near the White House. But Mrs. Lincoln's reminiscent grief could not endure the music and she insisted upon its being stopped for months, till the people became so indignant that Lincoln was forced to overrule her. Truly, one cannot but sympathize with Mrs. Keckley's exclamation, even if it is a little exaggerated, "I never in my life saw a more peculiarly constituted woman. Search the world over, and you will not find her counterpart." And she was married to a man as strange as herself and as strangely different.

Now, having established Mrs. Lincoln's general character as far as it is possible to do so, we come to the profoundly curious and interesting study of her relation with her husband, and this should begin with the history of their marriage.

In early life Lincoln seems to have had a susceptible imagination in regard to women—the more susceptible, perhaps, because he had so little to do with them. His profound affection in his twenties for Ann Rutledge, which has been embroidered by so many story-tellers, and her melancholy death, almost unhinged him for the time and Herndon insists that he never really loved anyone after-

wards. But a varied list of feminine names appears. There is the robust Mary Owens, with whom his courtship seems mainly to have consisted in endeavors to persuade her that she would do better not to marry him. There is a more shadowy Sarah Rickard. And there is Matilda Edwards, sister-in-law of the lady with whom her own sister, Mary Todd, was also staying. But the substantial charms of Mary, and her decided habit of getting what she wanted, in the end fixed the rather wandering lover, and in 1840 they were definitely engaged.

Here we strike one of the most debated points in Mrs. Lincoln's life, and in dealing with the course of this engagement we are at once confronted with the question of Herndon's veracity. It seems to me that his essential tone and attitude in general must be regarded as satisfactory. At the same time, after the industrious researches of Miss Tarbell, it is difficult to accept in detail Herndon's account of the stormy progress of Lincoln's love affair. According to Herndon, the day for the wedding was actually fixed, the supper was ordered, the bride arrayed, the parson present—and the bridegroom failed to appear, tormented by doubts and hesitations approaching mental derangement. The disturbance was so great that Lincoln's friends for a time feared suicide.

Without pronouncing positively on the more highly colored features of this narrative, we may regard the indisputable facts as curious enough. It is certain that the engagment was broken, certain that Lincoln a year later referred to the "fatal first of January, 1841"—the day which, according to Herndon, was set for the wedding. Also we have the remarkable series of letters to Speed, a near friend who was wooing and marrying at the same time, in which Lincoln uncovers his tormented soul—a soul clearly well-versed in all the tortures of self-analysis, self-criticism, and self-reproach. In March, 1842, he writes to Speed that since breaking his engagement "he should have been entirely happy but for the never-absent idea that there is one still unhappy whom I have contributed to make so. That kills my soul. I cannot but reproach myself for even wishing to be happy while she is otherwise."

Then Speed marries and likes it, which impresses Lincoln, and somehow or other Mary regains her control, and on the fourth of November, 1842, the two are married very simply and quietly. In a letter of Lincoln's only quite recently published there is this admirable phrase, turned with a delicate significance which Lamb or Touchstone might have envied, "Nothing new here, except my marrying, which to me is matter of profound wonder."

It is matter of profound wonder to most of us, and we endeavor, without much success, to find out how it happened. To begin with, what was Mary's motive—why did a woman so proud as she seek to retain a lover who appeared so obviously reluctant? Herndon's theory is fantastic. He asserts that Mary's pride was so bitterly wounded that she married Lincoln simply to make his life miserable, purely for revenge. Even put in more rational fashion, with the idea that she was a person who persisted relentlessly in getting what she had once wanted, the explanation is scanty. There is also the theory that Mary was ambitious and that she foresaw Lincoln's future, even preferring him in this regard to so promising a candidate as Douglas. Something there may be in this: she was a keen-sighted woman and she is said to have prognosticated her husband's success from the start. But I think we must add that she loved him, felt instinctively the charm which so many men felt, the almost inexplicable charm which went with that strange, ungainly figure of whom an early friend could say, "he was the ungodliest figure I ever saw."

In the same way I feel that probably something in her fascinated Lincoln. His conscience forced him, say some;

her family forced him, say others. Both may have contributed. He was morbidly sensitive. He was indolent and in some ways easily led. Yet I have no doubt he loved her; and that quick, narrow, masterful spirit gained and kept a hold over his vaguer and more fluid one.

I imagine that the love on both sides persisted to the end. Herndon insists that there was no love at all. To Mr. Rankin the whole affair apparently seems a sweet idyl of uninterrupted bliss. It was probably just an average earthly marriage, with an increasing bond of association overcoming all sorts of wear and tear and pulling and hauling. Lincoln could never have been a comfortable husband for any wife. His casual ways, his irregular habits, his utter disregard of the conventions and small proprieties of life would have worn on a far more tranquil patience than Mary Todd's. And her patience was not tranquil at all—in fact, existed only very slightly. Her violent outbursts of temper on small occasions are matter of record, and it is impossible to put aside altogether the scenes of furious, disgraceful public jealousy described by Badeau and confirmed by General Sherman. Lincoln took it all quietly, though it must have wrung his heart; smiled, patted her on the shoulder, called her his child-wife, and she was ashamed of herself—and did it again.

But what has afforded infinite entertainment to the inquiring biographer, and what I think must be equally entertaining to the sympathetic reader, is the violent contrast with which the same simple facts may be stated according to the prejudice of the person who states them. Take the two extremes, Herndon and Mr. Rankin: their analysis of Lincoln's married life cannot but be instructive as well as diverting.

First, there is Lincoln's absence from home. He left on every excuse, Herndon says. He lived in his office. Where other lawyers returned from their work to the comfortable fireside, he lingered in the country store or anywhere, rather than face the nagging that daily tormented him. All a mistake, says Mr. Rankin. He was a great deal from home, attending to necessary business, and why? Because he had such a competent, careful, devoted wife that his presence at home was entirely unnecessary.

Take clothing. Mrs. Lincoln was always fussing about her husband's dress. Again, explains the unfailing Mr. Rankin, this was all a matter of health. He was threatened with consumption and her loving care in seeing that he was properly clothed may have saved his life. It was the same with food and regularity at meals. Innumerable stories are told of her sending arbitrarily, at the most inconvenient times, to insist upon his attendance; and even appearing herself, with some indulgence of shrewish tongue. Wrong, wrong, urges Mr. Rankin. She may have spoken quickly, but affectionate anxiety about his health was at the bottom of it all.

The best is the matter of the ring. Herndon enlarges, with rather fiendish satisfaction, upon Lincoln's reluctance when even the bona fide wedding day arrived. Speed's little boy, says Herndon, seeing the bridegroom so finely dressed, inquired where he was going. "To hell, I suppose," was the gloomy rejoinder. Oh, cries Mr. Rankin, cruel, cruel, even to imagine that he could have uttered such a word! There was the wedding-ring—did not Lincoln have engraved in it the tender sentiment "Love is eternal"? Innocent Mr. Rankin! he apparently does not remember Jaques's remark to Orlando, "You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmith's wives and conned them out of rings?" I will not suggest that the sentiment may have emanated from Mary herself, though there have been such instances. But alas, we all know how many rings with similar mottoes

are clasping unloved and loveless fingers all about the world.

Having thus analyzed, with delightful inconclusiveness, the conjugal affection of the Lincolns, we may consider, with equal inconclusiveness, the important question of Mrs. Lincoln's influence over her husband. This is what she says herself: "Mr. Lincoln was mild in his manners, but he was a terribly firm man when he set his foot down. None of us, no man or woman, could rule him after he had once fully made up his mind." Can you not read the outcome of many fruitless battles here?

Mrs. Lincoln's chief wrestle was with her husband's social peculiarities. Here she was obviously in part successful, and it cannot be doubted that her experience and knowledge of the world were of great benefit. As Newton puts it, she "taught him particularly that there was such a thing as society, which observed a man's boots as well as his principles." At the same time, from his boots to his hat and through all the long six feet between, the man was thoroughly unconventional and nothing could make him otherwise. In the early married days in Springfield he would open the door himself in his shirtsleeves and assure august visitors that his wife would be down as soon as she could get her trotting harness on. The oddities may have diminished a little in Washington but they were never got rid of. You could believe in such a husband, you could admire him, you could scold him; but you could not domesticate him.

On broader matters, less naturally within her sphere—even on the conduct of the war—Mrs. Lincoln evidently had her word. What wife would not? And sometimes it was the apt and poignant one. Large military policy was perhaps beyond her, but she gave her sharp, shrewd judgment of military commanders, bearing out to some extent her husband's admission that she had quicker insight into character than he. The words, as reported by Mrs. Keckley, can hardly be relied upon; but the general drift of them must be accurate. Of McClellan she said, "He is a humbug . . . he talks so much and does so little. If I had the power, I would very soon take off his head, and put some energetic man in his place." As to Grant she is equally severe, "He is a butcher, and is not fit to be at the head of an army. . . . He has no management, no regard for life. . . . I could fight an army as well myself." How perfect is Lincoln's quiet answer to all this: "Well, mother, supposing that we give you command of the army. No doubt you would do much better than any general that has been tried."

With politics Mrs. Lincoln was of course more interested and more at home than in military details. She watched her husband's career from the time of her earliest acquaintance with him and followed every step of it with the intensest ardor. Lincoln's appreciation of this shows most charmingly in his remark, on first hearing the result of the presidential election in 1860, that there was "a little woman at our house who is probably more interested in this dispatch than I am; and if you will excuse me, gentlemen, I will take it up and let her see it." Abstract political principles probably did not interest her much. Before the war her sympathies were more or less Southern, and this brought her criticism and added to the unpopularity which she was unable to overcome. But there can be no question about her entire loyalty to her husband's cause, which was in every sense her own. And whenever there was a personal point to be decided her judgment was always quick and sometimes sure. It is only just to say that I have not found one single case of her attempting to exert influence for the benefit of her friends or family, no soliciting of offices or commissions where they were not deserved. But she did interfere when her husband's and her own interests seemed to be involved. It was she who prevented Lincoln from

accepting the governorship of Oregon in 1849—from political foresight, say Lamon and Mr. Rankin; because she did not want to go off into the woods, say Nicolay and Hay. And in other cases she exerted a pressure which was strong and perhaps effective.

But as in army matters, so in politics it was the human side that interested her, and she criticized Seward and Chase just as savagely as she criticized Grant. Also she was much inclined to work on human agents where it was possible. Russell complains that she was open to flattery and filled her parlors with "men who would not be received in any respectable private house in New York." Her own explanation of this procedure—in the dialogue with Mrs. Keckley, bearing on the election of 1864—is profoundly interesting: "In a political canvass it is policy to cultivate every element of strength. These men have influence, and we require influence to reelect Mr. Lincoln. I will be clever to them until after the election, and then, if we remain at the White House, I will drop every one of them, and let them know very plainly that I only made tools of them. They are an unprincipled set, and I don't mind a little double-dealing with them." When Mrs. Keckley inquires if Mr. Lincoln knows, the answer is, "God, no! he would never sanction such a proceeding, so I keep him in the dark, and will not tell him till all is over." Somehow in these political concerns Mrs. Lincoln reminds one at times of Mr. Strachey's Victoria. There is the same dignified yet dumpy figure; the same round, hard, positive, dominating face. And one cannot but think of the remark of an Englishman to Mrs. Fields, which Mr. Strachey would enjoy, "We call her 'Her *Un*gracious Majesty.'"

It is clear enough that back of Mrs. Lincoln's political interest, and indeed back of all her life, there was a tremendous driving force of ambition. There is much debate whether she had more ambition or he. They were different in this as in everything. His ambition was vague, dreamy, fitful, mystical. Hers was narrower, more concrete; but it never rested and went straight at its ends. How much we are to believe of the apparently well-authenticated stories of her aiming at the White House almost from infancy is a question. Any girl may aim at the White House, I suppose. No doubt some millions do who never get there. Perhaps the most impressive anecdote on the subject is Lamon's account of his first talk with her, in 1847. It is a little hard to accept, but striking if you do accept it. "Yes," she said, "he is a great favorite everywhere. He is to be President of the United States some day; if I had not thought so, I never would have married him, for you can see he is not pretty. But look at him! Doesn't he look as if he would make a magnificent President?" That a woman should speak thus of her husband in her first interview with a stranger is extraordinarily significant, if you can believe it. And Lamon's repeated emphasis of the word "magnificent" gives the story somewhat greater credibility.

At any rate she got to the White House and reigned there through four of the greatest years in the history of the country. I wish I had a little more authority for the seemingly sane and not unfavorable account of her White House life given by Mr. Willis Steell—the immense effort for popularity and social success and supremacy, ending in satiety and disappointment: "The 'court' she set up had turned into a mock bubble, shining in iridescent colors only in her imagination; created from sordid materials, and wholly empty." Then the triumphant election of 1864 set the crown upon it all, if crown there was. In April, 1865, the war was over. On the afternoon of the fourteenth Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln drove out alone together and Lincoln seemed singularly happy, so much so that Mary's ill-divining soul presaged the woe to come. He talked to her of well-earned rest, of

peaceful plans and projects for the future. In the evening they went to Ford's theater. And still his mind was rather on the coming dreamy years than on the play. We will go to Europe, he said to her, go to the Holy Land, go to the city I have always wanted to see, Jerusalem. . . . While he was busy with such thoughts the pistol of Wilkes Booth shattered the world of Mary Todd Lincoln into diminutive, desperate fragments which no man ever again could piece together.

As this portrait is mainly made up of questions that cannot be answered, we might as well conclude with the most unanswerable of all: would Lincoln's career have been different, for better or worse, if he had married a different wife? Here again a variety of speculations present themselves, each urged with partisan eagerness. There is, on the whole, a remarkable unanimity of biographers in the view that Mrs. Lincoln was helpful to her husband; but there is an astonishing difference as to the way she helped. Herndon, always critical, admits the helpfulness—in fact emphasizes it. Lincoln, he says, was naturally indolent, contented, stay-at-home. If home had been delightful he would have enjoyed it and would not have been so eager to make a mark in the world. Mary made home hideous, and by so doing made her husband great. Mr. Rankin does his best to involve this cynical explanation in the rosy mist of his amiable memory, and goes to the other extreme. According to him, Mary was a sort of protecting angel who advised, cautioned, impelled—always at the right time. "Without Mary Todd for his wife, Abraham Lincoln would never have been President. Without Abraham Lincoln for her husband, Mary Todd would, probably, never have been a President's wife." This beatific solution may be correct; but if it is so I find it difficult to explain the fact that, while Nicolay and Hay were intimately present in the White House, in all the ten volumes of their History Mrs. Lincoln gets only a few lines and in the close daily record of Hay's Diary her name is hardly mentioned. Surely a guardian, ministering angel would deserve and get a little more than this. For myself, I find Mr. Stephenson's moderate statement very satisfying: "She had certain qualities that her husband lacked. . . . She had that intuition for the main chance which shallow people confound with practical judgment. Her soul inhabited the obvious." Lincoln's natural danger was the world of dreams and going astray in it, says Mr. Stephenson: "That this never occurred may be fairly credited . . . to the firm-willed, the utterly matter-of-fact little person he had married."

The problem of Lincoln's melancholy brings the question to a point: that haunting, brooding sadness which rarely left him, though he shot the dark cloud through with constant fantastic sallies of laughter; that sadness which Herndon expressed with such extraordinary power when he said that "melancholy dripped from him as he walked," and which Lincoln himself described as so terrible that "if what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on the earth." Did Mary cause this grief or did she cure it? Herndon does not quite affirm the former, but he evidently thinks that the misery of home surroundings much augmented a constitutional tendency. Then along comes the ever-cheerful Mr. Rankin, from whom a mellow optimism is constantly dripping, and assures us that on the contrary, so far from causing the melancholy, Mary was the one who could cure it. When the spells grew acute, "she . . . was the only one who had the skill and tact to shorten their duration." Again this may be quite correct; but when I think of that concise, hard, unsympathetic face—I wonder.

Among the varied possibilities connected with Lincoln's other early loves, the suggestion of melancholy brings up

most of all the image of Ann Rutledge. It has even been suggested that the melancholy had its origin in the loss of her of whom he said that the thought of "the snows and rains falling upon her grave filled him with indescribable grief." If he had married Ann, would it all have been different? We know so little of her that we cannot conjecture further than that a devoted, self-forgetful passion such as he hardly felt for Mary Todd might have changed his world. As for the substantial, hearty Mary Owens—it is not likely that his experience with her would have been very different from his experience with the other Mary.

Then one thinks of a woman of real genius, of large capacity, of sweet human comprehension—a woman like Theodosia Burr or Sarah Butler. With a wife like this would Lincoln have done, perhaps not greater things, but done them with an ampler serenity and spiritual peace?

I doubt it. Lincoln was not in any way a woman's man, in spite of the early loves. Mary Owens thought him "deficient in those little links which make up the chain of woman's happiness." Lincoln himself wrote, later, in his dry quiet way, "The truth is, I have never corresponded much with ladies; and hence I postpone writing letters to them, as a business I do not understand." He may have been a master of men: for dealing with women he was at once too self-contained and too sincere. I am sure the words of the *Imitation* would have pleased him: "Be not a friend to any one woman in particular, but commend all good women in general to God."

More than that, he lived in a solitude which neither man nor woman ever perfectly penetrated. No doubt we all live in such solitude. The difference is that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand never think of it. Lincoln thought of it all the time. He ruled over millions of men and women who loved him; yet he was enormously alone, because he felt himself to be so. In this one point there is a curious resemblance between him and the greatest of all his contemporaries, a man who differed from him in so many other respects—Robert E. Lee. Lee was lonely as Lincoln was. Yet Lee had a most exquisite, devoted, sympathizing wife, and children whose affection was always responsive. The loneliness, with him as with Lincoln, was that isolation of the human soul which the yearning of the deepest love merely accentuates. Lincoln's own words to Speed convey it with clarifying intensity. "I have no doubt it is the peculiar misfortune of both you and me to dream dreams of Elysium far exceeding all that anything earthly can realize." When there was such an ideal as this to compete with, neither the perfection of wit, nor of beauty, nor of sacrifice would have been any more satisfying than poor Mary Todd.

The Lion's Mouth

AUCTION LUCK

BY CAROLINE CAMP

AUCTION!!!

IN

OTIS, AT THE BRADLEY FARM

I WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION, ALL THE HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS OF SARAH BRADLEY, INCLUDING BRAND NEW OAK DINING ROOM SET, TWO FOLDING BEDS WITH LARGE MIRRORS, GOOD AS NEW HAT-RACK AND PARLOR STOVE, UPHOLSTERED PARLOR SUITE, NUMEROUS ANTIQUES, CREAM SEPARATOR, VIOLIN, PLAYER PIANO, TWO BARRELS OF CIDER, ETC.

CASH UP TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, MORE THAN THAT, THIRTY DAYS.

IT STARED seductively at me, from the side of a barn, and I immediately threw my various errands to the winds and right-about-faced to Otis.

As I drove along I recalled how I acquired my first appetite for auctions. It came after reading a book written by an auction habitué. How many times did the author buy a conglomeration of tins, to find a rare piece of pewter nestling cosily in their midst? Just for luck, he would bid on a disreputable-looking chair, upholstered with an old quilt, to discover upon releasing the chair that it was Sheraton! In a box of broken china he could always root out a bit of perfect lustre ware.

This sort of luck had so far successfully avoided me; but somehow I felt that this time my turn was coming. I saw myself returning from Otis, my car piled high with antiques that had come to me almost for the asking. I saw an eager crowd of amiable people intent on buying the long-coveted folding beds. It would be a delightful day of real rural atmosphere.

Still harboring these enchanting thoughts, I arrived at the Bradley farm. What a scene! It is not an auction. It is a fête! Station wagons, French touring cars and limousines. Imported sport clothes. Even parasols.

The auctioneer is holding high a light-green vase. I recognize it as being a perfect specimen of late Woolworth. The portly dowager on my right whispers, "Wistarberg! Exactly like a vase I saw in that exhibition at the American Art Galleries two years ago. It's priceless."

The sun pelts down. The perspiring auctioneer mops his face and raises his voice. "How much am I offered for this green vase? Just the thing to hold those forget-me-nots your best beau is going to bring you to-night." Outburst of giggles from the pastoral part of the assemblage, bored smiles from the others. The recognizable belle of the Otis Grange calls out, "Ten cents."

A girl of great perspicacity, thinks I. But a look of disgust for such bucolic ignorance floods the face of the dowager. With towering assurance she raises the bid to ten dollars. The canny auctioneer changes not his stolid expression one whit. "You've said something, madam. It is yours." Her chauffeur steps up, as if to a Sunday-school Christmas tree, and receives the vase with thanks. The crowd hums and my buxom neighbor purrs happily over her great sagacity.

A bottomless, undecorated Hitchcock chair comes on the scene—value, by a stretch of the imagination, five dollars.

"Now what do I get for this chair? It is older than any person here. A nice chair to put the baby in when it cries. Does anyone say a dollar? Yes, that's right—one dollar—two dollars. You'll go a long ways before you'll find as old a chair in such good condition. Three dollars, four dollars, five, six. You can get a bottom put in for a dollar and a half, and you'll have just the chair to sit in when you come in and take your shoes off at supper time."

The bid is not being raised, however, by the people who take their shoes off at supper time but by the people to whom supper is an obsolete word.

"What's that, sir?" To an anæmic-looking individual wearing linen knickers and a monocle. "Do you say seven dollars? Eight, nine, ten. What! Only ten dollars for this chair that is nearly a thousand years old? Is that all? It's going—going—sold to Mrs. Farrington for ten dollars."

I detach myself from my moorings and worm my way to the house to explore. I wander listlessly from room to room. There are the folding beds. There is the parlor stove. The violin. About fifty old books. A few candle molds.

Having looked the books over and found nothing of interest, I turn to the violin. I peer inside and see, "*Antonius Straduarius Cremonentis faciebat anno 1720.*" A Stradivarius! Chills and fever attack me. I must get outside before it comes up for sale!

Outside, I find that my standing room is taken. But I do not care. I find a new place in the sun, where I can gloat and ruminate.

A real Stradivarius! It must be worth about fifty thousand dollars. I shan't be mean enough to keep all that money. I shall give Mrs. Bradley half. I should rather like to spend next winter in Paris.

It suddenly dawns on me that the books are bringing an enormous amount. I cannot imagine why, because I looked at them carefully and saw nothing that one could not buy at any second-hand book shop for ten cents. An attractive girl, not over seventeen, is bidding on them. Eighty-five dollars, and the books are hers.

The candle molds are going up. . . . *And now the violin!*

"Here is an old fiddle that was found in the Ark by Noah himself. The only thing in the Ark that didn't come in pairs."

I flick not an eyelash. A nice ruddy-faced farmer says, "Five dollars." Not another person speaks, so I say, "Six." The competition between the farmer and me is tranquil, although he seems to want the violin very much. I feel sorry to bid over him. At twenty dollars he good-naturedly gives up. The Stradivarius is mine! Who can say that it does not pay to go to auctions?

New York was the only possible market for it, although I hated the thought of the trip in such sweltering weather. However, I decided that I could be inconvenienced a good bit for fifty thousand dollars, and I took the five o'clock train that afternoon.

My line of march the next morning was straight to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Cordiality itself greeted me there, but it appeared that one of their rules was not to appraise anything. They gave me the names of several men who were authorities on stringed instruments. Walter Hayden was the first one on the list, and I went directly to his office.

Except for four flights of stairs, which I scaled successfully, I can recall only one thing about this encounter—that is Mr. Hayden saying, wearisomely, patronizingly, "Don't you know that every Stradivarius has been accounted for? There are hundreds of fakes and this is one of them. It has no value—possibly six or seven dollars."

I was not to be so easily convinced, and I walked out of his office, still seeing myself handing Mrs. Bradley a check for twenty-five thousand dollars. Still

seeing myself swathed in a steamer rug, half way to Paris.

G. W. Stone was the next victim.

I swooped enthusiastically upon him and he submitted silently to my attack. Apparently a man of few words. "Another fake. Had three this week. Worth nothing."

I would make one more try. The subway, to the distant shop of a violin maker. He stood ten feet away from me when I started to take my triumph from its case. He turned his head and gave it a fleeting glance. "Don't trouble yourself to take that out any farther. I can see from here what it is." And, as he went on repairing a real Stradivarius, he told me the same tormenting story.

This time, I could but believe—having seen for myself a glaring difference in the two violins.

The following afternoon I went back to Otis—not to press a check on Mrs. Bradley but to find the ruddy-faced farmer. After inquiries concerning his hay crop and the number of acres on his farm, I presented him with *Antonius Straduarius Cremonentis faciebat anno 1720*, saying that I could not use it after all and that I should be glad to let him have it.

He became even ruddier and told me that his heart had been set on having that violin. He played at dances down at the Grange.

I could already hear it twanging out a quadrille, accompanied by his stentorian voice, "Balance corners, swing partners, grand right and left."

He called me back as I was leaving. "Are you as crazy over old relics as the rest of the folks are? I've got a table that beats anything I ever saw for funny-looking legs. It used to belong to my grandmother."

With a sudden new interest in life I tracked straight ahead on the scent with my ears flat back.

In the barn, on top of an oat bin and covered with discarded harnesses, there perched a carved mahogany Chippendale card table! The legs that he found so amusing were cabriole, with claw-and-ball feet. The carving was a revelation. It was the best piece I had ever seen, outside of a museum.

It was too much! I was floored. I finally managed to gasp, "Would you sell it, by any chance?"

"*Sell it?*" he protested. "If you want the old thing take it along. My wife won't even give it house room. You wouldn't take a cent for the fiddle, and I won't take anything for this."

I drove back from Otis on a bed of roses.

Never let anyone tell you that it does not pay to go to an auction!

A COZY CHAT

BY PERCY WAXMAN

I CAN'T understand why so many men I know go home at night and never think of recounting to their wives the little incidents of everyday life. I always make it a rule to tell Elaine everything that happens during the day. She's always so interested, and many of our coziest and most friendly chats have happened as a direct result of something I have said on my return from the office.

I am morally certain that Elaine would miss it very much indeed if I didn't make it a practice to bring home some sort of report of the day's doings from the big outside world of affairs. Now take last night for instance. We had the jolliest kind of a time all through a chance remark I made when I was taking my coat off.

"I ran into Dave Mitchell at Grand Central," I told her, "just as I was getting the 5:39. He's had his teeth fixed, I see."

"Why, Elmer, that's an old story."

"It is?"

"Certainly," said Elaine. "Ethel decided he was to have them done the night we were all playing bridge over at the Durbers. Don't you remember? It was when Mrs. Hémans trumped Dave's ace and he got all spluttery over it on account of that front tooth of his, and right there and then Ethel said he must have the whole row fixed. She told me he went in to Doctor Fisher the very next morning. Poor old Dave. I thought I'd have died when that Héman's woman put the six of diamonds down on his ace of clubs. You should have seen his face when he tried to explain that the six was the only trump left and that his ace was just as good as a trump when it was his lead. Oh! dear, the way some women play bridge gives me a pain. They will not keep count. They keep chattering all the time and every second minute some one has to tell them what's trumps. That Mrs. Krell is just as bad as Ethel. And so's Jessica Abbott. She's so darned crazy about the way her dress looks that she can't keep her mind on anything else longer than five minutes at a stretch. And why anyone with her figure bothers about the way she looks is beyond me. You should have seen her this afternoon at May Randle's in a blue taffeta thing, smothered in tulle with a huge bow of lavender ribbon—lavender mind you—way up on the left shoulder. Some women certainly have taste, I must say. That little Mrs. Venner was there too. I'd like to know on Jim Venner's salary how she can afford the things she wears. She had a sable neckpiece on this afternoon that must have cost twelve hundred dollars if it cost a nickel. Anyone that knows me knows that I'm not in the habit of saying catty things about people *but* I must say that the things that woman wears would make anyone just a little suspicious, particularly as they haven't been living out here very long. I wonder who that man Scott really is that's always spending the week end with the Venners. Well, it's none of my business anyway but I must say it does look a wee bit queer to nave the wife of a salaried employee of an insurance broker wear a different dress every time she turns around.

"Madge Kirby noticed that sable neckpiece too. Trust that old vinegar-face for that. She's the champion snooper of the world. There's not a blessed thing going on that she doesn't know about. She pokes her nose into everybody's business. I never knew such a woman. It was Madge who told me why the Evanses had to leave town in such a hurry. There'll be a nice mess when Stockton finds out about that Italian sculptor. And they've left bills a mile high behind them, Madge says. They owe everybody in town. Well, I said it's always the way with people who have such high-and-mighty social ambitions. Nothing was *ever* good enough for Bess Evans. The way she used to go on at the Club and abuse those poor servants up there if there was the slightest thing wrong was enough to sicken a cat. You'd think it was the Ritz the way she used to go on—nothing ever good enough for her. Madge says that Bess got all her smart notions out of books, though Heaven knows the kind of ideas you get out of the stuff they're writing nowadays wouldn't help any normal, sane human being very much. Gertrude Witton told of a book that all the women are crazy about just now. It's called *The Ruddy Glow* and it's by that Russian who wrote that other thing—you know—that got that something-or-other prize in that contest. Gertrude says it's too disgusting for words—all about operations and sex and analysis and all that. Everyone is titled too and there are some marvelous descriptions of parties on the Lido and at Deauville, Biarritz and, later on, at Palm Beach. Gertrude said that if you skip the sex that it's really well worth reading. Heavens, I must catch up on my reading. I haven't read anything except the Sunday papers in ages. I don't know where the time flies to. I'm on the go from morning till night and I never seem

to have a minute to myself. I have to go in town again to-morrow to have another fitting. Oh! dear, how I dread it. They're getting so prosperous at Riette's now that no one seems to want to pay me any attention. After all I've done for that woman too. Heavens, when I think of what I *used* to get things for when they were down on 27th Street and what I have to pay now—it's enough to make you sick. Mrs. Murney's sister keeps asking me where I get my things, but I always put her off by changing the subject and the old busybody never seems to notice. That's the way with women. You start them off on one subject and before you know where you are—they're off on a dozen. They just can't stick to one thing. . . . My goodness, Elmer, it's nearly 7:10 and you haven't even washed yet. Dinner will be served in five minutes and here we've been gossiping away like two old maids. I'm always so interested in what you've been doing all day that I never notice the time. Do fly now, there's a good man. You can tell me the rest later."

"I won't be a minute, dear," I said as I made for the staircase, thanking my stars for being married to a woman who takes a genuine interest in her husband's affairs.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN OF AFFAIRS

BY IRWIN EDMAN

MIDDLETON'S every gesture shows
How certain is his soul; he goes
With clean precision through the maze
Of faltering steps that make men's days.
His desk is always clean; his mind
A mint of certainty; the blind
Confusions that make most men stammer
He cannot see; steam rivets hammer
Outside his window; people call;
Bells ring; he sits serene through all
These trivial sounds and tragic lives,
While he, in his big business, thrives,
Making upon his memo pad
The markings of a world gone mad.
Middleton is not mad; so plain
His days are and his life so sane.
Nothing can ruffle his round face;
His wands of wealth smooth each rough place,
And steady as the evening star
Above his mansion, his cigar
Proclaims to those he finds to tell
His happy tale, that all is well,
With him, with all the world, with those
Of our best people whom he knows.

How will Middleton meet, I wonder,
The darkness and the last great thunder?
Will he telephone, "Take this
Telegram to the Lord in bliss,
Cancel catastrophe, send sun,
Charge my account, signed Middleton."

AND THEY CALL IT A SCIENCE!

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

ONCE upon a time there was a youth who was brought up in accordance with the strictest morality. His parents made him thoroughly familiar with fixed principles, absolute standards, and the difference between right and wrong. He grew up in the perfect assurance that he possessed the truth. From this it was but a step to the inference that the truth was what he believed, and error the opinions of others.

When he went out into the world he naturally set about reforming its vices. His methods were not offensive. He acted with sincerity, earnestly desiring, as he said, to leave the world a little better than he found it. Nevertheless he was not popular. People declared that they could not stand his holier-than-thou attitude. He had a messianic complex, they said. First remove the beam from your own eye, they said. He was not prepared for this criticism. He took it to heart. Could it be that his motives

were impure? That he was spiritually proud? Thus tormented, he ceased to worry about the shortcomings of others and began to scrutinize his own. To his amazement this policy met with as little success as the other. He found himself accused of morbid introspection and self-analysis. "Introvert!" exclaimed his critics. They would have hissed it had it been hissable.

It became clear to him that, no matter what line he took, it was impossible to avoid giving offense. He therefore resolved to conceal any interest in the morals either of himself or of others. But the influence of his early training was too much for him, and at times he would break out into condemnation of the laxity and dissipation of the younger generation. After one of these outbreaks a well-meaning friend came to him, counselling silence.

"You know," he said, "you're only giving yourself away. Thanks to modern psychology, we now understand that people condemn in others the practices they themselves long to indulge in. When you were a youngster you were never allowed to enjoy yourself as young people do nowadays. You are jealous at their being able to have what was denied to you. You think you are deploring their morals but in reality you are working off your resentment."

The wretched youth decided to hold his peace. But there was no peace for him. He was constantly being assured in sermons, in editorials, and in other improving literature to which he was addicted, that the American public was rapidly losing all capacity for moral indignation. "Thou art the man!" whispered his conscience.

Miserably frustrated he withdrew from human companionship. He entered into a silent brooding melancholy. One of his friends came to him.

"Look here, old man," he said, "this sort of thing will never do. You know you've got all the symptoms of an inferiority complex. You must snap out of it or you can't tell where you'll end."

More in desperation than as a result of conviction, he proceeded to try to snap out of it. He became noisy, opinionated, self-assertive. It was not long before he discovered that these too were infallible signs of an inferiority complex. When you felt inferior you tried to fool yourself and others into the opposite belief by acting like a superior person. "Compensation, just plain compensation!" said his critics blandly. They could have hissed it, but there was no need to.

The youth, now prematurely aged, concluded that since psychology had become popular there was no pleasing people.

So he put a bullet through his head.

Two men who had known him were talking of his death.

"Just seeking for a little cheap publicity," said one.

"I always knew he had a martyr complex," said the other.

Editor's Easy Chair

THE LIMITATIONS OF VIRTUE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE used to be an idea that democracy could survive only by going in double harness with popular education. If the final decision in everything lay with the voters, it was necessary, so it seemed, that the voters should be intelligent enough and sufficiently educated to make wise decisions. In what measure the mass of the voters will ever attain to that much understanding and intelligence is hard to say. Important decisions are made by them, but they are made not by the exercise of critical intelligence, but by something blinder and dumber than that, yet something which still is effective. The voter in important elections votes not so much according to what he thinks as according to what he feels. If he is not comfortable, he shows it in his vote and, when things go badly with the mass of voters, they are apt presently to excuse the party in power from continuing in office.

Still there continues that old opinion that democracy must survive or perish according as it can or cannot educate the mass of the voters, and there goes on the effort to bring to the young the sort of teaching which will give them reasonable understanding of public questions and make some kinds of political foolishness impossible. And when the scope of government is increased and new things make new public questions, education has to expand to match.

The expansion is attended by a good many painful incidents, but that is to be expected. Such things as the Volstead law, and the creedal disputes, and the Scopes case in Tennessee are all a part of the process of jolting us into new contemplations of life. We need to be jolted. We need constantly to have it rubbed into us that the way we live, the ideals of life which we have, are not the final blessings that mankind is headed for, but just our faulty experiments on the way.

One great thing we need just now to be taught is to appreciate the limitations of human virtue. It is not a very good article—not as we know it. It is physically more wholesome than vice, oh, yes! and certainly more profitable, and that is what keeps it a-going. This current disposition of the girls to flout proprieties and scandalize their grandmothers—what do you think that means? The rebellion against Volstead, the critical attitude towards creeds, the squabbles about evolution? They all seem part of the same thing, which is the antipathy of the natural man towards the "unco guid." It is all a part of the world-cure which, like all cures, has its ups and downs and bad moments.

When Belinda went to Long Island on a visit the other day she said she was going to a horse race. When Cornelia planned to visit a girl in Baltimore she too was going to a horse race. Her mother did not like it much. She had not been brought up on horse races. Neither had Belinda's father but, knowing Belinda as he did, he said to him-

self, "Well, I hope she will bet on it." He did not tell her so, but when she got back she reported that she lost ten dollars the first day and won fifteen the second.

Awful! Why did that old man want Belinda to bet? He knows how strongly William Bryan disapproves of betting. He thinks nothing of it himself and, indeed, horse races bore him, but still he hoped Belinda would bet. Why? Because of an instinctive consciousness of the limitations of human virtue and of its immemorial disposition to cramp life, and of the need at times to hit it in the eye. Our world in this country is full of virtuous people who insist that their neighbors shall garb themselves in the abstentions and disapprovals that they themselves affect. Out of the great prevalence of that disposition grows the revolt of which we see so many evidences. That must be why so many otherwise wise-appearing people say, "Oh the girls are all right; let them alone."

WHY do the English affect horse races so prevalently? Perhaps in that tight island with its large population people have to have fun in crowds if they are going to have any. Our people in our crowded districts do much the same. They go to baseball games, but there is no such popular patronage of horse-racing as there is in England and no such universal betting. Possibly, if we let in the betting on more liberal terms, we might have bigger horse races, but our monitors would not like that. The sport that they most approve is thrift and, having a President who is one of the greatest living patrons of it, they are pleased with him down to the ground.

Oh, those incorrigible English with their horse races, their prodigious betting, and their scandalous over-consumption of alcohol! What will become of them?

Probably they will just go on living and adjusting their habits as they go along to the compulsions of life. They are not as rich as they were; that is, the English who used to be very rich indeed are not nearly as rich as they were, being taxed to the very bone. So much the more one wonders what is the meaning of their extraordinary addiction to sport and especially to this sport of horse-racing with a vast amount of public betting, which must make William Bryan's blood run cold when he reads about it, and, as said, a fairly obstinate over-consumption of alchoholic drinks.

For one thing it means that British blood still circulates; that the heart of England still beats strong, and that the spirit of adventure is not dead in those islands. Our standards here are predominantly Puritan standards. New England put a deeper mark on the American character than Virginia did. Virginia was largely Church-of-England English. Massachusetts and Connecticut were Puritan—far more Puritan than England ever was—certainly more than England was after the Restoration. There are Puritans in England now, lots of them, represented in politics in the powerful Non-Conformist vote; but their ideals of virtue are not the ideals that control England, and over here our Puritans are having a hard time nowadays to control the United States. One may discern as he looks about that the fight is on.

Puritans were first rate in their conceptions of political liberty and stubborn and resolute in going after it, but in the matter of personal liberty it was otherwise. They were always regulators of habits, definers of belief, and strict exacters of conformity with their own notions of what constituted proper conduct. The Quakers were never that way except inside their own meeting houses, but the Methodists were. They promptly set up a discipline, and have it still in modified form, and practice to make the general public submit to as much of it as they can. But a good part of the general public has other ideals about the conduct of life and

demur to the Puritan effort. The Catholics do, so do the Jews; and they are two large and powerful groups.

It is getting through the heads of a good many people in these times that the great religious teachers who have most affected our lives did not specialize on details of conduct but did specialize on spirit. Christ was always doing that: always denouncing the Pharisees with their meticulous regulations of life, and always urging that the Kingdom of God was within us and was concerned with the springs of our action rather than with the details of behavior. If the spirit inside of us is right, the details will take care of themselves, and so He seemed to teach. That is why to so many minds the Prohibition laws seem at variance with the philosophy of Christian teaching. And yet in these times it is necessary apparently that there should be a certain amount of regulation of life. If Christ refrained from regulating life, there is at least one great exception. He drove the money changers out of the Temple. When one considers how the great rum problem should be regulated on Christian principles, that is the incident to remember. Drive the money changers out of it! They are the people who make most of the mischief. The same way with drugs. Get rid of money-making in rum and in opium and its derivatives—drive it out with a lash, and the rest of the problem would probably take care of itself.

AND now again about the English, under inspection this summer as usual by armies of American tourists: One reads that all Europe is being Americanized, but especially England. That is not good news, though the fact is doubtless inevitable. For example, it is the era of skyscrapers. Wherever the land is valuable enough to support one, we may expect to see it scrape the firmament. Land is valuable enough in London, and one was opened there the other day. All the same, it will take some time to Americanize England. It would be a very expensive process and except in the most active cities good buildings are not torn down to make room for new ones. What may be expected is that those parts of England most invaded by Americans will be most Americanized, especially the hotels. Naturally, if the American traveler has the money, he goes to a first-class hotel, and if he does that in England he gets very much what he would get at home—bathrooms, what they call over there "central heat," and such luxuries; and doubtless also he will have the advantage, such as it is, of lots of American associates. But if he really wants to learn something about England, the second-class hotels are the places for him. The first-class English hotel is an expense, but a second-class hotel is an adventure. Coming late into Southampton one afternoon to take a steamer the next morning, two travelers went to the advertised hotel near the wharfs where all the tourists go and, failing to get rooms there, searched the town for other shelter and brought up in a second-class hotel in the shopping district of the city. It was much more interesting than the tourists' hotel. The beds were good enough, the food fair, there were bathrooms that you could get to if you dared, but it was far from being spic and span. There were barmaids and you had breakfast in the parlor and the inhabitants were British, always interesting to observe. We in this country are getting so terribly addicted to conveniences that it is an excellent thing for any of us to have even a short experience of the possibility of life going on without conveniences; also without the prettiness of the interior decorators. One gets tired of it, one even at times gets tired of the conveniences, they cost so much. The great excuse for running water and such things is that they save work, and that is a good excuse; but when the plumber's bill comes in you are not sure that they save as much work as they are said to.

Shall we get soft, do you suppose, by

having so many aids to living, such expensive roads, such an unconscionable raft of motor cars, chewing gum so handy, everywhere cafeterias, our morals looked after by public commissions, our drink shut off so scrupulously? Is our life getting too mechanized? Are we going to be so busy with valves and steering wheels, putting washers on faucets and being body servants to machines as not to get our fair share of life? Sometimes it looks so, and if it is so in any serious measure that is one thing in which the English are going to have the better of us. They are still hardy. They can live with a minimum of heat and conveniences.

THEY are anxious in these days. The papers say some of them have had nervous breakdowns, an affliction that has been almost unknown in England. Some travelers who come back bring reports that England cannot be again what she has been. Perhaps not in all respects. The United States nowadays is the richest country and most powerful in resources both of population and of industry but, for all that, it has not taken over the leadership of the world. Who has it then? It seems still to stay in that extraordinary island where the people bet on horse races and drink rum. Presumably the leadership of the world will go to, or remain in, the country that produces the best thinkers and the highest courage.

Are there any thinkers as yet that beat the English thinkers? Is there any courage visible in the world that ranks higher than the English courage? Is there yet visible anywhere a greater capacity to take responsibility? Are there better writers anywhere than the best of the English writers? The United States has vast resources of every kind —material, mental, spiritual. The great novelties in this age of the world seem to come out of it. It seems to get the news first about a good many important things. If you think it is in closer touch with what you may call the cosmic mind, you can find a good deal to support that opinion. That the capital of the civilized world will be situated presently in North America, is likely enough in the general order of things, but in international concerns the United States is not quite yet up to a great adventure. It can express some things through its present governmental machinery but others not so well, and foreign policies is among these others.

The valuable thing that one sees in the English horse races is that England is not yet goody-goody; that it still dares, still considers chances and will bet on one. There is an enormous effort now proceeding to make the United States goody-goody and consecrate her to thrift and caution. This effort is not having any startling degree of success, though as an effort it makes for a conservation of power, which has a value. For the power of the United States is surely one of the great assets of civilization, but the people who use that power will not necessarily be the same people who have stored it up. They will have to be people equal to great adventures, and the times do not fail of signs that the adventures will be duly forthcoming.

Do you think that there are adventures, great international adventures, on the way to the world and incidentally to us? Probably there are and the real question is how soon? A great many people have this apprehensive sense of a period of effort hanging over the world. Perhaps it is because, having been through one such period, they have it in the blood. Some of the forecasts about it are fantastic and one cannot say they are well founded, but the feeling is by no means baseless. The world that contains Soviet Russia and contemporary Asia is not quite a dove's nest yet. Maybe that's why Admiral Fiske has emotions about our need to strengthen the navy and why the army people had Muster Day on the Fourth of July.

Personal and Otherwise

DOCTOR *Harry Emerson Fosdick* is one of the outstanding religious leaders of our day; for many years he has had a profound and widespread spiritual influence apart from any doctrinal controversy. Wherever he preaches, hundreds are turned away at the door. No other clergyman, in the country has such a grip on college men and women. His devotional books—*The Meaning of Prayer, The Meaning of Faith*, etc.—have given faith and courage to millions. Doctor Fosdick has now gone abroad for a long rest before entering actively on his new pastorate at the Park Avenue Baptist Church in New York; but before his departure he agreed to contribute to HARPER'S MAGAZINE a new monthly department entitled "Religion and Life," the scope and purpose of which are indicated in the editorial note accompanying his introductory article. It is a pleasure to welcome Doctor Fosdick as a regular contributor.

❦ ❦ ❦

"I ask you to read it slowly because it was written slowly," said *Christopher Morley* in the letter which accompanied the manuscript of "Thunder on the Left." "I have staked a great deal on this thing. The central idea has been in my head since one snowy night in February, 1920. I wrote a few pages at that time and saw at once that the thing was beyond me. I had to wait till I could grow up to it. When we got to France in June, 1924 [HARPER readers will recall "Baedeker Fibbed," a by-product of that expedition], I tackled it. I gave it ten months of as full psychic concentration as I am capable of. Here it is. . . . There isn't a line in it that wasn't dreamed before it was set down."

"Thunder on the Left" will appear in four long installments. Mr. Morley's theme —the conflict between the pure spirit of living and life as it must be lived—is tragic in its implications and unlikely to offer consolation to those who regard fiction merely as an emulsion. Yet his characters move throughout in a kind of enchantment of beauty, as so much of life does move, and in their dreamlike adventures there is plentiful comedy. For this we are glad, for it is only by the relief of comedy that one can endure the painful stroke of beautiful fable.

A word about the author. Mr. Morley is thirty-five years old, was educated at Haverford and Oxford (where he was a Rhodes scholar), worked on the editorial staff of Doubleday, Page & Company, and later with the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, wrote the "Bowling Green" column of the New York *Evening Post* for several years, and now contributes a weekly column with the same title to the *Saturday Review of Literature*. He has written many volumes of prose and verse, of which the best known is *Where the Blue Begins*, a fantastic book which showed flashes of the imaginative power now fully matured in "Thunder on the Left."

❦ ❦ ❦

A descendant of one of the great families which have ruled England for generations, *Bertrand Russell* is famous both as a scientist and an outspoken irregular in politics. In the one capacity he will shortly publish, through Harper and Brothers, a notable book on *The A B C of Relativity;* in the other, he contributes to this issue of the Magazine a calm analysis of the problem of socialism and education.

Stephen Leacock, too, leads a double life: he is both a humorist (probably the best known on the American continent) and a professor of political economy in McGill University at Montreal. His subject this month lies within his academic field, but his treatment of it is anything but professorial.

Turning from the political to the domestic arena, we encounter *Elton Mayo's* lively article on marriage. About a year ago, at 'Sconset, Mr. Mayo debated with Floyd Dell on the unconventional topic, "Should Marriage Be Monotonous?" Telling us about the debate afterwards, Mr. Mayo outlined some of his arguments and his evidence; and they seemed to us so enlightening in view of the strange popular misunderstanding of Freudian theory that we persuaded him to share them with the readers of the Magazine. Mr. Mayo, a frequent contributor, is connected with the Wharton School of Commerce and Finance at the University of Pennsylvania; the significance of his article lies in the fact that it is no casual expression of opinion, but the judgment of an expert psychologist, based on scientific study of actual cases.

Wilbur Daniel Steele is one of the ablest American short-story writers, and "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven," which he sent us from his home in Westport, Connecticut, is in our opinion his most brilliant story to date.

Only a few weeks ago the New York *Nation* celebrated its sixtieth anniversary. Now its editor, *Oswald Garrison Villard*, contributes on our seventy-fifth anniversary such a protest as age must always expect of tempestuous youth. The evidence which he produces will be disturbing to all liberal-minded readers.

Freedom of speech being desirable, as Mr. Villard's readers will agree, let us give *Rebecca West* the opportunity to speak without reserve about American men and their peculiar ways as she has observed them in the course of her recent visit to this country. Miss West, one of the ablest British novelists, is the author of *The Return of the Soldier* and *The Judge*.

Ever since *Aldous Huxley* wrote "Little Mexican" for HARPER'S MAGAZINE—one of his best stories, by the way—we have looked forward to his reappearance, which takes place this month with "Half Holiday." Grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley and brother of the zoölogist Julian Huxley, he is distinguished in his own right as the author of *Crome Yellow*, *Those Barren Leaves*, etc.

Katharine Fullerton Gerould brings her series of Western articles to a close with a study of the Western temperament. Its title, "The Aristocratic West," will be used also for a forthcoming book by Mrs. Gerould, which will include all of the regional studies which have appeared in the Magazine. Some sharp criticisms of her disquisition on Reno, from sources official and unofficial, appear on another page.

Gamaliel Bradford's penetrating study of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is the last of a series of portraits which will shortly be collected in book form and published by Harper and Brothers under the title, *Wives*. A friend of Mr. Bradford's remarked the other day that he did not know how *Wives* would succeed as a title; but that if Mr. Bradford called the book Damaged Wives he would have thousands of readers, and if he called it Bare Wives he would have millions!

❦ ❦ ❦

Edna St. Vincent Millay, author of *Renascence*, *Second April*, *The Harp-Weaver*, and other exquisite volumes of verse, and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1923, has been too long silent. Having returned from a trip around the world with her husband, Eugen Jan Boissevain, she now contributes to HARPER'S two sonnets, the first she has written for some time. The other poet of the month is *Henriette De Saussure Blanding*, a Vassar graduate (as is Miss Millay) who now lives in California. Mrs. Blanding was represented in our March issue by three sonnets.

❦ ❦ ❦

Caroline Camp knows whereof she writes in the Lion's Mouth; she is in the antique business herself at Canaan, Connecticut, an excellent base from which to set forth in quest of Chippendales. *Charles A. Bennett*, author of *At a Venture*, surveys a world beset with complexes from the depths of a chair of philosophy at Yale University; while from a similar chair at Columbia *Irwin Edman* smiles at the man of affairs. Professor Edman, it should be added, is sufficiently versatile to have written a substantial philosophical book, a series of articles for *The Century* on the mental adventures of one Richard Kane, and a book of verse (scheduled for

immediate publication). The second stop made by the 5:39 from the Grand Central is Scarsdale, and it is there that *Percy Waxman,* one of the editors of the *Pictorial Review,* alights.

❦ ❦ ❦

Discerning theater-goers will recognize *Maurice Fromkes'* painting, reproduced in full color as the frontispiece, as a portrait of Miss Clare Eames, the actress, who in private life is the wife of Sidney Howard, author of "They Knew What They Wanted." (She played Mrs. Tiffany in "Fashion," Lady Macbeth with Hackett, Prossy in the Actors' Equity production of "Candida," etc.; with Dudley Digges she directed the recent production of "The Wild Duck.") Mr. Fromkes is a well-known portrait painter who came to this country at the age of eight, was educated in the New York public schools, studied later at Cooper Union and the National Academy of Design, and in Holland and France, and now lives in New York.

❦ ❦ ❦

Mrs. Gerould's article on Reno, in the June issue, has stirred up a storm in Nevada, judging from the official protests that have poured into our office. Among those who have registered disapproval to date are the Governor of Nevada, the Reno Chamber of Commerce (acting through a committee consisting of the President of the Reno School Board, the President of the University of Nevada, and the District Attorney), the Nevada Federation of Women's Clubs, and the Dean of Trinity Episcopal Cathedral (under construction).

Governor J. G. Scrugham, in his telegram, called the article a "virtual libel" on Reno and the Commonwealth of Nevada. "The impressions of this smug commentator after a week's stay in Reno and unfortified by any concrete evidence whatever," continued the Governor, "may constitute interesting reading, but it also perpetrates an injustice that calls for righting."

"Mrs. Gerould was in Reno less than a week," says the Chamber of Commerce committee. [Both this committee and the Governor are mistaken; Mrs. Gerould spent more than two weeks in Reno.—*Ed.*] "No attempt was made by her to obtain information concerning Reno from reliable sources, and her accusations are evidently based upon preconceived ideas and the idle gossip of a cowboy and other ill-informed persons whom she met in a hotel lobby. She closed her eyes to the real merits of our city and grossly exaggerated the evil."

Unofficial comment on Mrs. Gerould's article is not so one-sided. For example, a lawyer who lived near Reno for ten years writes to Mrs. Gerould:

> Your recent article is not only delightful and delicious, but entirely correct and wholly true. . . . Mrs. ———'s comment on it was, "Mrs. Gerould has expressed exactly the things that we have known and felt for years but which we were not smart enough to say."

A Nevadan writes:

> Do not become stampeded over the editorials in Reno papers on the subject of your critical article on Reno conditions. The facts were greatly understated. Reno is an excellent example of a small community corrupted to its very core by divorce conditions. Your story is bad advertising and hurts the "industry," hence the yell.

Oddly enough, the best reply to Mrs. Gerould which we have yet received comes to us from Oxford, England. The author, Paul A. Harwood, is Rhodes Scholar from Nevada. So reasonable, good-tempered, and persuasive is his argument that we wish we had space to print it in full.

> I am biased (says Mr. Harwood). Granted, but one cannot live in Reno nearly two decades without being biased; without loving it heart and soul in spite of its Old West roughness which the casual visitor sees and, not understanding, attempts to explain. However, I do not believe that I am one of those who will (following Denver's motto) hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil—about Reno. We who live there try not to magnify her faults, but now that she has been brought to trial, they must at least be mentioned.
>
> In some respects Mrs. Gerould showed a sympathy and tolerance foreign to previous critics of Reno. She did not say one word, for instance, about the tenderloin district which lies along the river bank not far from the business center of the town. It is fully licenced, quite modern (new buildings were erected only two years ago), and I believe that it harbors something in the neighborhood of one hundred unfortunate women. A high board fence surrounds it, emphasizing its existence, and at night a special police officer stands at the brilliantly lighted entrance to "maintain law and order" and to bar admittance to minors.

Predicting the repeal of the six-months divorce law, against which, Mr. Harwood says, there is an ever-growing sentiment, he questions whether such a change would harm the city. "Reno stands on fairly solid ground," he argues, "and was a growing town long before it became a divorce Mecca." It is on the main line of the Union Pacific, is the largest city between Ogden and Sacramento, and is also the terminus for several other lines; the Lincoln Highway and other highways pass through it; it is the headquarters for the chief mining, agricultural, stock-raising, and banking interests of Nevada; and the presence of the University of Nevada (with over a thousand students) makes it an educational center as well.

Of the "men of Reno," Mr. Harwood has this to say:

And those dreadful Reno men! Those "haunting horrors"! Do you know, I always regarded them as somewhat picturesque and I am quite sure that Bret Harte and Mark Twain would have used them as mines for story-material. There are a great many of them, it is true, and they lean against the south walls in the forenoon and the west walls in the afternoon—we call them "sunflowers." Their seeming occupation of doing nothing has several explanations. Some are sheepherders, ranch hands, miners, or loggers: either temporarily out of a job or living for a month or so on the returns of their last one, for most work in Nevada is of a seasonal nature. Others are mere "floaters"; bums, if you like, who are resting for a few days before boarding a freight train for parts unknown. You will see their type along San Francisco's water front, the Thames Embankment, and in Battery Park; they are the men who think it better to keep rolling than to gather moss. Because a man stands on a street corner is no indication that he is a vagabond, however. Reno is a small town and since general stores and livery stables have passed, the street corner is the most convenient place for the working man to talk politics, prohibition, and the price of spring potatoes. You may not notice many white collars, clean shirts, or polished shoes, but this is a Western street—not Fifth Avenue or the Champs-Elysées. Furthermore, if you are astounded at the physical appearance of some members of this cosmopolitan throng; if there are not quite enough eyes, arms, and legs to go around, you must remember that premature dynamite blasts and broken band saws have a way of making fearful havoc with the human body. But there are few real gamblers in the crowd; and by *real* gamblers, I mean those who live solely on the proceeds of out-bluffing the other fellow. The professional gambler is a quiet sort of chap who keeps regular "working" hours and observes the good Western tradition of minding his own affairs; probably you would mistake him for an ordinary business man—most strangers do.

Of the divorcées:

The amazing accusation brought by Mrs. Gerould against the people who come to Reno for a divorce—that "most of them take lovers" as a last desperate remedy for unbearable boredom—is such an absurd charge that it scarcely needs answering. Without doubt, some of them do, but if you will take the trouble to examine the complaints on file in the Washoe County Court House, you will find one now and then that explains the exceptions. (Some divorcées, like some other people, have loose moral standards and that is why *some* of them are divorcées.)

Mr. Harwood concludes:

Perhaps you have seen a building that was constructed after the early Western plan. View it from the street and it appears to be a substantial, two-storied affair, but walk behind it and you will discover that you were tricked. The pretentious front is false and hides the real building, which is nothing more than a small, home-like cabin.

I do not wish to carry the figure too far, but in many respects Reno resembles one of those buildings—it has a false front which deceives the visitor. Few people, unless they make their home there, ever see the real Reno. The view from the street fulfills their expectations.

companies of this description often sell for as much as two or three times the price of the preferred issues. On the other hand, if earnings are bad, the common stock is first to be affected, and dividends on the common will disappear entirely before the preferred dividend is passed, and dividends on the preferred will also disappear entirely before there is any thought of not paying interest on the bonds. Common stock, therefore, while it has in it the possibility of greatest gain for the purchaser, also contains the largest elements of risk. Common stocks will fluctuate more widely in price than other securities, and will go up or down with the swing in money rates, the foreign news, the political news, with rumors and reports of all kinds.

IN OTHER words, common stocks are speculative, and for widows, small-salaried people, and those persons who are not in a position to take chances with their money, it does not seem to us they are eminently suitable. Also, the purchasers of common stocks should know something about the business of investing and be so situated that they can keep constantly in touch with what they have bought. Eternal vigilance, and a certain amount of knowledge, must be exercised if success in speculative investing is to be attained. The person who has not got the knowledge, and who cannot afford the time required for the necessary supervision, had best keep away from speculations.

IF THE chances are all against the gambler, and only in favor of the attentive and knowing speculator, they are on the side of the investor from start to finish. We employ investor in the most conservative sense, of course, and to emphasize our point we quote some remarks of Mr. Thomas N. Dysart, a member of the Board of Governors of

What 7% Means to You

This interest rate on SMITH BONDS is combined now with a record of *no loss to any investor in 52 years*

52 Years of Proven Safety Proven safety is the feature of Smith Bonds that appeals most strongly to conservative investors. And rightly so, for safety is the first essential of successful investing. But the rate of interest you receive—in other words, what you accomplish with the money you invest—also has an important bearing on the success of your investment.

Profitable as well as Safe In Smith Bonds, the proven safety of 52 years is combined now with the attractive interest rate of 7%, which adds impetus to the growth of your invested funds. Moreover, you have the privilege of using our Investment Savings Plan, which gives you the full rate of bond interest on every payment, and which enables you to *compound* your interest at the bond rate.

An Independent Monthly Income Money grows surprisingly fast when interest is compounded at 7%. If you invest $50 a month in 7% Smith Bonds, and reinvest your interest at the same rate, you will have saved, in 10 years, $8,657.10—enough to give you, at 7%, a monthly income of more than $50; that is, a monthly income greater than your monthly investment.

How $10 a Month Becomes $25,000 Here is another example of what 7% will do. If a man starts at the age of 25 to invest only $10 a month in 7% Smith Bonds, and reinvests the interest at the same rate, he will have, at the age of 65, more than $25,000. Yet he actually will have paid in cash only $4,800. All the rest—$20,971.91—is compound interest.

First Mortgage Security 7% Smith Bonds are First Mortgage Bonds, strongly secured by improved, income-producing city property, and protected by time-tested safeguards. You may buy Smith Bonds outright or under our Investment Savings Plan, in $100, $500 and $1,000 denominations. Maturities range from 2 to 15 years. Send your name and address for our two booklets, telling the facts you will want to know about Smith Bonds and explaining our Investment Savings Plan.

The F. H. Smith Co.

Founded 1873

New York Philadelphia **Smith Bldg., Washington, D.C.** Pittsburgh Minneapolis

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 52 YEARS

Name .....

Address .....

Please print name and address plainly 85R

EVERY DOLLAR THAT HAS BECOME DUE ON FIRST MORTGAGE BUILDING BONDS SOLD BY US HAS BEEN PAID TO EVERY INVESTOR

Safe
First Mortgage Bonds
6½%

WE are now offering several First Mortgage Bond issues yielding 6½% secured by centrally-located properties in the principal cities of the country and urge that you communicate with us at once for further particulars.

Ask for Circular 2209

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO.
ESTABLISHED 1904 INCORPORATED
AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE
Capital and Surplus over $7,000,000
127 No. Dearborn St. Chicago
345 Madison Ave. New York
Cleveland, Detroit, Boston Philadelphia and over thirty other cities

Remove All Doubt

BEFORE investing your surplus funds, take the precaution against loss by seeking the expert and conservative advice of your local or investment banker, who will gladly serve you.

Eliminate the Loss In Investments

For after all good investment opportunities predominate. Caution, Care, Investigation will reveal safe and profitable channels for your surplus funds.

The Financial Article that appears in every issue of *Harper's Magazine* will help solve your investment problems.

Form the habit of reading the financial article in every issue. You will find them profitable. All advertisements carefully censored.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

the Investment Bankers Association of America. He explains how the wisest investors invest, and we have taken the liberty of italicizing some of his remarks:

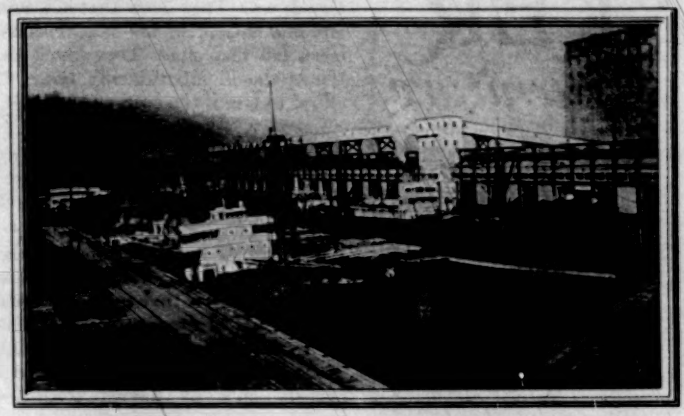
"ONE of the greatest investing mediums in the United States is the life insurance companies. They have total combined assets of about nine and one half billion dollars. Most of this is invested in bonds, mortgages, high-grade, seasoned stocks in old, established corporations and in loans on their own policies. These companies have almost fifty-five billion dollars of life insurance in force and yearly they receive approximately two billion dollars in premiums. They must invest millions of dollars every week. To do this they employ a highly trained force of investment experts.

"NOW, it is the duty and the business of a life insurance company to provide safe insurance for its policyholders as cheaply as possible. The existence of the company depends on safety and low costs more than anything else, for competition is keen in the business. *Their investment experts are eager to obtain the soundest securities that will yield the highest possible returns. If they could scout around and find safe investments that would yield 10 or 15 or 20 per cent, it is reasonable to assume they would do it—and they could do it if anyone could. But it can't be done*, and the individual investor who accepts the spoken or written word of some oil swindler, bucketshop operator, or other faker that it can be done is simply ignoring the long, proved experience of honest men who have invested billions of dollars.

"THE banks of this country have about thirty billion dollars in loans and discounts. These are the short-time credits that take care of the country's day-to-day and month-to-month business. In addition the banks have about thirteen billion dollars invested in long-time credits, in bonds, stocks, and mortgages. There are about 250 fraternal orders in the United States which have approximately four hundred million dollars in assets and eight billion dollars of life insurance in force. These, like the life insurance companies, are big investors and they follow the same expert investing course.

"AS A GUIDE to the less experienced, let us consider how these wisest and biggest of investors go about it. Do they go

PACIFIC NORTHWEST



With healthy rivalry the seaport cities of the Pacific Northwest have vied in building port facilities that are unsurpassed in the harbors of the world

Nearer BY DAYS *to the Orient!*

Shippers save from two to ten days and thousands of dollars by routing their trans-Pacific shipments through Pacific Northwest ports.

These are the nearest American ports to the Orient. They are from 300 to 400 miles nearer by straight lines. They are nearer still by shipping lines.

Yokohama, for example, is 1179 miles nearer the Pacific Northwest because the other common trade route to our Pacific Coast is by way of Honolulu.

This means a saving of almost one-fourth of the time in shipments to and from the Orient. It means a saving in the cost of ship operation, interest charges and insurance.

This is an especially important advantage in shipments of products of high value, where large amounts of capital are tied up and interest and insurance charges are heavy.

Thus, more than 70 per cent of the raw silk imported from the Orient enters the United States through the Pacific Northwest. And 80 per cent of the trans-Pacific mail is handled through the Seattle post office.

In addition, the rail haul to the principal Eastern cities is shorter from the Pacific Northwest.

These are some of the reasons why the ports of Washington and Oregon dominate foreign trade on the Pacific Coast.

"The immutable law of the short haul" makes these advantages permanent. They will become increasingly important, just as they have in the Atlantic. They have contributed toward the Pacific Northwest's amazing growth of foreign commerce in the past. And they insure its continued leadership in the future.

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.

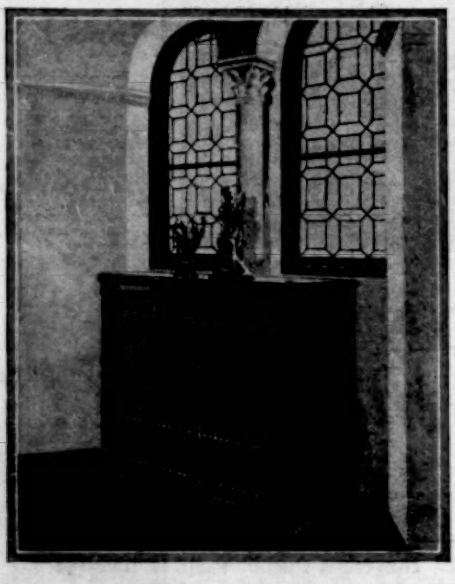
The Northern Pacific Ry.

The Great Northern Ry.

Burlington Route

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

SLYKER
METAL
Radiator Furniture



SLYKER Radiator Furniture has become a national need in good homes—not alone because it adds beauty and distinction with artistic concealment of heating radiators; but also because each separate cabinet adds its full part in keeping the house atmosphere healthfully moist and prevents spoiling of walls and draperies from dry dust currents. Sold only by leading stores and decorators.

Every well ordered home can afford SLYKER Radiator Furniture. Simple to install, economical and necessary. Made in three distinct styles. (Rod Grille shown above.)

Made of special furniture steel finished for life-time service in six coats of oil enamel, each baked on. Shades of Mahogany, Walnut, Ivory or White. Write for booklet and other information.

SCHLEICHER, *Inc.*
Dept. B-17
GARY, INDIANA

into new inventions and enterprises that promise huge fortunes, honestly, too? *No, they do not.* They know that new inventions and new enterprises are hazardous and more often fail than not. They know that such things should interest only those who can afford to lose if the enterprise fails.

"DO THEY look for gold mines and oil gushers? There are quite a few gushers and profitable gold mines. *No.*

"DO THEY go to strangers, looking for investment bargains, ground-floor tips, and schemes that will pay 20 to 100 per cent? *No.* Instead they look first and always for just two things—*safety* and *honesty*. They know that they can get safety and honesty only by buying securities from honest persons.

"THESE big investors of billions of dollars go out into the market, just as does the baby bond buyer, and seek sound investments. The chief difference between these wisest investors and the most unwise investor is that the wisest go to honest investment dealers and are careful to know that the dealers are honest, while the most unwise investor doesn't know the character of the person or firm with whom he deals.

"THE small investor can have just as good a bond as any multi-millionaire life insurance company or bank; he shouldn't have anything else. *There's no excuse for buying a poor grade security.* But the small investor will have to do as do the multi-millionaire, the life insurance company, and the bank. He'll have to go to the same places to buy them."

REPUTABLE investment houses, of course, will not express opinions as to gambling possibilities; they are not in the business of recommending speculations either: safe investments are their specialty. So the man desiring safe investments will go to a reputable investment house, or to his local bank, to people of whom he has knowledge and in whom he has confidence. He will give his banker all the necessary facts, and in exchange he will receive sound advice, for which there is no charge.